Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume Two

HAMLET
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
POEMS AND SONNETS

PR
2754
.H3
Vol. 2

THE HAMILTON BOOK CO.,
NEW YORK.

43073

Copyright, 1911
BY
THE HAMILTON BOOK COMPANY

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

CONCORDIA COLLEGE LIBRARY
BRONXVILLE, N. Y. 10708

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The authorised text of *Hamlet* is based on (i.) a Quarto edition published in the year 1604, and (ii.) the First Folio version of 1623, where the play follows *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth*, preceding *King Lear*. The Quarto of 1604, has the following title-page:—

"THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | *Prince of Denmarke.* | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604" (*v.* No. 2 of Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles, issued by W. Griggs, under the superintendence of Dr. Furnival).

A comparison of the two texts shows that they are derived from independent sources; neither is a true copy of the author's manuscript; the Quarto edition, though very carelessly printed, is longer than the Folio version, and is essentially more valuable; on the other hand, the Folio version contains a few passages which are not found in the Quarto, and contrasts favourably with it in the less important matter of typographical accuracy (*vide* Notes, *passim*).

The two editions represent, in all probability, two distinct acting versions of Shakespeare's perfect text.

Quarto editions appeared in 1605, 1611, *circa* 1611-

1637, 1637; each is derived from the edition immediately preceding it, the Quarto of 1605 differing from that of 1604 only in the slightest degree.

The First Quarto. The 1604 edition is generally known as the Second Quarto, to distinguish it from a remarkable production which appeared in the previous year:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse timis acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. | 1603."

No copy of this Quarto was known until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury discovered the treasure in 'a small Quarto, barbarously cropped, and very ill-bound,' containing some dozen Shakespearian plays. It ultimately became the property of the Duke of Devonshire for the sum of £230. Unfortunately, the last page of the play was missing.

In 1856 another copy was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, by a Dublin book-dealer, for one shilling, and sold by him for £70; it is now in the British Museum. In this copy the title-page is lacking, but it supplies the missing last page of the Devonshire Quarto.*

* In 1858 a lithographed facsimile was issued by the Duke, in a very limited impression. The first serviceable edition, and still perhaps the best, appeared in 1860, together with the Quarto of 1604, "*being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by Samuel Timmins.* . . . Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this." Lithographic reprints were also issued by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs; the text is reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, *etc.*

In connection with the publication of the 1603 Quarto, reference must be made to the following entry in the *Stationers' Registers*:—

"[1602] xxvj to Julij.

James Robertes. Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of master *Pasfield* and master *Waterson* Warden A booke called '*the Revenge of* HAMLETT *Prince* [*of*] *Denmarke,' as yt was lateli Acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his servants . . . .* vjd."

James Robertes, the printer of the 1604 edition, may also have been the printer of the Quarto of 1603, and this entry may have had reference to its projected publication; it is noteworthy that in 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "The King's Players," and the Quarto states that the play had been acted "by His Highness' Servants." On the other hand, the entry may have been made by Roberts to secure the play to himself, and some "inferior and nameless printer" may have anticipated him by the publication of an imperfect, surreptitious, and garbled version, impudently offering as Shakespeare's such wretched stuff as this:—

"To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The vndiscoured country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd."

The dullest poetaster could not have been guilty of this nonsense: a second-rate playwright might have put these last words in Hamlet's mouth:—

"Mine eyes haue lost their stght, my tongue his vse;
Farewell Horatio, heaven receiue my soule:"

"The rest is silence"—Shakespeare's supreme touch is here.

A rapid examination of the First Quarto reveals the following among its chief divergences:—(i.) the difference in length; 2143 lines as against 3719 in the later Quarto; (ii.) the mutilation, or omission, of many passages "distinguished by that blending of psychological insight with imagination and fancy, which is the highest manifestation of Shakespeare's genius"; (iii.) absurd misplacement and maiming of lines; distortion of words and phrases; (iv.) confusion in the order of the scenes; (v.) difference in characterisation; *e.g.* the Queen's avowed innocence ("*But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder*"), and her active adhesion to the plots against her guilty husband; (vi.) this latter aspect is brought out in a special scene between Horatio and the Queen, omitted in the later version; (vii.) the names of some of the characters are not the same as in the subsequent editions; *Corambis* and *Montano*, for *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*. What, then, is the history of this Quarto? In the first place it is certain that it must have been printed without authority; in all probability shorthand notes taken by an incompetent stenographer during the performance of the play formed the basis of the printer's "copy." Thomas Heywood alludes to this method of obtaining plays in the prologue to his *If you know not me, you know no bodie*:—

> "(*This*) *did throng the Seats, the Boxes, and the Stage*
> *So much, that some by Stenography drew*
> *The plot: put it in print:* (*scarce one word trew*)."

The main question at issue is the relation of this piratical version to Shakespeare's work. The various views may be divided as follows:—(i.) there are those who maintain that it is an imperfect production of an old *Hamlet* written by Shakespeare in his youth, and revised by him in his maturer years; (ii.) others contend that both the First and Second Quartos represent the same version, the difference between the two editions being due to carelessness and incompetence; (iii.) a third class holds, very

strongly, that the First Quarto is a garbled version of an old-fashioned play of *Hamlet*, written by some other dramatist, and revised to a certain extent by Shakespeare about the year 1602; so that the original of Quarto 1 represented Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in an intermediate stage; in Quarto 2 we have for the first time the complete metamorphosis. All the evidence seems to point to this third view as a plausible settlement of the problem; there is little to be said in favour of the first and second theories.

The Lost Hamlet. There is no doubt that a play on the subject of *Hamlet* existed as early as 1589, in which year there appeared Greene's *Menaphon*, with a prefatory epistle by Thomas Nash, containing a summary review of contemporary literature. The following passage occurs in his 'talk' with 'a few of our triviall translators':—

"It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint* (*i.e.* attorney) whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the endevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their neck verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candlelight yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum;* what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and Senaca, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage." The play alluded to by Nash did not die to our stage till the end of the century; in Henslowe's *Diary* we find an entry:—"9. of June 1594. . . .

R[eceive]d at hamlet. viijs:"

the play was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

"[Hate Virtue is] a foul lubber," wrote Lodge in *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madness,* 1596, "and looks as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge.*"*

In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author of the play alluded to in these passages; his probable authorship is borne out by Nash's subsequent allusion to "the Kidde in Æsope's fable," as also by the character of his famous *Spanish Tragedy.*† *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy* may well be described as twin-dramas;‡ they are both dramas of vengeance; the ghost of the victim tells

* Several other allusions occur during the early years of the seventeenth century, evidently to the older Hamlet, *e.g.* Dekker's *Satiromastix,* 1602 ("My Name's Hamlet revenge"); *Westward Hoe,* 1607 (Let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*; and cry *revenge*); Rowland's *The Night Raven,* 1618 ("I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge," etc.*). There is a comic passage in *the Looking Glass for London and England,* written by Lodge & Greene, probably before 1589, which strikes me as a burlesque reminiscence of the original of Hamlet, Act. I. Sc. ii. 184-240; Adam, the smith's man, exclaims thus to the Clown:—"Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses," etc.

† *The Spanish Tragedy* and Kyd's other plays are printed in Dodsley's *Old Plays.* An interesting point in Kyd's biography (*vide Dict. Nat. Biog.*) is that his father was in all probability a sort of *Noverint.*

‡ So much so was this the case that "young Hamlet," and "old Hieronimo," were often referred to together, and the parts were taken by the same actors, *cp.* Burbadge's elegy:—

> "Young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
> Kind Leir, the grieved Moore, and more beside
> That liv'd in him, have now for ever died:"

Occasionally the two plays were, I think, confused: thus, Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies* (1608) writes:—"There are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store"; Hieronimo certainly says so in the most famous passage of the *Spanish Tragedy.*

his story in the one play as in the other; the heroes simulate madness; a faithful Horatio figures in each; a play-scene brings about the catastrophe in the Spanish Tragedy, even as it helps forward the catastrophe in Hamlet; in both plays Nemesis involves in its meshes the innocent as well as the guilty,—the perpetrators of the wrong and the instruments of vengeance. To this same class of drama belongs *Titus Andronicus*, and it is interesting to note that early in his career Shakespeare put his hand to a Hamletian tragedy.* Nash's reference to the Senecan character of the lost *Hamlet* receives considerable confirmation when one remembers that Kyd translated into English, from the French, Garnier's Senecan drama entitled *Cornelia*, and it is possible that even in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* we can still detect the fossil remains of Senecan moralisations which figured in the older play, and which were Kyd's reminiscences of Garnier.†

The German Hamlet. It is possible that although the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet* has perished, we have some portion of the play preserved in a German MS. version bearing the date, "Pretz, October 27th, 1710," which is probably a late and modernised copy of a much older manuscript. The play, entitled "*Der Bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark*" (*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark*) was first printed in the year 1781, and has been frequently reprinted; the text, with an English translation, is given in Cohn's fascinating work, "*Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: An account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands, and of*

* *Vide* Preface to *Titus Andronicus*.

† *e.g.* A thoroughly Senecan sentiment is the Queen's

> '*Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,*
> *Passing through nature to eternity;*'

It occurs almost verbatim in *Cornelia*.

the Plays performed by them during the same period" (London, 1865). The 'English Comedians' in all probability carried their play to Germany towards the end of the XVI. Century, when a rough German translation was made; but the earliest record of a performance of *Hamlet a Prinz in Dennemarck*, by "the English actors" belongs to the year 1626.*

The intrinsic value of *Fratricide Punished* is small indeed, but two points of historical interest are noteworthy:—(i.) Polonius, as in the First Quarto, is here represented by Corambus, and (ii.) a prologue precedes the play, the persons represented therein being *Night, Alecto, Thisiphone, Miegera.* A strong case can, I think, be made out for the view that this thoroughly Senecan Prologue represents a fragment of the pre-Shakespearian play to which Nash and others made allusion: herein lies the chief merit of this soulless and coarse production.

Date of Composition. This question has been indirectly touched upon in the previous paragraphs, and it follows from what has been said that the date of revision, as represented by the Second Quarto, may be fixed at about 1603, while the First Quarto, judging by the entry in the Stationers' Books, belongs to about 1601; at all events a version of *Hamlet*, recognised as Shakespeare's, was in existence before 1602. It is significant that the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. In the matter of the date of the play "the traveling of the players" (Act II. Sc. ii., 343, *etc.*) is of interest. It must be noted that we have three different forms of the passage in question:—(i.) the reason for the 'travelling'

* In connection with the subject of *Hamlet*, one must not forget the visit of Lord Leicester's servants to Denmark in 1585; Kempe, Bryan, and Pope, three of the company, subsequently joined the Chamberlain's company, and were actors in Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's remarkable knowledge of Danish manners and customs may have been derived from these friends of his.

in Quarto 1 is the popularity of a Company of Children; (ii.) in Quarto 2 "*their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*"; (iii.) in the Folio (the reading in the text) both causes (i.) and (ii.) are combined.

Now it is known that (i.) in 1601 Shakespeare's Company was in disgrace, perhaps because of its share in the Essex Conspiracy; (ii.) that during this year the Children of the Chapel Royal were acting at Blackfriars; (iii.) that towards the end of the year the Globe Company were "travelling." Two views are possible, either that "*inhibition*" is used technically for "a prohibition of theatrical performances by authority"; and '*innovation*'= 'the political innovation,' or that *inhibition*='non-residence,' and '*innovation*' refers to the Company of Children (*vide* Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*; Fleay's *Chronicle History of the London Stage*).

Over and above these points of evidence in fixing the date there is the intimate connection of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*.*

The Source of the Story. The ultimate source of the plot of *Hamlet* is the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (*i.e.* 'the Lettered'), Denmark's first writer of importance, who lived at the close of the twelfth century.† Saxo's Latinity was much admired, and even Erasmus wondered "how a Dane at that day could have such a force of eloquence." Epitomes in Latin and Low-German were made during the fifteenth century, and Saxo's materials were utilised in various ways, until at length

* *Vide* Preface to *Julius Cæsar*.

† There is an allusion to Hamlet in Icelandic literature some two hundred years before Saxo; and to this day "*Amlothe*" (*i.e. Hamlet*) is synonymous with '*fool*' among the folk there. The history of '*Hamlet in Iceland*' is of great interest (*vide* the *Ambalessaga*, edited by the present writer, by David Nutt). According to Zinzow and others the Saga is originally a nature-myth (*vide Die Hamletsage*).

the first printed edition appeared in the year 1514; a second was issued in 1534, and a third in 1576. The tale of Hamlet, contained in the third and fourth books, is certainly the most striking of all Saxo's mythical hero-stories, quite apart from its Shakespearian interest, and Goethe, recognising its dramatic possibilities, thought of treating the subject dramatically on the basis of Saxo's narrative. It is noteworthy that already in the fifteenth century the story was well known throughout the North, "trolled far and wide in popular song"; but its connexion with the English drama was due to the French version given in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*; the Hamlet story first apeared in the fifth volume, published in 1570, and again in 1581, 1582, 1591, *etc.* A black-letter English rendering is extant, but the date of the unique copy is 1608, and in certain points shows the influence of the play. There is no evidence that an earlier English version existed. The author of the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare too, may well have read the story in Belleforest's *Histoires*.* Few studies in literary origins are more instructive than to examine how the "rich barbarous tale" of the Danish historian has become transformed into the great soul-tragedy of modern literature. In Saxo's *Amleth* we have at least the frame-work of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*:—the murder of the father by a zealous uncle; the mother's incestuous marriage with the murderer; the son's feigned madness in order to execute revenge; these are the vague originals of Ophelia and Polonius; the meeting of mother and son; the voyage to England; all these familiar elements are found in the old tale. But the ghost, the play-scene, and the culmination of the play in the death of the hero as well as of the objects of his revenge, these

* To Mr. Oliver Elton, Prof. York Powell, and the Folk-Lore Society, we owe the first English rendering of the mythical portion of Saxo's work, and a valuable study of Saxo's sources (published by David Nutt, 1894).

are elements which belong essentially to the machinery of the Elizabethan Drama of vengeance. It is of course unnecessary to dwell on the subtler distinction between the easily understood Amleth and 'the eternal problem' of Hamlet.* Taine has said that the Elizabethan Renaissance was a Renaissance of the Saxon genius; from this point of view it is significant that its crowning glory should be the presentment of a typical Northern hero,—an embodiment of the Northern character;

"dark and true and tender is the North."

* A *resumé* of Hamlet criticism is given in Vol. II. of Furness' noble edition of the play (London and Philadelphia, 1877).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is advised by the sentinels of the royal castle of Kronborg, at Elsinore, that an apparition strongly resembling his dead father had appeared on the battlements. Hamlet therefore resolves to encounter the spirit and learn from it, if possible, the true cause of his father's taking-off, about which the Prince has had many suspicions. He meets the Ghost at its next nightly visitation, and in an interview with it his worst fears are confirmed. The late King's brother Claudius, who has ascended the throne and wedded the widowed Queen, has poisoned the King while he slept. Hamlet is enjoined to secrecy and revenge, and the Ghost vanishes.

II. Because of the news and of the dread task to which he is commissioned, Hamlet is seized with a species of madness, largely feigned, whereby he may cloak his designs. He writes incoherent and passionate letters to his lady-love, Ophelia, daughter of Polonius, a court dignitary. At this juncture a company of strolling players arrives at the castle and at Hamlet's suggestion a certain play is given before the King and Queen and members of the court.

III. The play deals with the murder of a Venetian duke, whose wife afterwards weds the murderer. The story closely resembles the circumstances of the King of Denmark's demise. During the play Hamlet is intent not upon the players but upon the countenance and actions of his uncle. The latter, as if struck with a

realizing sense of his own crime, as Hamlet suspected, hurriedly leaves. Hamlet no longer doubts the truth of the Ghost's communications, and turns with energy to seek the vengeance which he has sworn to execute.

The queen mother is also much disturbed by the purport of the play, and sends for Hamlet in order to upbraid him. Hamlet answers reproach with reproach, and leaves his mother overwhelmed with shame and self-convicted. But for the opportune arrival of the dead King's spirit, Hamlet might have adopted even more violent measures. Ophelia's father, Polonius, who is spying upon this interview, is slain by Hamlet, who mistakes him for the King.

IV. Hamlet's banishment is decided upon. Two former school comrades of his are entrusted with a commission to leave him in England, where sealed orders are to bring about the Prince's death. But by a combination of plot and accident the execution is visited instead upon the heads of the two accomplices. Hamlet returns to Denmark. There he is greeted by a strange spectacle—the funeral of a young girl, honored by the presence of the King, Queen, and persons of the court. Hamlet has in fact arrived home just at the time of Ophelia's interment. That unfortunate maiden, through incessant brooding over the madness of her lover, the untimely end of her father, and the continued absence of her brother, Laertes, had become insane. For some days she had wandered about the court singing and strewing flowers, then had strayed to the banks of a stream and been drowned.

V. When Hamlet discovers that it is Ophelia's funeral, he is beside himself with grief. He leaps into the grave and angrily contests with Laertes, who also has just returned, the place of chief mourner. Laertes in turn desires to kill Hamlet, for he regards the Prince as the cause of all the woes that have fallen upon his house.

Seeing the animosity of Laertes, King Claudius thinks he may make use of it to work Hamlet's undoing. He secretly advises Laertes to engage Hamlet in a fencing-match—supposedly friendly. Laertes' foil, however, is to be naked and envenomed. Hamlet, unsuspecting, consents to a trial of skill before the court. The King prepares a poisoned drink for Hamlet, if perchance he shall escape the tipped foil. Laertes and Hamlet fence. After a touch or two for Hamlet, the Queen, to do him honor, toasts him—unwittingly—with the poisoned cup. Laertes wounds Hamlet. In the scuffle they change rapiers, and Hamlet in turn wounds Laertes with the latter's treacherous blade. The Queen dies from the drugged wine. Laertes falls, but before he dies he confesses his guilty design and craves pardon of the Prince. Hamlet turns upon the King with his own dying strength and stabs the usurping monarch to the heart.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Mystery of Hamlet.

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

A beautiful, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off;

every duty is holy to him—this too hard. The impossible is required of him—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind. . . .

It pleases, it flatters us greatly, to see a hero who acts of himself, who loves and hates us as his heart prompts, undertaking and executing, thrusting aside all hindrances, and accomplishing a great purpose. Historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In *Hamlet* we are taught otherwise; the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan. . . .

Hamlet is endowed more properly with sentiment than with a character; it is events alone that push him on; and accordingly the piece has somewhat the amplification of a novel. But as it is Fate that draws the plan, as the piece proceeds from a deed of terror, and the hero is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, the work is tragic in its highest sense, and admits of no other than a tragic end.

GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister.*

III.

Hamlet's Mentality.

In the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect: for, if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now, one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In

Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action, consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances, under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. . . .

The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without; giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all commonplace actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it; not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment: it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

IV.

Is Hamlet's Madness Real or Feigned?

Perhaps the greatest perplexity of all in Hamlet's character turns on the point of his "antic disposition." Whether his madness be real or feigned, or sometimes the one, sometimes the other, or partly real, partly feigned, are questions which, like many that arise on similar points in actual life, perhaps can never be finally settled either way. Aside from the common impossibility of deciding precisely where sanity ends and insanity begins, there are peculiarities in Hamlet's conduct—resulting from the minglings of the supernatural in his situation—which, as they transcend the reach of our ordinary experience, can hardly be reduced to any thing more than probable conjecture. If sanity consists in a certain harmony between a man's actions and his circumstances, it must be hard indeed to say what would be insanity in a man so circumstanced as Hamlet.

That his mind is thrown from its propriety, shaken from its due forms and measures of working, excited into irregular, fevered action, is evident enough: from the deeply-agitating experiences he has undergone, the horrors of guilt preternaturally laid open to him, and the terrible ministry enjoined upon him, he could not be otherwise. His mind is indeed full of unhealthy perturbation, being necessarily made so by the overwhelming thoughts that press upon him from without; but it nowhere appears enthralled by illusions spun from itself; there are no symptoms of its being torn from its proper holdings, or paralyzed in its power of steady thought and coherent reasoning. Once only, at the grave of Ophelia, does he lose his self-possession; and the result in this case only goes to prove how firmly he retains it everywhere else.

It is matter of common observation, that extreme emotions naturally express themselves by their oppo-

sites; as extreme sorrow, in laughter; extreme joy, in tears; utter despair, in a voice of mirth; a wounded spirit, in gushes of humour. Hence Shakespeare heightens the effect of some of his awfulest scenes by making the persons indulge in flashes of merriment; for what so appalling as to see a person laughing and playing from excess of anguish or terror? Now, the expressions of mirth, in such cases, are plainly neither the reality nor the affectation of mirth. People, when overwhelmed with distress, certainly are not in a condition either to *feel* merry or to *feign* mirth; yet they do sometimes *express* it. The truth is, such extremes naturally and spontaneously express themselves by their opposites. In like manner, Hamlet's madness, it seems to us, is neither real nor affected, but a sort of natural and spontaneous imitation of madness; the triumph of his reason over his passion naturally expressing itself in the tokens of insanity, just as the agonies of despair naturally vent themselves in flashes of mirth.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Hamlet the Subtle.

Hamlet is not the exponent of a philosophy; he has, it is true, a remarkable power of reflection and a tendency to generalize, but he is not a philosophical thinker who seeks to co-ordinate his ideas in a coherent system. Perhaps Ulysses, perhaps Prospero approaches nearer to the philosopher, but neither Ulysses nor Prospero is a wit; and Hamlet is a wit inspired by melancholy. He is swift, ingenious, versatile, penetrative; and he is also sad. And when Shakespeare proceeded to follow the story in the main as he had probably received it from Kyd, it turned out that such subtlety overreached itself —which Shakespeare recognized as wholly right, and

true to the facts of life. Hamlet's madness is not deliberately assumed; an antic disposition is, as it were, imposed upon him by the almost hysterical excitement which follows his interview with the Ghost, and he ingeniously justifies it to himself by discovering that it may hereafter serve a purpose. But in truth his subtlety does not produce direct and effective action. Hamlet is neither a boisterous Laertes, who with small resources almost effects a rebellion in revenge for a murdered father, nor a resolute Fortinbras, who, mindful of his dead father's honour, can march through danger to victory. Hamlet's intellectual subtlety sees every side of every question, thinks too precisely on the event, considers all things too curiously, studies anew every conviction, doubts of the past, interrogates the future; it delights in ironically adopting the mental attitudes of other minds; it refines contempt into an ingenious art; it puts on and puts off a disguise; it assumes and lays aside the antic disposition; it can even use frankness as a veil—for sometimes display is a concealment, as happened with Edgar Poe's purloined letter. Hamlet the subtle is pre-eminently a critic—a critic of art, a critic of character, a critic of society, a critic of life, a critic of himself. . . .

Together with such an intellectual and such a moral nature, Hamlet has in him something dangerous—a will capable of being roused to sudden and desperate activity. It is a will which is determined to action by the flash and flame of an excitable temperament, or by those sudden impulses or inspirations, leaping forth from a sub-conscious self, which come almost like the revelation and the decree of Providence. It is thus that he suddenly conceives the possibility of unmasking the King's guilt, on the accidental arrival of the players, and proceeds without delay to put the matter to the test, suddenly overwhelms Ophelia with his reproaches of womanhood, suddenly stabs the eavesdropper behind

the arras, suddenly, as if under some irresistible inspiration, sends his companions on shipboard to their death, suddenly boards the pirate, suddenly grapples with Laertes in the grave, suddenly does execution on the guilty King, plucks the poison from Horatio's hand, and gives his dying voice for a successor to the throne.

DOWDEN: *The Tragedy of Hamlet.*

VI.

Shakespeare's Thanatopsis Voiced in Hamlet.

However strong the sense of continued life such a mind as his [Shakespeare's] may have had, it could never reach that assurance of eternal existence which Christ alone can give—which alone robs the grave of victory, and takes from death its sting. Here lie the materials out of which this remarkable tragedy was built up. From the wrestling of his own soul with the great enemy, comes that depth and mystery which startles us in Hamlet.

It is to this condition that Hamlet has been reduced. This is the low portal of grief to which we must stoop, before we can enter the heaven-pointing pile that the poet has raised to his memory. Stunned by the sudden storm of woes, he doubts, as he looks at the havoc spread around him, whether he himself is left, and fears lest the very ground on which he lies prostrate may not prove treacherous. Stripped of all else, he is sensible on this point alone. Here is the life from which all else grows. Interested in the glare of prosperity around him, only because he lives, he is ever turning his eyes from it to the desolation in which he himself stands. His glance ever descends from the lofty pinnacle of pride and false security to the rotten foundation—and tears follow smiles. He raises his eye to heaven, and "this brave o'erhanging firmament" seems to him but

"a pestilent congregation of vapors"; it descends to earth, and its "goodly frame" "seems . . . a sterile promontory." He fixes it on man, and his noble apostrophe—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" is followed fast upon by the sad confession, "And yet . . . man delights not me; no, nor woman neither." He does not, as we say, "get accustomed to his situation." He holds fast by the wisdom of affliction, and will not let her go. He would keep her, for she is his life. The storm has descended, and all has been swept away but the rock. To this he clings for safety. He will not return, like the dog to his vomit. He will not render unavailing the lessons of Providence by "getting accustomed" to feed on that which is not bread, on which to live is death. He fears nothing save the loss of existence. But this thought thunders at the very base of the cliff on which, shipwrecked of every other hope, he had been thrown. That which to everybody else seems common, presses upon him with an all-absorbing interest; he struggles with the mystery of his own being, the root of all other mysteries, until it has become an overmastering element in his own mind, before which all others yield and seem as nothing.

This is the hinge on which his every endeavour turns. Such a thought as this might well prove more than an equal counterpoise to any incentive to what we call action. The obscurity that lies over these depths of Hamlet's character arises from this unique position in which the poet exhibits him; a position which opens to us the basis of Shakespeare's own being, and which, though dimly visible to all, is yet familiar to but few. . . . But it may be asked, if Hamlet valued this life so cheaply, nay, even meditated self-slaughter, why, when he had an opportunity of dying by only suffering him-

self to be carried to England, he should fly that very death he before sought. To this question, the state of his mind affords us a satisfactory answer; and his wavering does but confirm our belief in his sincerity, and give us a still stronger proof that although there is nothing from which he would more willingly part withal—except, as he says, "my life," yet still does the deep instinct of his soul prompt him to retain it, though crushed by the burden, while he doubts lest with its loss may not be connected the loss of all being. He cared not, as he says, for this little life, a pin's fee; but for life itself, his whole nature called in cries that would not be silenced. In his perplexity and doubt, Hamlet had interrogated his own nature on the great question of his future being; but its only response was—"the dread of something after death"; that something might be annihilation, or,—

> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> . . . . . .
> . . . or to be worse than worst
> Of those that lawless and incertain thought
> Imagine howling.

In the bitterness of his spirit, but half concealed by his jests in the graveyard, he asks again that question from which he cannot escape, sending his voice down into the hollow tomb, and hearing but the echo of his own words in reply. He loved not this life, yet endured and clung to it because he doubted of another; this it was [in Hamlet's view]—

> That makes calamity of so long life,
> . . . . . .
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of.

VERY: *Essays and Poems.*

VII.

Horatio.

While every other character in this play, Ophelia, Polonius, and even Osrick, has been analyzed and discussed, it is remarkable that no critic has stept forward to notice the great beauty of Horatio's character, and its exquisite adaptation to the effect of the piece. His is a character of great excellence and accomplishment; but while this is distinctly shown, it is but sketched, not elaborately painted. His qualities are brought out only by single and seemingly-accidental touches; the whole being toned down to a quiet and unobtrusive beauty that does not tempt the mind to wander from the main interest, which rests alone upon Hamlet; while it is yet distinct enough to increase that interest, by showing him worthy to be Hamlet's trusted friend in life, and the chosen defender of his honour after death. Such a character, in the hands of another author, would have been made the centre of some secondary plot. But here, while he commands our respect and esteem, he never for a moment divides a passing interest with the Prince. He does not break in upon the main current of our feelings. He contributes only to the general effect; so that it requires an effort of the mind to separate him for critical admiration.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Polonius.

Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, all declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained.

This part of his character is accidental, the rest natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it has become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his depositaries of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel: but, as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to the dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recover the leading principle, and fall into his former train. The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakespeare's Plays.*

Habits of intrigue having extinguished in Polonius the powers of honest insight and special discernment, he therefore perceives not the unfitness of his old methods to the new exigency; while at the same time his faith in the craft, hitherto found so successful, stuffs him with overweening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of grannyism, namely, his pedantic and impertinent dallying with artful turns of thought and speech amidst serious business; where he appears not unlike a certain person who "could speak no sense in several languages." Superannuated politicians, indeed, like him, seldom have any strength but as they fall back upon the resources of memory: out of these, the ashes, so to speak, of extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them: as a man who *has lost his sight* may seem to distinguish colours, so long as he refrains from speaking of the colours that are before him.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Ophelia.

Ophelia—poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? for eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad, sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms—like the snowflake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth—like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia: so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrows ask not words, but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity, if brought before us: we feel inclined to turn away, and veil our eyes in reverential pity and too painful sympathy.

Beyond every character that Shakspeare has drawn (Hamlet alone excepted), that of Ophelia makes us forget the poet in his own creation. Whenever we bring her to mind, it is with the same exclusive sense of her real existence, without reference to the wondrous power which called her into life. The effect (and what an effect!) is produced by means so simple, by strokes so few, and so unobtrusive, that we take no thought of them. It is so purely natural and unsophisticated, yet so profound in its pathos, that, as Hazlitt observes, it takes us back to the old ballads; we forget that, in its perfect artlessness, it is the supreme and consummate triumph of art.

The situation of Ophelia in the story is that of a young girl who, at an early age, is brought from a life of privacy into the circle of a court—a court such as we read of in those early times, at once rude, magnificent, and corrupted. She is placed immediately about the person of the queen, and is apparently her favourite attendant. The affection of the wicked queen for this gentle and innocent creature is one of those beautiful redeeming touches, one of those penetrating glances into the secret springs of natural and feminine feeling which we find only in Shakspeare. Gertrude, who is not so wholly abandoned but that there remains within her heart some sense of the virtue she has forfeited, seems to look with a kind yet melancholy complacency on the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son; and the scene in which she is introduced as scattering flowers on the grave of Ophelia is one of those effects of contrast in poetry, in character, and in feeling, at once natural and unexpected; which fill the eye, and make the heart swell and tremble within itself—like the nightingales singing in the grove of the Furies in Sophocles. . . .

It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person has attained maturity; she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being, "as dwells the gath-

ered lightning in the cloud"; and we never fancy her but with the dark, splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the south. While in Ophelia we recognize as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the north, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet, alas! loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved. . . .

Hamlet has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers: he cannot marry her: he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction he overacts the painful part to which he has tasked himself; he is like that judge of the Areopagus, who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and with such angry violence, that unwittingly he killed it.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Ophelia's Songs and Flowers.

It is noteworthy how Shakspeare defends Ophelia from our censure while she is chanting those free ditties of an olden time. We listen to them in company with the pitying King and Queen: the air seems to gather pity to tone the rude surprise. She was naturally full of sensibility; so, when she enters in the first mad scene, entirely insensible to her misfortune, it both increases our sadness and calls upon us to create what should be her sane feeling. When that is done, the songs borrow all the chasteness of misfortune. We are absorbed in sorrow to see how distraction could violate her sacred privacy: thinking more of that than of the words, the coarseness eludes us. We are all bound up in the brother's feeling at this sight, who cries,—

"O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!"

And the King says, "How do you, pretty lady?" Yes, that she is, through it all. If she had her wits, and were using them to persuade us to revenge her, it could not move like these piteous, tender improprieties.

> "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
> She turns to favor and to prettiness."

For she sings without smirching a single petal of the daisies and pansies, which she so softly distributes, with such an appeal of forlornness, to bid their fragrance disinfect her language, or to speak for her in the natural key of her wonted maidenhood. So every heart exhales in the pity that plays the magic of distance and softens the unsightliness of her ruin.

Shakspeare has given most touchingly rational applications to her distribution of the flowers. The flowers themselves are culled in fancy: she holds no actual nosegay in her hand. She recalls, together with the long-unheeded songs, all that she learned in girlhood about the symbolic meanings of flowers; and a light irony invests some of them. It is plain that the rosemary, for remembrance, is ideally bestowed upon Laertes, with pansies too: "A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted." Rosemary was supposed to have the quality of strengthening the memory. The volatile Laertes will have need of it, and of as many thoughts as he can muster. The fennel ought to be handed to Horatio, and the columbines should be intended for the King: the one is a symbol of flattery and is exchanged among courtiers, but Horatio never learned the useful trade; the others are expressive of ingratitude and cuckoldom. Was Hamlet's father slain because of that? The columbines were earned betimes! There's rue for the Queen; for she has great need of repentance. There's rue for herself too. Both need it; but the Queen with a difference, as her moral condition differed from Ophelia's. We may call it an herb that leads to grace.

There's a daisy. She recognizes it, but ought not to keep it for herself. And there is no other maiden present. It represents frivolous and light-thoughted girls. She would give Laertes some violets, if they had not all withered when his father died. These delicate allusions make us think that before the distraction set in Ophelia had inklings of the foul concerns around her. All the more hopeless, then, became the overthrow of reason.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

X.

The Ghost.

With all the mighty power which this tragedy possesses over us, arising from qualities now very generally described; yet, without that kingly shadow, who throws over it such preternatural grandeur, it could never have gained so universal an ascendancy over the minds of men. Now, the reality of a ghost is measured to that state of imagination in which we ought to be held for the fullest powers of tragedy. The appearance of such a phantom at once throws open those recesses of the inner spirit over which flesh was closing. Magicians, thunder-storms, and demons produce upon me something of the same effect. I feel myself brought instantaneously back to the creed of childhood. Imagination then seems not a power which I exert, but an impulse which I obey. Thus does the Ghost in Hamlet carry us into the presence of eternity.

Never was a more majestic spirit more majestically revealed. The shadow of his kingly grandeur and his warlike might rests massily upon him. He passes before us sad, silent, and stately. He brings the whole weight of the tragedy in his disclosures. His speech is ghost-like, and blends with ghost conceptions. The popular memory of his words proves how profoundly

they sink into our souls. The preparation for his first appearance is most solemn. The night-watch—the more common effect on the two soldiers—the deeper effect on the next party, and their speculations—Horatio's communication with the shadow, that seems as it were half-way between theirs and Hamlet's—his adjurations—the degree of impression which they produce on the Ghost's mind, who is about to speak but for the due ghost-like interruption of the bird of morning;—all these things lead our minds up to the last pitch of breathless expectation; and while yet the whole weight of mystery is left hanging over the play, we feel that some dread disclosure is reserved for Hamlet's ear, and that an apparition from the world unknown is still a partaker of the noblest of all earthly affections.

"T. C." in *Blackwood's Magazine,* February, 1818.

The effect at first produced by the apparition is ever afterwards wonderfully sustained. I do not merely allude to the touches of realization which, in the poetry of the scenes, pass away from no memory—such as 'The star'—'Where now it burns'—'The sepulchre'—'The complete steel'—'The glimpses of the moon'—'Making night hideous'—'Look how pale he glares'—and other wild expressions, that are like fastenings by which the mind clings to its terror. I rather allude to the whole conduct of the Ghost. We ever behold in it a troubled spirit leaving its place of suffering to revisit the life it had left, to direct and command a retribution that must be accomplished. He speaks of the pain to which he is gone, but that fades away in the purpose of his mission. 'Pity me not': He bids Hamlet revenge, though there is not the passion of revenge in his discourse. The penal fires have purified the grosser man. The spectre utters but a moral declaration of guilt, and swears its living son to the fulfilment of a righteous vengeance. *Ib.*

XI.

The Mother of Hamlet.

Almost any other author would have depicted Gertrude without a single alleviating trait in her character. Beaumont and Fletcher would probably have made her simply frightful or loathsome, and capable only of exciting abhorrence or disgust; if, indeed, in her monstrous depravity she had not rather failed to excite any feeling. Shakespeare, with far more effect as well as far more truth, exhibits her with such a mixture of good and bad, as neither disarms censure nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss along with those whom she loves, and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of the mother without in the least palliating the guilt of the wife; while the crimes in which she is an accomplice almost disappear in those of which she is the victim. . . .

The Queen's affection for this lovely being [Ophelia] is one of those unexpected strokes, so frequent in Shakespeare, which surprise us into reflection by their naturalness. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the Queen, was necessary perhaps to keep us both from underrating the influence of the one, and from exaggerating the wickedness of the other. The love which she thus awakens tells us that her helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness; and so serves to prevent the pity which her condition moves from lessening the respect due to her character.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

XII.

Secret of the Play.

Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself "too much i' th' sun"; whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank with nothing left remarkable in it; whoever has known "the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes"; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady, who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought, he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Every change in the text of *Hamlet* has impaired its fitness for the stage and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion. Now, this is not a matter of opinion—of Mr. Pope's opinion or Mr. Car-

lyle's; it is a matter of fact and evidence. Even in Shakespeare's time the actors threw out his additions; they throw out these very same additions in our own. The one especial speech, if any one such especial speech there be, in which the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth, is passed over by modern actors; it was cut away by Heminge and Condell. We may almost assume it as certain that no boards have ever echoed—at least, more than once or twice—to the supreme soliloquy of Hamlet. Those words which combine the noblest pleading ever proffered for the rights of human reason with the loftiest vindication ever uttered of those rights, no moral ear within our knowledge has ever heard spoken on the stage. A convocation even of all priests could not have been more unhesitatingly unanimous in its rejection than seems to have been the hereditary verdict of all actors. It could hardly have been worthier of theological than it has been found of theatrical condemnation. Yet, beyond all question, magnificent as is that monologue [III. i.] on suicide and doubt which has passed from a proverb into a byword, it is actually eclipsed and distanced at once on philosophic and on poetical grounds by the later soliloquy [IV. iv.] on reason and resolution.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

Hamlet is the greatest creation in literature that I know of: though there may be elsewhere finer scenes and passages of poetry. Ugolino and Paolo and Francesca in Dante equal anything anywhere. It is said that Shakespeare was such a poor actor that he never got beyond his Ghost in this play, but then the Ghost is the most real ghost that ever was. The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I.

TENNYSON: *Some Criticisms on Poets, Memoir by His Son.*

The universality of Shakespeare's genius is in some sort reflected in Hamlet. He has a mind wise and witty, abstract and practical; the utmost reach of philosophical contemplation is mingled with the most penetrating sagacity in the affairs of life; playful jest, biting satire, sparkling repartee, with the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man. He exercises all his various faculties with surprising readiness. He passes without an effort "from grave to gay, from lively to severe,"—from his every-day character to personated lunacy. He divines, with the rapidity of lightning, the nature and motives of those who are brought into contact with him, fits in a moment his bearing and retorts to their individual peculiarities; is equally at home whether he is mocking Polonius with hidden raillery, or dissipating Ophelia's dream of love, or crushing the sponges with sarcasm and invective, or talking euphuism with Osric, and satirizing while he talks it; whether he is uttering wise maxims, or welcoming the players with facetious graciousness—probing the inmost souls of others, or sounding the mysteries of his own. His philosophy stands out conspicuous among the brilliant faculties which contend for the mastery. It is the quality which gives weight and dignity to the rest. It intermingles with all his actions. He traces the most trifling incidents up to their general laws. His natural disposition is to lose himself in contemplation. He goes thinking out of the world. The commonest ideas that pass through his mind are invested with a wonderful freshness and originality. His meditations in the church-yard are on the trite notion that all ambition leads but to the grave. But what condensation, what variety, what picturesqueness, what intense unmitigated gloom! It is the finest sermon that was ever preached against the vanities of life.

London Quarterly Review, Vol. xxix.

When *Hamlet* was written, Shakspere had passed through his years of apprenticeship, and become a master-dramatist. In point of style the play stands midway between his early and his latest works. The studious superintendence of the poet over the development of his thought and imaginings, very apparent in Shakspere's early writings, now conceals itself; but the action of imagination and thought has not yet become embarrassing in its swiftness and multiplicity of direction. Rapid dialogue in verse, admirable for its combination of verisimilitude with artistic metrical effects, occurs in the scene in which Hamlet questions his friends respecting the appearance of the ghost (i. 2); the soliloquies of Hamlet are excellent examples of the slow, dwelling verse which Shakspere appropriates to the utterance of thought in solitude; and nowhere did Shakspere write a nobler piece of prose than the speech in which Hamlet describes to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern his melancholy. But such particulars as these do not constitute the chief evidence which proves that the poet had now attained maturity. The mystery, the baffling, vital obscurity of the play, and in particular of the character of its chief person, make it evident that Shakspere had left far behind him that early stage of development when an artist obtrudes his intentions, or, distrusting his own ability to keep sight of one uniform design, deliberately and with effort holds that design persistently before him. When Shakspere completed *Hamlet*, he must have trusted himself and trusted his audience; he trusts himself to enter into relation with his subject, highly complex as that subject was, in a pure, emotional manner. *Hamlet* might so easily have been manufactured into an enigma, or a puzzle; and then the puzzle, if sufficient pains were bestowed, could be completely taken to pieces and explained. But Shakspere created it a mystery, and therefore it is forever suggestive; forever suggestive, and never wholly explicable.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*
POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, } courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } officers.
FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*
Players.
Two clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

The Tragedy of
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who 's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say!
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down.
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign marts for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

. . . . . .

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I 'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*The cock crows.*] Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the castle.

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves,

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show our duty.
Vol. }

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell,
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father.
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By wat it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well: 160
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord?
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so, 170
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 181
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who? 190

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. }
Ber. } Arm'd my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. }
Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. }
Ber. } Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede,

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I 'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*
What doth this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I 'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen,
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on; I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let 's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let 's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I 'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Hor. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord!
Mar. }

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!
Hor. Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you 'll be secret?
Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Mar. }
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.
Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would.'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him': do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. 'And in part him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so'; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That 's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here 's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' ye; fare ye well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have while she is mine,—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.
[*Reads.*

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.'—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

'In her excellent white bosom, these,' &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
[*Reads.*

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be': and then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension

Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.
King. Do you think this?
Queen. It may be, very like.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I 'ld fain know that,
That I have positively said ' 'tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.
Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I 'll board him presently.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again. —What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to

have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that 's out of the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
Guil. Faith, her privates we.
Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What 's the news?
Ros. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Guil. Prison, my lord!
Ham. Denmark 's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.
Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We 'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be

even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late —but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall

receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither?

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the

quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it

was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;
'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—
It is not so: it begins with 'Pyrrhus.'
'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd 'i the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven

As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen!'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more,

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death

you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play tomorrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well

enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion,

you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it outherods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that 's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you help to hasten them?

Ros. *Guil.* } We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle:
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.
Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, ' For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again,

seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?
Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.
Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.
Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?
Ham. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I 'll mark the play.
Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be,
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies;
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Ham. If she should break it now!
P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Ham. O, but she 'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed,
Ham. O good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration,

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instru-

ment you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes ou
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. }
Guil. } We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;

And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I 'll warrant you ; fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what 's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What 's the natter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he 's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I 'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*

I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'
And in this brainish apprehension kills

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done. . . .
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guil. }

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps

them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I 'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before. 31

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing 's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Gent. She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There 's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Gentleman.*

[*Aside*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, oh!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't:
[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
He answers:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient:

but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

[*Noise within.*

King. The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let 's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed: let him go, Gertrude:
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*] They bore him barefaced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: and here 's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There 's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say a' made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have over-

looked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they 're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'!
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone'.
Can you advise me?

Laer. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I 've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;
And for that purpose I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her

grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo'; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,
O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*] But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost

no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

First. Clo. [*Sings*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.
[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

First Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover

his wits there; or, if a' do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How 'strangely'?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam,

whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes, and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. [*Scattering flowers*] Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; 'where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As' es of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;

And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his

majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen

passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you

by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: if 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I 'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.
Ham. I 'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He 's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them; they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[*March within.*
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, and the English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
First. Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

Glossary.

A', he (Folios, "*he*"); II. i. 58.

About, get to your work! II. ii. 614.

Above; "more a.," moreover; II. ii. 126.

Abridgement (Folios, "*Abridgements*"), entertainment for pastime (with perhaps a secondary idea of that which makes one brief and shortens tedious conversation); II. ii. 437.

Absolute, positive; V. i. 148; perfect, faultless (used by Osric); V. ii. 108.

Abstract, summary, or epitome (Folios, "*abstracts*"); II. ii. 545.

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

Abuse, delusion; IV. vii. 51.

Abuses, deceives; II. ii. 629.

Acquittance, acquittal; IV. vii. 1.

Act, operation (Warburton, "*effect*"); I. ii. 205.

Adam's profession; V. i. 32. (*Cp.* the annexed cut.)

Addition, title; I. iv. 20.

Address, prepare; I. ii. 216.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. ii. 192.

Adulterate, adulterous; I. v. 42.

Æneas' tale to Dido; burlesque lines from an imaginary play written after the grandiloquent manner of quasi-classical plays (*e.g.* Nash's contributions to Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*); II. ii. 466.

Afeard, afraid; V. ii. 302.

Affection, affectation (Folios, "*affectation*"); II. ii. 462.

Affront, confront, encounter; III. i. 31.

A-foot, in progress; III. ii. 83.

After, according to; II. ii. 552.

Against, in anticipation of; III. iv. 50.

Aim, guess; IV. v. 9.

Allowance, permission (according to some, "regards of a." = allowable conditions); II. ii. 79.

Amaze, confound, bewilder; II. ii. 588.

Amazement, astonishment; III. ii. 334.

Ambition, attainment of ambition; III. iii. 55.

Amble, move in an affected manner; III. i. 149.

Amiss, misfortune; IV. v. 18.

Anchor's, Anchorite's, hermit's; III. ii. 226.

'And will he not come again,' etc.; a well-known sóng found in song-books of the period, called *The Milkmaid's Dumps*; IV. v. 190.

An end, on end (Quarto 1, "*on end*"); I. v. 19.

Angle, angling-line; V. ii. 66.

An if, if; I. v. 177.

Annexment, appendage; III. iii. 21.

Anon, soon, presently; II. ii. 505.

Answer, reply to a challenge; V. ii. 169.

Answer'd, explained; IV. i. 16.

Antic, disguised, fantastic; I. v. 172.

Antique, ancient; V. ii. 344.

Apart, aside, away; IV. i. 24.

Ape; "the famous ape," etc., a reference to an old fable which has not yet been identified; III. iv. 193-196.

Apoplex'd, affected with apoplexy; III. iv. 73.

Appointment, equipment; IV. vi. 16.

Apprehension, conception, perception; II. ii. 319.

Approve, affirm, confirm, I. i. 29; credit, make approved, V. ii. 135.

Appurtenance, proper accompanyment; II. ii. 386.

Argal, Clown's blunder for *ergo*; V. i. 13.

Argument, subject, plot of a play; II. ii. 370.

——, subject in dispute; IV. iv. 54.

Arm you, prepare yourselves; III. iii. 24.

Arras, tapestry (originally made at Arras); II. ii. 163.

Article, clause in an agreement, I. i. 94; "a soul of great a.," *i.e.* a soul with so many qualities that its inventory would be very large, V. ii. 118.

As, as if; II. i. 91.

——, as if, as though, IV. v. 103; so, IV. vii. 159; namely, I. iv. 25.

'As' es, used quibblingly (Folios, "*Assis*"; Quartos, "*as sir*"); V. ii. 43.

Aslant, across; IV. vii. 168.

Assault; "of general a.," incident to all men; II. i. 35.

Assay, trial, test; II. ii. 71.

——, try; III. i. 14.

——, "make a.," throng to the rescue; III. iii. 69.

Assays of bias, indirect aims (such as one takes in the game of bowls, taking into account the bias side of the bowl); II. i. 65.

Assigns, appendages; V. ii. 150.

Assistant, helpful; I. iii. 3.

Assurance, security; with play upon the legal sense of the word; V. i. 122.
Attent, attentive; I. ii. 193.
Attribute, reputation; I. iv. 22.
Aught; "hold'st at a.," holds of any value, values at all; IV. iii. 60.
Authorities, offices of authority, attributes of power; IV. ii. 17.
Avouch, declaration; I. i. 57.
A-work, at work; II. ii. 507.

Back; "support in reserve"; IV. vii. 154.
Baked-meats, pastry; "funeral b.," cold entertainment prepared for the mourners at a funeral; I. ii. 180.
Ban, curse; III. ii. 269.
Baptista, used as a woman's name (properly a man's, *cf. Tam. of Shrew*); III. ii. 250.
Bare, mere; III. i. 76.
Bark'd about, grew like bark around; I. v. 71.
Barren, barren of wit, foolish; III. ii. 45.
Barr'd, debarred, excluded; I. ii. 14.
Batten, grow fat; III. iv. 67.
Beaten, well-worn, familiar; II. ii. 277.
Beating, striking (Quarto 1, "*towling*"; Collier MS., "*tolling*"); I. i. 39.
Beautied, beautified; III. i. 51.
Beautified, beautiful, endowed with beauty (Theobald, "*beatified*"); II. ii. 110.
Beaver, visor; movable part of the helmet covering the face; I. ii. 230. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586.

Bedded, lying flat, (?) matted; III. iv. 121.
Bed-rid, bed-ridden (Quartos 2-5, "*bed-red*"); I. ii. 29.
Beetles, projects, juts over; I. iv. 71.
Behove, behoof, profit; V. i. 67.
Bent, straining, tension (properly an expression of archery); II. ii. 30.
——, "to the top of my b.," to the utmost; III. ii. 393.
Beshrew, a mild oath; II. i. 113.
Besmirch, soil, sully; I. iii. 15.
Bespeak, address, speak to; II. ii. 140.
Best; "in all my b.," to the utmost of my power; I. ii. 120.
Bestowed, placed, lodged; II. ii. 544.
Beteem, allow, permit; I. ii. 141.
Bethought, thought of; I. iii. 90.

Bilboes, stocks or fetters used for prisoners on board ship; V. ii. 6. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a drawing by Fairholt.

Bisson; "b. rheum," *i.e.* blinding tears; II. ii. 527.

Blank; "the *white* mark at which shot or arrows were aimed" (Steevens); IV. i. 42.

Blanks, blanches, makes pale; III. ii. 227.

Blast in proof; "a metaphor taken from the trying or proving of fire-arms or cannon, which blast or burst in the proof" (Steevens); IV. vii. 155.

Blastments, blighting influences; I. iii. 42.

Blazon; "eternal b.," publication of eternal mysteries (perhaps "eternal" = infernal, or used "to express extreme abhorrence"); I. v. 21.

Blench, start aside; II. ii. 623.

Bloat (Quartos, "*blowt*"; Folios, "*blunt*"); bloated; III. iv. 182.

Blood, passion, IV. iv. 58; "b. and judgement," passion and reason, III. ii. 74.

Blown, full blown, in its bloom; III. i. 165.

Board, address; II. ii. 170.

Bodes, forbodes, portends; I. i. 69.

Bodkin, the old word for dagger; III. i. 76.

Bodykins, diminutive of body; "the reference was originally to the sacramental bread"; II. ii. 550.

"*Bonnie Sweet Robin,*" the first words of a well-known song of the period (found in Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole,* 1597, *etc.*); IV. v. 187.

Bore, calibre, importance of a question; IV. vi. 27.

Borne in hand, deceived with false hopes; II. ii. 67.

Bound, ready, prepared; I. v. 6.

——, was bound; I. ii. 90.

Bourn, limit, boundary; III. i. 79.

Brainish, imaginary, brainsick; IV. i. 11.

Brave, glorious; II. ii. 312.

Bravery, ostentation, bravado; V. ii. 79.

Breathe, whisper; II. i. 31.

Breathing, whispering; I. iii. 130.

Breathing time, time for exercise; V. ii. 174.

Bringing home, strictly, the bridal procession from church; applied to a maid's funeral; V. i. 245.
Broad, unrestrained; III. iv. 2.
Broke, broken; IV. v. 111.
Brokers, go betweens; I. iii. 127.
Brooch, an ornament worn in the hat; IV. vii. 94.
Brood; "on b.," brooding; III. i. 173.
Bruit, proclaim abroad; I. ii. 127.
Budge, stir, move; III. iv. 18.
Bugs, bugbears; V. ii. 22.
Bulk, body (according to some = breast); II. i. 95.
Business, do business; I. ii. 37.
Buttons, buds; I. iii. 40.
Buz, buz! an interjection used to interrupt the teller of a story already well known; II. ii. 410.
Buzzers, whisperers (Quarto, 1676, "*whispers*"); IV. v. 90.
By and by, immediately; III. ii. 392.
By 'r lady, by our lady; a slight oath; III. ii. 138.

Can, can do; III. iii. 65.
Candied, sugared, flattering; III. ii. 65.
Canker, canker worm; I. iii. 39.
Canon, divine law; I. ii. 132.
Capable, capable of feeling, susceptible; III. iv. 127.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot (Old Fr. "*de cap a pie*"); I. ii. 200.
Capitol; "I was killed i' the C." (an error repeated in *Julius Cæsar*; Cæsar was killed in the Curia Pompeii, near the theatre of Pompey in the Campus Martius); III. ii. 109.
Card; "by the c.," with precision (alluding probably to the shipman's card); V. i. 144.
Carnal, sensual; V. ii. 384.
Carouses, drinks; V. ii. 292.
Carriage, tenor, import; I. i. 94.
Carry it away, gain the victory; II. ii. 375.
Cart, car, chariot; III. ii. 162.
Carve for, choose for, please; I. iii. 20.
Cast, casting, moulding; I. i. 73.
——, contrive; "c. beyond ourselves," to be over suspicious (? to be mistaken); II. i. 115.
Cataplasm, plaster; IV. vii. 144.
Cautel, deceit, falseness; I. iii. 15.
Caviare; "a Russian condiment made from the roe of the sturgeon; at that time a new and fashionable delicacy not obtained nor relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by Shakespeare to signify anything above their comprehension" (Nares); II. ii. 455.
Cease, extinction (Quartos, "*cesse*"; Pope, "*decease*"); III. iii. 15.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 69.

Centre, i.e. of the Earth; II. ii. 159.

Cerements, cloths used as shrouds for dead bodies; I. iv. 48.

Chameleon, an animal supposed to feed on air; III. ii. 98.

Change, exchange; I. ii. 163.

Chanson, song (used affectedly; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare; "*pious chanson*"; so Quartos; Folios, "*pons Chanson*"; "*pans chanson*"); II. ii. 436.

Character, hand-writing; IV. vii. 53.

Character, write imprint; I. iii. 59.

Charge, expense, IV. iv. 47; load, weight, V. ii. 43.

Chariest, most scrupulous; I. iii. 36.

Checking at; "to check at," a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game and follows some other (Quartos 2, 3, "*the King at*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*liking not*"); IV. vii. 63.

Cheer, fare; III. ii. 226.

Chief, chiefly, especially; I. iii. 74.

Chopine, a high cork shoe; II. ii. 444. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Chorus, interpreter of the action of a play; III. ii. 252.

Chough, a sordid and wealthy boor (*chuff* according to some, = "chattering crow"); V. ii. 88.

From a Venetian specimen engraved in Douce.

Cicatrice, scar; IV. iii. 62.

Circumstance, circumlocution, detail; I. v. 127.

——, "c. of thought," details of thought which lead to a conclusion; III. iii. 83.

Clapped, applauded; II. ii. 355.

Clepe, call; I. iv. 19.

Climatures, regions; I. i. 125.

Closely, secretly; III. i. 29.

Closes with, agrees with; II. i. 45.

Coagulate, coagulated, clotted; II. ii. 482.

Cockle hat, a mussel-shell in the hat was the badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea; IV. v. 25.

Coil; "mortal c.," mortal life, turmoil of mortality; III. i. 67.

Cold, chaste; IV. vii. 173.

Coldly, lightly; IV. iii. 64.

Collateral, indirect; IV. v. 206.

Colleagued, leagued; I. ii. 21.

Collection, an attempt to collect some meaning from it; IV. v. 9.

Columbines, flowers emblematic of faithlessness; IV. v. 180.

Combat, duel; I. i. 84.

Comma; "a c. 'tween their amities"; the smallest break or separation; V. ii. 42.

Commandment, command; III. ii. 324.

Comment; "the very c. of thy soul," all thy powers of observation (Folios, "*my soul*"); III. ii. 84.

Commerce, intercourse; III. i. 109.

Compelled, enforced; IV. vi. 17.

Complete steel, full armour; I. iv. 52.

Complexion, temperament, natural disposition; I. iv. 27.

Comply, use ceremony; II. ii. 388.

Compulsatory, compelling (Folios, "*compulsatiue*"); I. i. 103.

Compulsive, compulsory, compelling; III. iv. 86.

Conceit, imagination; III. iv. 114.

——, design; "liberal c.," tasteful, elaborate design; V. ii. 153.

Concernancy, import, meaning; V. ii. 123.

Conclusions, experiments; III. iv. 195.

Condolement, sorrow; I. ii. 93.

Confederate, conspiring, favouring; III. ii. 264.

Confine, boundary territory; I. i. 155.

Confines, places of confinement, prisons; II. ii. 251.

Confront, outface; III. iii. 47.

Confusion, confusion of mind (Rowe "*confesion*"; Pope (in margin) "*confession*"); III. i. 2.

Congregation, collection; II. ii. 315.

Congruing, agreeing (Folios, "*coniuring*"); IV. iii. 66.

Conjunctive, closely joined; IV. vii. 14.

Consequence; "in this c."; in the following way; or, "in thus following up your remarks" (Schmidt); II. i. 45.

Consider'd, fit for reflection; "at our more c. time," when we have more time for consideration; II. ii. 81.

Consonancy, accord, friendship; II. ii. 294.

Constantly, fixedly; I. ii. 235.

Contagion, contagious thing; IV. vii. 148.

Content, please, gratify; III. i. 24.

Continent, that which contains, IV. iv. 64; inventory, V. ii. 112.

Contraction, the making of the marriage contract; III. iv. 46.

Contriving, plotting; IV. vii. 136.

Conversation, intercourse; III. ii. 60.

Converse, conversation; II. i. 42.

Convoy, conveyance; I. iii. 3.
Coped withal, met with; III. ii. 60.
Corse, corpse; I. iv. 52.
Coted, overtook, passed by (a term in hunting); II. ii. 330.
Couched, concealed; II. ii. 474.
Couch we, let us lie down, conceal ourselves; V. i. 234.
Count, account, trial; IV. ii. 17.
Countenance, favour; IV. ii. 16.
Counter, hounds "*run counter*" when they follow the scent in the wrong direction; a term of the chase; IV. v. 110.
Counterfeit presentment, portrait; III. iv. 54.
Couple, join, add; I. v. 93.
Couplets; "golden c.," "the pigeon lays only two eggs at a time, and the newly hatched birds are covered with yellow down"; V. i. 299.
Cousin, used of a nephew; I. ii. 64.
Cozenage, deceit, trickery; V. ii. 67.
Cozen'd, cheated; III. iv. 77.
Cracked within the ring; "there was formerly a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency" (Douce); II. ii. 447.
Crants, garland, used for the chaplet carried before a maiden's coffin, and afterwards hung up in the church (Folios, "*rites*"; "*Crants*" occurs in the form *corance* in Chapman's *Alphonsus* (*cf.* Lowland Scotch *crance*); otherwise unknown in English); V. i. 244.

From a sketch by Fairholt of a specimen suspended in St. Alban's Abbey in 1844.

Credent, credulous, believing; I. iii. 30.
Crew, did crow; I. i. 147.
Cried; "c. in the top of mine," were higher than mine; II. ii. 458.
Cries on, cries out; V. ii. 367.
Crimeful, criminal (Quartos, "*criminall*"); IV. vii. 7.
Crocodile; "woo't eat a c.," referring probably to the toughness of its skin; V. i. 288.
Crook, make to bend; III. ii. 66.
Cross, go across its way (to cross the path of a ghost was to come under its evil influence); I. i. 127.
Crow-flowers, (probably) buttercups; IV. vii. 171.

Crowner, coroner; V. i. 24.
Cry, company (literally, a pack of hounds); III. ii. 286.
Cue, catch-word, call (a technical stage term); II. ii. 584.
Cuffs, fisticuffs, blows; II. ii. 373.
Cunnings, respective skill; IV. vii. 156.
Curb, cringe; "c. and woo," bow and beg, "bend and truckle"; III. iv. 155.
Curiously, fancifully; V. i. 217.
Currents, courses; III. iii. 57.

Daintier, more delicate; V. i. 78.
Daisy, emblem of faithlessness; IV. v. 184.
Dane, King of Denmark; I. i. 15.
Danskers, Danes; II. i. 7.
Day and night, an exclamation; I. v. 164.
Dearest, greatest, intensest; I. ii. 182.
Dearly, heartily, earnestly; IV. iii. 43.
Dearth, high value; V. ii. 118.
Decline upon, sink down to; I. v. 50.
Declining, falling, going from bad to worse; II. ii. 497.
Defeat, destruction; II. ii. 595.
Defeated, disfigured, marred; I. ii. 10.
Defence, skill in weapons, "science of defence"; IV. vii. 98.
Definement, definition; V. ii. 113.
Deject, dejected; III. i. 163.
Delated, set forth in detail, prob. = "*dilated*" (the reading of the Folios, properly "delated" = entrusted, delegated); I. ii. 38.
Deliver, relate; I. ii. 193.
Delver, digger; V. i. 15.
Demanded of, questioned by; IV. ii. 12.
Denote, mark, portray; I. ii. 83.
Desires, good wishes; II. ii. 60.
Dexterity, nimbleness, celerity (S. Walker, "*celerity*"); I. ii. 157.
Diet; "your worm is your only emperor for d.," a grim play of words upon "the Diet of Worms"; IV. iii. 23.
Difference, properly a term in heraldry for a slight mark of distinction in the coats of arms of members of the same family; hence = a slight difference; IV. v. 183.
Differences; "excellent d.," distinguishing qualities; V. ii. 109.
Disappointed, (?) unappointed, unprepared (Pope, "*unanointed*"; Theobald, "*unappointed*"); I. v. 77.
Disclose, hatching; III. i. 174.
Disclosed, hatched; V. i. 299.
Discourse, conversation; III. i. 108.
——, "d. of reason," *i.e* the reasoning faculty; I. ii. 150.
Discovery, disclosure, confession; II. ii. 305.
Disjoint, disjointed; I. ii. 20.
Dispatch, hasten to get ready; III. iii. 3.

Dispatch'd, deprived; I. v. 75.
Disposition, nature; I. iv. 55.
Distemper; "your cause of d.," the cause of your disorder; III. ii. 344.
Distempered, disturbed; III. ii. 308.
Distill'd, dissolved, melted (so Quarto 2; Folio 1, "*bestil'd*"); I. ii. 204.
Distract, distracted; IV. v. 2.
Distrust; "I d. you," *i.e.* I am anxious about you; III. ii. 172.
Divulging, being divulged; IV. i. 22.
Do; "to do," to be done; IV. iv. 44.
Document, precept, instruction; IV. v. 178.
Dole, grief; I. ii. 13.
Doom, Doomsday; III. iv. 50.
Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 257.
Douts, does out, extinguishes (Folio 1, "*doubts*"; Quartos, Folio 2, "*drownes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*drowns*"); IV. vii. 193.
Down-gyved, pulled down like gyves or fetters (so Folio 1; Quartos 2, 3, 6, "*downe gyved*"; Quartos 4, 5, "*downe gyred*"; Theobald, "*down-gyred*"; *i.e.* rolled down); II. i. 80.
Drab, strumpet; II. ii. 612.
Dreadful, full of dread; I. ii. 207.
Drift; "d. of circumstance," roundabout methods (Quartos, "*d. of conference*"; Collier conj., "*d. of confidence*"); III. i. 1.
Drives at, rushes upon; II. ii. 491.
Ducats, gold coins; II. ii. 383.
Dull thy palm, i.e. "make callous thy palm by shaking every man by the hand" (Johnson); I. iii. 64.
Dumb-show, a show unaccompanied by words, preceding the dialogue and foreshadowing the action of a play, introduced originally as a compensatory addition to Senecan dramas, wherein declamation took the place of action; III. ii. 142.
Dupp'd, opened; IV. v. 53.
Dye, tinge (Folio 1, "*the eye*"; Quartos 2-5, "*that die*"); I. iii. 128.

Eager, sharp, sour (Folios, "*Aygre*"; Knight, "*aigre*"); I. v. 69.
Eale, ? = e'ile (*i.e.* "evil"), *v.* Note; I. iv. 36.
Ear; "in the e.," within hearing; III. i. 192.
Easiness, unconcernedness; V. i. 72.
Eat, eaten; IV. iii. 28.
Ecstasy, madness; II. i. 102.
Edge, incitement; III. i. 26.
Effects, purposes; III. iv. 129.
Eisel, vinegar; the term usually employed by older English writers for the bitter drink given to Christ (= late Lat. *acetillum*); [Quarto (i.) "*vessels*"; Quarto 2, "*Esill*"; Folios, "*Esile*"]; V. i. 288.

Elsinore, the residence of the Danish kings, famous for the royal castle of Kronborg, commanding the entrance of the Sound; II. ii. 278.
Emulate, emulous; I. i. 83.
Enact, act; III. ii. 107.
Enactures, actions; III. ii. 204.
Encompassment, circumvention; II. i. 10.
Encumber'd, folded; I. v. 174.
Engaged, entangled; III. iii. 69.
Enginer, engineer; III. iv. 206.
Enseamed, defiled, filthy; III. iv. 92.
Entertainment; "gentle e.," show of kindness; V. ii. 207.
Entreatments, solicitations; I. iii. 122.
Enviously, angrily; IV. v. 6.
Erring, wandering, roaming; I. i. 154.
Escoted, maintained; II. ii. 362.
Espials, spies; III. i. 32.
Estate, rank; V. i. 233.
Eternal, ? = infernal; V. ii. 368 (*cp.* "(eternal) blazon").
Even, honest, straightforward; II. ii. 298.
Even Christian, fellow-Christian; V. i. 32.
Event, result, issue; IV. iv. 41.
Exception, objection; V. ii. 242.
Excrements, excrescences, outgrowth (used of hair and nails); III. iv. 121.
Expectancy, hope (Quartos, "*expectation*"); III. i. 160.
Expostulate, discuss; II. ii. 86.
Express, expressive, perfect; II. ii. 318.
Extent, behaviour; II. ii. 390.
Extolment, praise; V. ii. 117.
Extravagant, vagrant, wandering beyond its limit or confine; I. i. 154.
Extremity; "in ex.," going to extremes; III. ii. 175.
Eyases, unfledged birds; properly, young hawks taken from the nest (Fr. niais); II. ii. 355.
Eye, presence; IV. iv. 6.
Eyrie, a brood of nestlings; properly, an eagle's nest; II. ii. 354.

Faculties, peculiar nature (Folios, "*faculty*"); II. ii. 589.
Faculty, ability (Quartos, "*faculties*"); II. ii. 317.
Fair, gently; IV. i. 36.
Falls, falls out, happens; IV. vii. 71.
Fancy; "express'd in f.," gaudy; I. iii. 71.
Fang'd, having fangs (according to some, "deprived of fangs"); III. iv. 203.
Fantasy, imagination, I. i. 23; whim, caprice, IV. iv. 61.
Fardels, packs, burdens; III. i. 76. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Farm, take the lease of it; IV. iv. 20.

Fashion, a mere temporary mood; I. iii. 6; "f. of himself," *i.e.* his usual demeanor; III. i. 183.

Fat, fatten; IV. iii. 23.

Fat; "f. and scant of breath," ? = out of training (but probably the words were inserted owing to the physical characteristics of Burbage, who sustained the part of Hamlet); V. ii. 290.

Favour, charm, IV. v. 189; appearance, V. i. 205.

Fawning, cringing (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*faining*"; Folio 4, "*feigning*"); III. ii. 67.

Fay, faith (Folios, "*fey*"); II. ii. 271.

Fear, object of fear; III. iii. 25.

——, fear for; I. iii. 51; IV. v. 122.

Feature, figure, form (Quartos, "*stature*"); III. i. 167.

Fee, payment, value, I. iv. 65; fee-simple, IV. iv. 22.

Fellies, the outside of wheels; II. ii. 514.

Fellowship, partnership; III. ii. 286.

Fennel, the symbol of flattery; IV. v. 180.

Fetch, artifice; "fetch of warrant," justifiable stratagem (Quartos, "*f. of wit*"); II. i. 38.

Few; "in f.," in few words, in brief; I. iii. 126.

Fierce, wild, terrible; I. i. 121.

Fiery quickness, hot haste; IV. iii. 45.

Figure, figure of speech; II. ii. 98.

Find, find out, detect; III. i. 193.

Fine of his fines, end of his fines; with a play upon the other sense of the word; V. i. 111.

Fire (dissyllabic); I. iii. 120.

First, i.e. first request; II. ii. 61.

Fishmonger, probably used in some cant coarse sense ((?) "seller of women's chastity"); II. ii. 174.

Fit, prepared, ready; V. i. 220.

Fitness, convenience; V. ii. 201.

Fits, befits; I. iii. 25.

Flaw, gust of wind; V. i. 228.

Flush, in full vigour (Folios, "*fresh*"); III. iii. 81.

Flushing, redness; "had left the f.," *i.e.* had ceased to produce redness; I. ii. 155.

Foil, used with play upon its two senses, (i.) blunted rapier, (ii.) gold-leaf used to set off a jewel; V. ii. 258.

Fond, foolish; I. v. 99.

Fond and winnowed, foolish and over-refined (so Folios; Quarto 2, "*prophane and trennowed*"; Johnson, "*sane and renowned*"; Warburton, "*fann'd and winnowed*"); V. ii. 192.

Fools of nature, made fools of by nature; I. iv. 54.

Foot; "at f.," at his heels; IV. iii. 56.

For, as for, I. ii. 112; in place of, instead, V. i. 242; "for all," once for all, I. iii. 131; "for and," and also, V. i. 99.

Fordo, destroy; V. i. 233.
Foreknowing, foreknowledge, prescience; I. i. 134.
Forestalled, prevented; III. iii. 49.
Forged process, false statement of facts; I. v. 37.
Forgery, invention, imagination; IV. vii. 90.
Forgone, given up; II. ii. 308.
Fortune's star, an accidental mark or defect; I. iv. 32.
Forward, disposed; III. i. 7.
Four; "f. hours," probably used for indefinite time (Hanmer, "*for*"); II. ii. 160.
Frame, order, sense; III. ii. 316.
Free, willing, not enforced, IV. iii. 63; innocent, II. ii. 590; III. ii. 249.
Fret, vex, annoy; with a play upon *fret* = "small lengths of wire on which the fingers press the strings in playing the guitar"; III. ii. 380.
Fretted, carved, adorned; II. ii. 313.
Friending, friendliness; I. v. 186.
Frighted, frightened; affrighted; III. ii. 277.
From, away from, contrary to; III. ii. 22.
Front, forehead; III. iv. 56.
Fruit, dessert (Folios 1, 2, "*newes*"); II. ii. 52.
Fruits, consequences; II. ii. 145.
Function, the whole action of the body; II. ii. 579.
Fust, become fusty, mouldy (Rowe, "*rust*"); IV. iv. 39.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 91.
Gain-giving, misgiving; V. ii. 216.
Gait, proceeding; I. ii. 31.
Galled, wounded, injured ("let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," proverbial); III. ii. 250.
——, sore, injured by tears; I. ii. 155.
Galls, hurts, injures; I. iii. 39.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. ii. 390.
Gender; "general g.," common race of men; IV. vii. 18.
General, general public, common people; II. ii. 456.
Gentry, courtesy; II. ii. 22; V. ii. 111.
Germane, akin; V. ii. 158.
Gib, a tom-cat (a contraction of *Gilbert*); III. iv. 190.
Gibber, gabble; I. i. 116.
Gibes, jeers; V. i 200.
Gis, a corruption of Jesus; IV. v. 59.
Giving out, profession, indication; I. v. 178.
Glimpses, glimmering light; I. iv. 53.
Globe, head; I. v. 97.
Go about, attempt; III. ii. 353.
Go back again, i.e. refer to what once was, but is no more; IV. vii. 27.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; II. ii. 172.
God be wi' ye, Good bye (Quartos, "*God buy ye*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*God buy you*"; Folio 4, "*God b' w' you*"); II. i. 69.

God 'ild you. God yield, reward you; IV. v. 41.

God kissing carrion, said of "the sun breeding maggots in a dead dog" (Warburton's emendation of Quartos and Folios, "*good kissing carrion*"); II. ii. 182.

Good, good sirs; I. i. 70.

Good my brother, my good brother; I. iii. 46.

Goose-quills; "afraid of g.," *i.e.* afraid of being satirized; II. ii. 359.

Go to, an exclamation of impatience; I. iii. 112.

Grace, honour; I. ii. 124.

Gracious, i.e. Gracious king; III. i. 43.

——, benign, full of blessing; I. i. 164.

Grained, dyed in grain; III. iv. 90.

Grating, offending, vexing; III. i. 3.

Green, inexperienced; I. iii. 101.

Greenly, foolishly; IV. v. 83.

Gross, great, palpable; IV. iv. 46.

——, "in the g.," *i.e.* in a general way; I. i. 68.

Groundlings, rabble who stood in the *pit* of the theatre, which had neither boarding nor benches; III. ii. 12.

Grunt, groan; III. i. 77.

Gules, red; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.

Gulf, whirlpool; III. iii. 16.

Habit; "outward h.," external politeness; V. ii. 190.

Handsaw = heronshaw, or hernsew, = heron ("when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a h.," for the birds fly with the wind, and when it is from the south, the sportsman would have his back to the sun and be able to distinguish them; II. ii. 397.

Handsome; "more h. than fine"; "*handsome* denotes genuine natural beauty; *fine* artificial laboured beauty" (Delius); II. ii. 465.

Hap, happen; I. ii. 249.

Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 179.

Happily, haply, perchance (according to some = luckily); I. i. 134.

Happy; "in h. time," in good time (*à la bonne heure*); V. ii. 205.

Haps, fortune; IV. iii. 70.

Hatchment, an armorial escutcheon used at a funeral; IV. v. 214.

Haunt; "out of h.," from the haunts of men; IV. i. 18.

Have; "you h. me," you understand me; II. i. 68.

Have after, let us go after, follow him; I. iv. 89.

Have at you, I 'll begin, I 'll hit you; V. ii. 305.

Haviour, deportment; I. ii. 81.

Head, armed force; IV. v. 101.

Health; "spirit of health," healed or saved spirit; I. iv. 40.

Hearsed, coffined; I. iv. 47.

Heat, anger; III. iv. 4.

Heavy; "'tis h.," it goes hard; III. iii. 84.

Hebenon (so Folios; Quartos, "*hebona*"), probably henbane, but possibly (i.) the yew, or (ii.) the juice of ebony; I. v. 62.

Hecate, the goddess of mischief and revenge (dissyllabic); III. ii. 266.

Hectic, continual fever; IV. iii. 68.

Hedge, hedge round, encompass; IV. v. 123.

Height; "at h.," to the utmost; I. iv. 21.

Hent, hold, seizure; III. iii. 88.

Heraldry; "law and h.," *i.e.* heraldic law; I. i. 87.

Herb of grace, rue; IV. v. 182.

Hercules and his load too, possibly an allusion to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the Globe; II. ii. 378.

Herod, a common character in the mystery plays, represented as a furious and violent tyrant; III. ii. 16.

Hey-day, frolicsome wildness; III. iv. 69.

Hey non nonny, meaningless refrain common in old songs; IV. v. 165.

Hic et ubique, here and everywhere; I. v. 156.

Hide fox, and all after, a children's hide-and-seek game; IV. ii. 32.

Hies, hastens; I. i. 154.

Hillo, a falconer's cry to recall his hawk; I. v. 116.

Him, he whom; II. i. 42.

His, its; I. iii. 60.

Hoar leaves, the silvery-grey underside of willow leaves; IV. vii. 169.

Hobby-horse, a principal figure in the old morris dances, suppressed at the Reformation; III. ii. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)

"*The Hobby-horse*"
From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.
(Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Hoist, i.e. hoised, hoisted; III. iv. 207.

Holds quantity, keep their relative proportion; III. ii. 174.

Hold up, continue; V. i. 34.

Home, thoroughly; III. iii. 29.

Honest, virtuous; III. i. 103.

Honesty, virtue; III. i. 107.

Hoodman-blind, blind man's buff; III. iv. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XIVth century illuminated MS.

Hoops, bands (Pope, "*hooks*"); I. iii. 63.

Hour (dissyllabic); I. iv. 3.

Hugger-mugger; "in h.," *i.e.* in secrecy and in haste; IV. v. 84.

Humourous, full of humours or caprices; "the h. man," a standing character of many plays of the period; II. ii. 335.

Husband, manage; IV. v. 138.

Husbandry, thrift, economy; I. iii. 77.

Hush (used as adjective), II. ii. 505.

Hyperion, Phœbus Apollo; taken as the type of beauty; I. ii. 140.

Hyrcanian beast, the beast of Hyrcania, *i.e.* the tiger; II. ii. 470.

I, = (?) "ay"; III. ii. 288.

Idle, unoccupied (? frivolous, light-headed); III. ii. 95.

Ilium, the palace in Troy; II. ii. 493.

Ill-breeding, hatching mischief; IV. v. 15.

Illume, illumine; I. i. 37.

Image, representation, reproduction; III. ii. 245.

Immediate; "most i.," nearest; I. ii. 109.

Impart, (?) bestow myself, give all I can bestow; perhaps = "impart 't," *i.e.* impart it (the throne); I. ii. 112.

Impasted, made into paste; II. ii. 479.

Imperious, imperial; V. i. 225.

Implorators, implorers; I. iii. 129.

Imponed, staked; V. ii. 148.

Important, urgent, momentous; III. iv. 108.

Importing, having for import; I. ii. 23.

——, concerning; V. ii. 21.

Imposthume, abscess; IV. iv. 27.

Impress, impressment, enforced public service; I. i. 75.

Imputation, reputation; V. ii. 141.

In, into; III. iv. 95.

Incapable, insensible to, unable to realise; IV. vii. 180.

Incorporal, incorporeal, immaterial (Quarto, 1676, "*incorporeal*"); III. iv. 118.

Incorpsed, incorporate; IV. vii. 88.

Incorrect, not subdued; I. ii. 95.

Indentures; "a pair of i.," "agreements were usually made in duplicate, both being written on the same sheet, which was cut in a crooked or *indented* line, so that the parts would tally with each other upon comparison"; V. i. 115.

Index, prologue, preface; III. iv. 52.

Indict, accuse; II. ii. 463.

Indifferent, ordinary, average; II. ii. 231.

Indifferent, indifferently, fairly; III. i. 123.

Indifferently, pretty well; III. ii. 40.

Indirections, indirect means; II. i. 66.

Individable; "scene ind.," probably a play in which the unity of place is preserved; II. ii. 418.

Indued, suited; IV. vii. 181.

Inexplicable, unintelligible, senseless; III. ii. 14.

Infusion, qualities; V. ii. 118.

Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; V. i. 260.

Inheritor, possessor; V. i. 117.

Inhibition, prohibition; a technical term for an order restraining or restricting theatrical performances; II. ii. 346.

Inky cloak; I. ii. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a monument of the XIVth century.

Innovation, change (for the worse); "the late i." perhaps alludes to the license granted Jan. 30, 1603-4, to the children of the Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre, and elsewhere (according to some, the reference is to "the practice of introducing polemical matter on the stage"); II. ii. 347.

Inquire, enquiry; II. i. 4.

Insinuation, artful intrusion. meddling; V. ii. 59.

Instance, example; IV. v. 162.

Instances, motives; III. ii. 189.

Instant, immediate, instantaneous; I. v. 71.

Intents, intentions, purposes; (Folios, "*events*"; Warburton, "*advent*"); I. iv. 42.

In that, inasmuch as; I. ii. 31.

Inurn'd, entombed, interred (Quartos, "*interr'd*"); I. iv. 49.

Investments, vestments, vestures; I. iii. 128.

'*In youth, when I did love,*' etc.; stanzas from a song attributed to Lord Vaux, printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); V. i. 65 *ff.*

It, its (Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios 1, 2, "*it*"; Quartos 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, "*its*"; Quarto 1, "*his*"); I. ii. 216.

Jealousy, suspicion; II. i. 113.

'*Jephthah, Judge of Israel,*' etc., a quotation from an old ballad, to be found in Percy's *Reliques*; II. ii. 422.

Jig, a ludicrous ballad; II. ii. 519.

——, walk as if dancing a jig; III. i. 150.

John-a-dreams, John of Dreams, John the Dreamer; II. ii. 592.

Jointress, dowager; I. ii. 9.

Jowls, knocks; V. i. 84.

Joys, gladdens; III. ii. 206.

Jump, just (so Quarto 2; Folios, "*just*"); I. i. 65.

Keep, dwell; II. i. 8.

Kettle, kettle-drum; V. ii. 278.

Kibe, chilblain or sore on the heel; V. i. 148.

Kind; "more than kin, and less than k."; used equivocally for (i.) natural, and (ii.) affectionate, with a play upon "kin"; I. ii. 65.

Kindless, unnatural; II. ii. 606.

Knotted, interwoven (Folios, "*knotty*"); I. v. 18.

Know, acknowledge; V. ii. 7.

Laboursome, laborious, assiduous; I. ii. 59.

Lack, be wanting; I. v. 187.

Lamond, possibly a name suggested by that of Pietro Monte, a famous swordsman, instructor to Louis the Seventh's Master of the Horse, called "Peter Mount" in English (Folios, "*Lamound*"; Quartos, "*Lamord*"); IV. vii. 92.

Lapsed; "1. in time and passion"; having let time slip by indulging in mere passion; III. iv. 107.

Lapwing, the symbol of a forward fellow; V. ii. 186.

Larded, garnished (Quartos, "*Larded all*"); IV. v. 37.

Lawless, unruly (Folios, "*Landlesse*"); I. i. 98.

Lazar-like, like a leper; I. v. 72.

Leans on, depends on; IV. iii. 59.

Learn, teach (Folios, "*teach*"); V. ii. 9.

Leave, permission; I. ii. 57.

——, leave off, II. i. 51; give up, III. iv. 91.

Lends, gives (Folios, "*giues*"); I. iii. 117 (*v.* Note).

Lenten, meagre; II. ii. 329.

Lethe, the river of oblivion ("Lethe wharf = Lethe's bank); I. v. 33.

Lets, hinders; I. iv. 85.
Let to know, informed; IV. vi. 11.
Liberal, free-spoken; IV. vii. 172.
Liberty; v. "writ."
Lief, gladly, willingly; III. ii. 4.
Life; "the single and peculiar l.," the private individual; III. iii. 11.
——, "in my l.," *i.e.* in my continuing to live; V. ii, 22.
Lightness, lightheadedness; II. ii. 149.
Like, likely; I. ii. 237.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 80.
Limed, caught as with birdlime; III. iii. 68.
List, muster-roll (Quarto 1, "*sight*"); I. i. 98.
List, boundary; IV. v. 99.
——, listen to; I. iii. 30.
Living, lasting (used perhaps equivocally); V. i. 320.
Loam, clay; V. i. 222.
Loggats, a game somewhat resembling bowls; the *loggats* were small logs about two feet and a quarter long; V. i. 100.
Long Purples; "the early *purple orchis* (*Orchis mascula*) which blossoms in April and May"; IV. vii. 171.
Look through, show itself; IV. vii. 152.
Lose, waste, throw away; I. ii. 45.
Luxury, lust; I. v. 83.

Machine, body; II. ii. 124.
Maimed, imperfect; V. i 242.
Main, main point, main cause; II. ii. 56.
——, the country as a whole; IV. iv. 15.
Majestical, majestic; I. i. 143.
Make, brings; II. ii. 277.
Manner, fashion, custom; I. iv. 15.
Margent, margin; it was a common practice to write comment or gloss in the margins of old books; V. ii. 161.
Mark, watch; III. ii. 157.
Market of his time, "that for which he sells his time" (Johnson); IV. iv. 34.
Mart, marketing, traffic; I. i. 74.
Marvellous, marvellously; II. i. 3.
Massy, massive; III. iii. 17.
Matin, morning; I. v. 89.
Matter, sense; IV. v. 174.
——, subject (misunderstood wilfully by Hamlet to mean "cause of dispute"); II. ii. 195.
Mazzard, skull; used contemptuously (Quartos 2, 3, "*massene*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*mazer*"); V. i. 97.
Means, means of access; IV. vi. 13.
Meed, merit; V. ii. 148.
Meet, proper; I. v. 107.
Merely, absolutely; I. ii. 137.
Metal, mettle; I. i. 96.
Miching mallecho, mouching (*i.e.* skulking), mischief (Span. *malhecho,* ill-done); III. ii. 148.

Might, could; I. i. 56.
Mightiest, very mighty; I. i. 114.
Milch, milk-giving = moist = tearful (Pope, "*melt*"); II. ii. 540.
Milky, white; II. ii. 500.
Mincing, cutting in pieces; II. ii. 537.
Mineral, mine; IV. i. 26.
Mining, undermining (Folios 3, 4, "*running*"); III. iv. 148.
Mistook, mistaken; V. ii. 395.
Mobled, muffled (*cp.* Prov. E. *mop,* to muffle; "*mob-cap,*" etc.); [Quartos, "*mobled*"; Folio 1, *inobled*; Upton conj. "*mob-led*"; Capell, *ennobl'd,* etc.]; II. ii. 525.
Model, exact copy, counterpart; V. ii. 50.
Moiety, portion; I. i. 90.
Moist; "the moist star," *i.e.* the moon; I. i. 118.
Mole of nature, natural defect, blemish; I. iv. 24.
Mope, be stupid; III. iv. 81.
Mortal, deadly; IV. vii. 143.
Mortised, joined with a mortise; III. iii. 20.
Most, greatest; I. v. 180.
Mote, atom (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*moth*"); I. i. 112.
Motion, emotion, impulse (Warburton, "*notion*"); III. iv.
——, movement; I. ii. 217.
——, "attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying"; IV. vii. 158.
Mould of form, the model on which all endeavoured to form themselves; III. i. 161.
Mouse, a term of endearment; III. iv. 183.
Mouth, rant; V. i. 306.
Mows, grimaces; II. ii. 381.
Muddy-mettled, dull-spirited, irresolute; II. ii. 594.
Murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot, so as to scatter death more widely; IV. v. 95.
Mutes, dumb spectators; V. ii. 346.
Mutine, mutiny, rebel; III. iv. 83.
Mutines, mutineers; V. ii. 6.

Napkin, handkerchief; V. ii. 299.
Native, kindred, related; I. ii. 47.
——, "n. hue," natural colour; III. i. 84.
Nature, natural affection; I. v. 81.
Nature's livery, a natural blemish; I. iv. 32.
Naught, naughty; III. ii. 157.
Near, is near; I. iii. 44.
Neighbour, neighbouring; III. iv. 212.
Neighbour'd to, intimate, friendly with; II. ii. 12.
Nemean lion, one of the monsters slain by Hercules; I. iv. 83.
Nero, the Roman Emperor who murdered his mother Agrippina; III. ii. 412.
Nerve, sinew, muscle; I. iv. 83.
Neutral, a person indifferent to both; II. ii. 503.

New-hatch'd, newly hatched (Folios, "*unhatch't*"); I. iii. 65.

New-lighted, newly alighted; III. iv. 59.

Nick-name, misname; III. i. 151.

Nighted, dark, black as night (Folios, "nightly"; Collier MS., "*night-like*"); I. ii. 68.

Nill; "will he, nill he," *i.e.* whether he will, or whether he will not; V. i. 19.

Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Artemis, while she herself was turned into stone upon Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where she weeps throughout the summer months; I. ii. 149.

Nomination, naming; V. ii. 133.

No more, nothing more; III. i. 61.

Nonce; "for the n.," for that once, for the occasion (Quartos 4, 5, "*once*"); IV. vii. 161.

Norway, King of Norway; I. i. 61.

Nose, smell; IV. iii. 38.

Note, notice, attention; III. ii. 89.

Noted, known; II. i. 23.

Nothing, not at all; I. ii. 41.

Noyance, injury, harm; III. iii. 13.

Obsequious, dutiful, with perhaps a reference to the other sense of the word = "funereal"; I. ii. 92.

Occulted, concealed, hidden; III. ii. 85.

Occurrents, occurrences; V. ii. 368.

Odds; "at the o.," with the advantage allowed; V. ii. 221.

O'er-crows, triumphs over; V. ii. 364.

Over-raught, over-reached, over-took (Quartos, "*ore-raught*"; Folios 1, 2, "*ore-wrought*"; Folios 3, 4, "*o're-took*"; Warburton, "*o'er-rode*"); III. i. 17.

O'er-reaches, outwits (Folio 1, "*o're Offices*"; Folio 2, "*ore-Offices*"); V. i. 87.

O'er-sized, covered with size, a sort of glue; II. ii. 484.

O'er-teemed, worn out with child-bearing; II. ii. 531.

O'ertook, overcome by drink, intoxicated; II. i. 58.

O'erweigh, outweigh; III. ii. 31.

Of, resulting from, IV. iv. 41; by, I. i. 25, IV. iii. 4; in, I. v. 60; on, IV. v. 200; about, concerning, IV. v. 46; upon ("*I have an eye of you*"), II. ii. 301; over, II. ii. 27.

Offence, advantages gained by offence; III. iii. 56.

Omen, fatal event portended by the omen (Theobald, "*omen'd*"); I. i. 123.

Ominous, fatal; II. ii. 476.

On, in, V. i. 211; in consequence of, following on, V. ii. 406.

Once, ever; I. v. 121.

On't, of it; III. i. 183.

Oped, opened; I. iv. 50.

Open'd, discovered, disclosed; II. ii. 18.

Operant, active; III. ii. 181.

Opposed, opponent; I. iii. 67.

Opposites, opponents; V. ii. 62.

Or, before, ere; V. ii. 30.

Orb, earth; II. ii. 504.

Orchard, garden (Quarto, 1676, "*garden*"); I. v. 35.

Order, prescribed rule; V. i. 240.

Ordinant, ordaining (Folios, "*ordinate*"); V. ii. 48.

Ordnance, cannon (Folio 1, "*Ordinance*"); V. ii. 273.

Ore, gold; IV. i. 25.

Or ere, before; I. ii. 147.

Organ, instrument; IV. vii. 71.

Orisons, prayers; III. i. 89.

Ossa, a reference to the story of the giants, who piled Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, three mountains in Thessaly, upon each other, in their attempt to scale heaven; V. i. 295.

Ostentation, funeral pomp; IV. v. 215.

Outstretched, puffed up; II. ii. 270.

Overlooked, perused; IV. vi. 12.

Overpeering, overflowing, rising above; IV. v. 99.

Owl was a baker's daughter; alluding to the story current among the folk telling how Christ went into a baker's shop, and asked for bread, but was refused by the baker's daughter, in return for which He transformed her into an owl; IV. v. 41.

Packing, plotting, contriving; (?) going off in a hurry; used probably in the former sense, with play upon the latter; III. iv. 211.

Paddock, toad; III. iv. 190.

Painted; "p. tyrant," *i.e.* tyrant in a picture, II. ii. 502; unreal, fictitious, III. i. 53.

Pajock = pea-pock (*i.e.* jack), peacock (*cp.* Scotch "bubbly-jock"=a turkey); III. ii. 292.

Pall, become useless (Quartos 3. 4, 6, "*fall*"; Pope, "*fail*"); V. ii. 9.

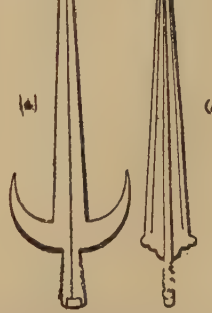
Pansies; "love-in-idleness," the symbol of thought (Folio 1, "*Paconcies*"); IV. v. 176.

Pardon, permission to take leave; I. ii. 56.

Parle, parley; I. i. 62.

Part, quality, gift; IV. vii. 77.

Partisan, a kind of halberd; I. i. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From specimens of (*a*) *temp.* Edward IV., (*b*) the XVIth century.

Parts, gifts, endowments; IV. vii. 74.

Party, person, companion; II. i. 42.

Pass, passage; II. ii. 77.

——, "p. of practice," treacherous thrust; IV. vii. 139.

Passage; "for his p.," to accompany his departure, in place of the passingbell; V. ii. 401.

Passeth, surpasseth (Quartos, "*passes*"); I. ii. 85.

Passion, violent sorrow; II. ii. 538.

Passionate, full of passion, feeling; II. ii. 451.

Pate, a contemptuous word for *head*; V. i. 112.

Patience, permission; III. ii. 112.

Patrick, invoked as being the patron saint of all blunders and confusion (or perhaps as the Keeper of Purgatory); I. v. 136.

Pause, time for reflection; III. i. 68.

——, "deliberate p.," a matter for deliberate arrangement; IV. iii. 9.

——, "in p.," in deliberation, in doubt; III. iii. 42.

Peace-parted, having departed in peace; V. i. 250.

Peak, sneak, play a contemptible part; II. ii. 591.

Pelican, a bird which is supposed to feed its young with its own blood (Folio 1, "*politician*"); IV. v. 146.

Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; III. ii. 302.

Periwig-pated, wearing a wig (at this time wigs were worn only by actors); III. ii. 10.

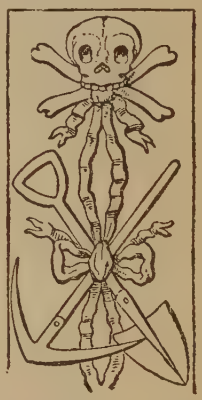
Perpend, consider; II. ii. 105.

Perusal, study, examination; II. i. 90.

Peruse, examine closely; IV. vii. 137.

Petar, petard, "an Engine (made like a Bell or Mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open" (Cotgrave); III. iv. 207.

Pick-axe; "a pick-axe, and a spade, a spade"; V. i. 98. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From the XVIIth century framework on the door of the bonehouse of S. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Picked, refined, fastidious; V. i. 146.

Pickers and stealers, i.e. hands (alluding to the catechism, "Keep my hands from picking and stealing"); III. ii. 343.

Picture in little, miniature; II. ii. 383.

Pigeon-liver'd, too mild tempered; II. ii. 602.

Pioner, pioneer; I. v. 163.

Pitch, height, importance (originally, height to which a falcon soars); (Folios, "*pith*"); III. i. 86.

Piteous, pitiful, exciting compassion; II. i. 94.

Pith and marrow, the most valuable part; I. iv. 22.

Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. iv. 30.

Plautus; "P. too light," alluding to the fact that Plautus was taken as the word for comedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 420.

Played i' the University, alluding to the old academic practice of acting Latin or English plays at Christmastide, or in honour of distinguished visitors (a play on Cæsar's death was performed at Oxford in 1582); III. ii. 104.

Played; "p. the desk or table-book," *i.e.* been the agent of their correspondence; II. ii. 136.

Plot, piece of ground; IV. iv. 62.

Plurisy, plethora, a fulness of blood (*as if* Latin *plus,* more, but really an affection of the lungs, Gk. πλευρα); IV. vii. 118.

Point; "at p.," completely (so Quartos; Folios, "*at all points*") I. ii. 200.

Polack, Pole; II. ii. 75.

——, Polish; V. ii. 379.

Polacks, Poles (Quartos, Folio 1, "*pollax*"; *v.* Note); I. i. 63.

Pole, pole-star; I. i. 36.

Politician, plotter, schemer; V. i. 82.

Porpentine, porcupine; I. v. 20.

Posset, curdle (Quartos, "*possesse*"); I. v. 68.

Posy, motto, verse on a ring; III. ii. 162.

Powers, armed force, troops; IV. iv. 9.

Practice, artifice, plot; IV. vii. 68.

Precedent, former; III. iv. 98.

Precurse, forerunning; I. i. 121.

Pregnant, yielding, ready; III. ii. 66.

Prenominate, aforesaid; II. i. 43.

Prescripts, orders (Folios, "*precepts*"); II. ii. 142.

Presently, at once, immediately; II. ii. 170.

Present push, immediate proof; V. i. 307.

Pressure, impress, imprint; III. ii. 27.

Pressures, impressions; I. v. 100.

Prevent, anticipate; II. ii. 305.

Prick'd on, incited, spurred on; I. i. 83.

Primal, first; III. iii. 37.

Primy, spring-like; I. iii. 7.

Privates, common soldiers; II. ii. 238.

Probation, proof (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 156.

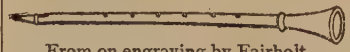
Process, decree; IV. iii. 65.
Prodigal, prodigally; I. iii. 116.
Profit, advantage; II. ii. 24.
Progress, journey made by a sovereign through his own country; IV. iii. 33.
Pronounce, speak on; III. ii. 317.
Proof, trial of strength; II. ii. 509.
Proper, appropriate; II. i. 114.
——, own, very; V. ii. 66.
Property, kingly right (? "own person"); II. ii. 594.
Proposer, orator; II. ii. 297.
Providence in the fall of a sparrow, alluding to *Matthew* x. 29, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"; V. ii. 222.
Provincial roses, properly, double-damask roses; here, rosettes of ribbon worn on shoes; the name was derived either from Provence or Provins near Paris, both places being famous for their roses; III. ii. 288. (*Cp.* the accompanying specimens.)
Puff'd, bloated; I. iii. 49.
Puppets; "p. dallying," (?) the figures in the puppet-show (in which Ophelia and her lover were to play a part); more probably used in some wanton sense; III. ii. 254.
Purgation; "put him to his p.," a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word; III. ii. 313.
Pursy, fat with pampering; III. iv. 153.
Put on, incite, instigate, IV. vii. 132; put to the test, tried, V. ii. 400; assume, I. v. 172.
Put on me, impressed upon me; I. iii. 94.

Quaintly, artfully, skilfully; II. i. 31.
Quality, profession, calling (especially the actor's profession); II. ii. 363.
Quantity, measure, portion; III. iv. 75.
Quarry, heap of dead; V. ii. 367.
Question, talk; III. i. 13.
——, "cry out on the top of q.," *i.e.* speak in a high key, or in a high childish treble; II. ii. 355.

'*Provincial roses.*'
From portraits of the time of Elizabeth and James I.

Questionable, inviting question; I. iv. 43.
Quest law, inquest law; V. i. 24.
Quick, alive; V. i. 132.
Quiddities, subtleties (Folios, "*quiddits*"); V. i. 103.
Quietus, a law term for the official settlement of an account; III. i. 75.
Quillets, subtle arguments; V. i. 104.
Quintessence, the highest or fifth essence (a term in alchemy); II. ii. 31.
Quit, requite; V. ii. 68.
Quoted, observed, noted; II. i. 112.

Rack, mass of clouds in motion; II. ii. 503.
Range, roam at large; III. iii. 2.
Ranker, richer, greater; IV. iv. 22.
Rankly, grossly; I. v. 38.
Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; V. ii. 145.
Rashly, hastily; V. ii. 6.
Ravel out, unravel (Quartos 2-5, "*rouell*"); III. iv. 186.
Razed, slashed; III. ii. 288.
Reach, capacity; II. i. 64.
Recks, cares, minds (Quartos, "*reck'st*"); I. iii. 51.
Recognizances; "a recognizance is a bond or obligation of record testifying the recogniser to owe to the recognisee a certain sum of money" (Cowel); V. i. 109.
Recorders, a kind of flute or flageolet; III. ii. 303. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From on engraving by Fairholt.

Recoveries, a law term (*v.* "Vouchers"); V. i. 110.
Rede, counsel, advice; I. iii. 51.
Redeliver, report; V. ii. 179.
Reels, dances wildly; I. iv. 9.
Regards, conditions; II. ii. 79.
Region, air ("originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs"); II. ii. 506.
Relative, conclusive, to the purpose; II. ii. 630.
Relish of, have a taste, flavour; III. i. 120.
Remember; "I beseech you, r.," the full saying is found in *Love's Labour's Lost,* V. i. 103; "*I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee apparel thy head*"; V. ii. 105.
Remembrances, mementos; III. i. 93.
Remiss, careless; IV. vii. 135.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 510.
Remove, removal; IV. v. 81.
Removed, retired, secluded; I. iv. 61.
Repast, feed; IV. v. 147.
Replication, reply, answer; IV. ii. 13.
Requite, repay; I. ii. 251.
Residence, a fixed abode as opposed to strolling: used technically of theatrical companies; II. ii. 343.

Resolutes, desperadoes; I. i. 98.
Resolve, dissolve, melt; I. ii. 130.
Re-speaking, re-echoing; I. ii. 128.
Respect, consideration, motive; III. i. 68.
Rest, stay, abode; II. ii. 13.
Rests, remains; III. iii. 64.
Retrograde, contrary; I. ii. 114.
Return'd; "had r.," would have returned (Quartos, "*returne*"); I. i. 91.
Reverend, venerable; II. ii. 498.
Revolution, change; V. i. 98.
Re-word, repeat in the very words; III. iv. 143.
Rhapsody, a collection of meaningless words; III. iv. 48.
Rhenish, Rhenish wine; I. iv. 10.
Riband, ribbon, ornament; IV. vii. 78.
Rights of memory, rights remembered (Folios, "*Rites*"); V. ii. 392.
Rites, funeral service; V. i. 231.
Rivals, partners, sharers; I. i. 13.
Robustious, sturdy; III. ii. 10.
Romage, bustle, turmoil; I. i. 107.
Rood, cross; "by the rood," an oath; III. iv. 14.
Roots itself, takes root, grows; I. v. 33.
Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome; II. ii. 410.
Rose, charm, grace; III. iv. 42.
Rosemary, a herb; the symbol of remembrance, particularly used at weddings and funerals; IV. v. 175.
Rough-hew, make the rough, or first form; a technical term in carpentering; V. ii. 11.
Round, in a straightforward manner; II. ii. 139.
Rouse, bumper, revel ("the Danish *rousa*"); I. ii. 127.
Row, stanza (properly = line); II. ii. 438.
Rub, impediment; a term in the game of bowls; III. i. 65.
Rue, called also "herb of grace"; emblematic of repentance (Ophelia is probably playing on *rue* = repentance, and "*rue, even for ruth*" = pity; the former signification for the queen, the latter for herself) (*cp. Richard II.,* III. iv. 104); IV. v. 181.

Sables, fur used for the trimming of rich robes; perhaps with a play on "*sable*" = black; III. ii. 135.
Safety; trisyllabic (so Quartos; Folios, "*sanctity*"; Theobald, "*sanity*"); I. iii. 21.
Sallets, salads; used metaphorically for "relish" (Pope, "*salts,*" later "*salt*"); II. ii. 461.
Sandal shoon, shoes consisting of soles tied to the feet (*shoon,* archaic plural); (Quartos, "*Sendall*"); IV. v. 26.
Sans, without; III. iv. 79.
Sate, satiate; I. v. 56.

Satyr, taken as a type of deformity; I. ii. 140.
Saws, maxims; I. v. 100.
Say'st, say'st well; V. i. 27.
'Sblood, a corruption of "*God's blood*"; an oath; II. ii. 384.
Scann'd, carefully considered; III. iii. 75.
'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 38.
Scarf'd, put on loosely like a scarf; V. ii. 13.
Scholar, a man of learning, and hence versed in Latin, the language of exorcists; I. i. 42.
School, university; I. ii. 113.
Sconce, colloquial term for head; V. i. 106.
——, ensconce (Quartos, Folios, "*silence*"); III. iv. 4.
Scope, utmost, aim; III. ii. 226.
Scourge, punishment; IV. iii. 6.
Scrimers, fencers; IV. vii. 101.
Scullion, the lowest servant; used as a term of contempt; II. ii. 613.
Sea-gown; "esclavine, a seagowne; or a course, high-collared, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and used most by seamen, and Saylors" (Cotgrave); V. ii. 13.
Seals; "to give them s.," to ratify by action; III. ii. 408.
Sea of troubles (*v.* "take arms"), etc.; III. i. 59.
Season, temper, restrain; I. ii. 192.
——, ripen; I. iii. 81.
——, qualify; II. i. 28.
Seasons, matures, seasons; III. ii. 219.
Secure, careless, unsuspicious (Johnson, "*secret*"); I. v. 61.
Seeming, appearance; III. ii. 92.
Seized of, possessed of; I. i. 89.
Semblable, equal, like; V. ii. 120.
Seneca; "S. cannot be too heavy," alluding to the rhetorical Senecan plays taken as models for tragedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 419.
Sense, feeling, sensibility; III. iv. 71.
Sensibly, feelingly (Folio 1, "*sensible*"); IV. v. 150.
Se offendendo, Clown's blunder for *se defendendo*; V. i. 9.
Sequent, consequent, following; V. ii. 54.
Sergeant, sheriff's officer; V. ii. 347.
Set, regard, esteem; IV. iii. 64.
Several, different; V. ii. 20.
Shall, will; III. i. 184.
Shall along, shall go along; III. iii. 4.
Shape; "to our s.," to act our part; IV. vii. 151.
Shards, fragments of pottery; V. i. 254.
Shark'd up, picked up without selection; I. i. 98.
Sheen, brightness, lustre; III. ii. 167.
Sheeted, enveloped in shrouds; I. i. 115.
Shent, put to the blush, reproached; III. ii. 416.
Short; "kept s.," kept, as it were, tethered, under control; IV. i. 18.

Should, would; III. ii. 316.
Shreds and patches, alluding to the motley dress worn by the clown, and generally by the Vice; III. iv. 102.
Shrewdly, keenly, piercingly; I. iv. 1.
Shriving-time, time for confession and absolution; V. ii. 47.
Siege, rank; IV. vii. 77.
Simple, silly, weak; I. ii. 97.
Simples, herbs; IV. vii. 145.
Sith, ince; IV. iv. 12.
Skirts, outskirts, borders; I. i. 97.
Slander, abuse; I. iii. 133.
Sledded, travelling in sledges; I. i. 63.
Slips, faults, offences; II. i. 22.
Sliver, a small branch of a tree; IV. vii. 175.
So, such, III. i. 69; provided that, IV. vii. 61.
Softly, slowly (Folios, "*safely*"); IV. iv. 8.
Soft you now, hush, be quiet; III. i. 88.
Soil, stain; I. iv. 20.
Sole, only; III. iii. 77.
Solicited, urged, moved; V. ii. 361.
Something, somewhat (Folios, "*somewhat*"); I. iii. 121.
Sometimes, formerly; I. i. 49.
Sort, associate; II. ii. 274.
——, turn out; I. i. 109.
Sovereignty; "your s. of reason," the command of your reason; I. iv. 73.
Splenitive, passionate, impetuous; V. i. 273.
Springes, snares; I. iii. 115.
Spurns, kicks; IV. v. 6.
Stand me upon, be incumbent on me; V. ii. 63.
Star, sphere; II. ii. 141.
Station, attitude in standing; III. iv. 58.
Statists, statesmen; V. ii. 33.
Statutes; "particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgement for securing debts, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land" (Ritson); V. i. 109.
Stay, wait for; V. ii. 24.
Stay'd, waited; I. iii. 57.
Stays, waits for me; III. iii. 95.
Stay upon, await; III. ii. 112.
Stick fiery off, stand in brilliant relief; V. ii. 260.
Stiffly, strongly; I. v. 95.
Still, always; I. i. 122.
Stithy, smithy (Folio 1, "*Stythe*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Styth*"; Theobald, "*Smithy*"); III. ii. 89.
Stomach, courage; I. i. 100.
Stoup, drinking cup; V. i. 64.
Straight, straightway; II. ii. 450.
Stranger; "as a s.," *i.e.* without doubt or question; I. v. 165.
Strewments, strewing of flowers over the corpse and grave; V. i. 245.
Strike, blast, destroy by their influence; I. i. 162.
Stuck, thrust; an abbreviation of *stoccato*; IV. vii. 162.
Subject, subjects, people; I. i. 72.
Succession, future; II. ii. 368.

Suddenly, immediately; II. ii. 215.

Sullies, stains, blemishes, II. i. 39.

Sun; "too much i' the s.," probably a quibbling allusion to the old proverb "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," = out of comfort, miserable; I. ii. 67.

Supervise, supervision, perusal; V. ii. 23.

Suppliance, dalliance, amusement; I. iii. 9.

Supply, aiding; II. ii. 24.

Supposal, opinion; I. ii. 18.

Swaddling clouts, swaddling clothes (Folios "*swathing*"); II. ii. 401.

Sweet, sweetheart; III. ii. 232.

Swinish; "with s. phrase," by calling us swine (a pun on "*Sweyn*" has been found in the phrase); I. iv. 19.

Switzers, Swiss guards (Quartos, "*Swissers*"); IV. v. 97.

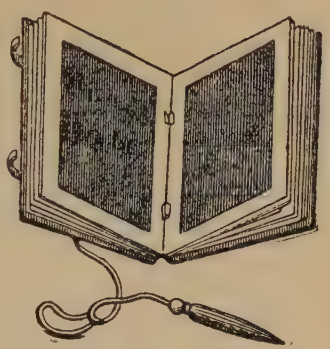
Swoopstake, sweepstake (the term is taken from a game of cards, the winner sweeping or drawing the whole stake); IV. v. 142.

'Swounds, a corruption of *God's wounds;* an oath; II. ii. 601.

Swounds, swoons, faints (Quartos 2-5, Folios 1, 2, "sounds"); V. ii. 311.

Table, tablet; I. v. 98.

Tables, tablets, memorandum-book; I. v. 107. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Gesner's *De rerum fossilium figuris,* 1565.

Taints, stains, blemishes; II. i. 32.

Take arms against a sea, an allusion to a custom attributed to the Kelts by Aristotle, Strabo, and other writers; "they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," *etc.* (Fleming's trans. of Aelian's *Histories,* 1576); III. i. 59.

Takes, affects, enchants (Folios 1, 2, "*talkes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*talks*"); I. i. 163.

Take you, pretend; II. i. 13.

Tardy; "come t. off," being too feebly shown; III. ii. 28.

Tarre, incite; II. ii. 370.

Tax'd, censured; I. iv. 18.

Tell, count; I. ii. 238.

Temper'd, compounded (Folios, "*temp'red*"); V. ii. 331.

Temple (applied to the body); I. iii. 12.

Tend, wait; IV. iii. 47.

Tender, regard, have a care for; I. iii. 107.
Tenders, promises; I. iii. 106.
Tent, probe; II. ii. 623.
Termagant, a common character in the mystery-plays, represented as a most violent tyrant; often referred to in association with Mahoun, and seemingly as a Saracen god; III. ii. 15.
Tetter, a diseased thickening of the skin; I. v. 71.
That, that which; II. ii. 7.
——, so that; IV. v. 217.
Theft, the thing stolen; III. ii. 94.
Thereabout of it, that part of it; II. ii. 466.
Thews, sinews, bodily strength; I. iii. 12.
Thieves of mercy, merciful thieves; IV. vi. 20.
Thinking; "not th. on," not being thought of, being forgotten; III. ii. 140.
Think'st thee, seems it to thee (Quartos, "*think thee*"); V. ii. 63.
Thought, care, anxiety; IV. v. 188.
Thought-sick, sick with anxiety; III. iv. 51.
Thrift, profit; III. ii. 67.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. v. 136.
Tickle o' the sere, easily moved to laughter; used originally of a musket in which the "*sere*" or trigger is "tickle," *i.e.* "easily moved by a touch"; II. ii. 337.
Timber'd; "too slightly t.," made of too light wood; IV. vii. 22.
Time, the temporal world; III. i. 70.
Tinct, dye, colour; III. iv. 91.
To, compared to; I. ii. 140.
To-do, ado; II. ii. 369.
Toils, makes to toil; I. i. 72.
Too, too (used with intensive force); I. ii. 129.
Topp'd, overtopped, surpassed (Folios, "*past*"); IV. vii. 89.
Touch'd, implicated; IV. v. 207.
Toward, forthcoming, at hand; I. i. 77.
Toy in blood, a passing fancy; I. iii. 6.
Toys, fancies; I. iv. 75.
Trace, follow; V. ii. 120.
Trade, business; III. ii. 346.
Translate, transform, change; III. i. 113.
Travel, stroll, go on tour in the provinces (used technically); II. ii. 343.
Trick, toy, trifle, IV. iv. 61; faculty, skill, V. i. 99; habit, IV. vii. 189.
Trick'd, adorned; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.
Tristful, sorrowful; III. iv. 50.
Tropically, figuratively; III. ii. 244.
Truant, idler; I. ii. 173.
——, roving; I. ii. 169.
True-penny, honest fellow; I. v. 150.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. i. 150.
Truster, believer; I. ii. 172.

Turn turk, change utterly for the worse (a proverbial phrase); III. ii. 284.

Twelve for nine; this phrase, according to the context, must mean "twelve to nine," *i.e.* twelve on one side, to nine on the other; V. ii. 167.

Tyrannically, enthusiastically, vehemently; II. ii. 356.

Umbrage, shadow; V. ii. 121.

Unaneled, not having received extreme unction; I. v. 77.

Unbated, not blunted, without a button fixed to the end; IV. vii. 139.

Unbraced, unfastened; II. i. 78.

Uncharge, not charge, not accuse; IV. vii. 68.

Undergo, bear, endure; I. iv. 34.

Uneffectual; "u. fire"; *i.e.* ineffectual, being "lost in the light of the morning"; I. v. 90.

Unequal, unequally; II. ii. 490.

Ungalled, unhurt; III. ii. 283.

Ungored, unwounded; V. ii. 253.

Ungracious, graceless; I. iii. 47.

Unhousel'd, without having received the Sacrament; I. v. 77.

Unimproved, unemployed, not turned to account (? "*unapproved,*" *i.e.* "untried"; Quarto 1, "*inapproved*"); I. i. 96.

Union, fine orient pearl (Quarto 2, "*Venice*"; Quartos 3-6, "*Onyx*" or "*Onixe*"); V. ii. 275.

Unkennel, discover, disclose; III. ii. 86.

Unlimited; "poem u.," *i.e.* (probably) regardless of the Unities of Time and Place; II. ii. 419.

Unmaster'd, unbridled; I. iii. 32.

Unpregnant, unapt, indifferent to; II. ii. 592.

Unprevailing, unavailing, useless; I. ii. 107.

Unproportion'd, unsuitable; I. iii. 60.

Unreclaimed, untamed, wild; II. i. 34.

Unshaped, confused; IV. v. 8.

Unsifted, untried; I. iii. 102.

Unsinew'd, weak; IV. vii. 10.

Unsure, insecure; IV. iv. 51.

Unvalued, low born, mean; I. iii. 19.

Unwrung, not wrenched, ungalled; III. ii. 250.

Unyoke, your day's work is done; V. i. 55.

Up; "drink u." (used with intensive force); V. i. 288.

Upon; "u. your hour," *i.e.* on the stroke of, just at your hour; I. i. 6.

Upon my sword, i.e. Swear upon my sword (the hilt being in form of a cross); I. v. 147.

Upshot, conclusion; V. ii. 387.

Up-spring, the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings; I. iv. 9.

Vailed lids, lowered eyelids; I. ii. 70.

Valanced, adorned with a beard; II. ii. 442.

Validity, value, worth; III. ii. 196.

Vantage; "of v.," from an advantageous position, or opportunity (Warburton); III. iii. 33.

Variable, various; IV. iii. 25.

Vast, void (so Quarto 1; Quarto 2, Folio 1, "*wast*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*waste*"); I. ii. 198.

Ventages, holes of the recorder; III. ii. 365.

Vice of kings, buffoon, clown of a king; alluding to the *Vice,* the comic character, of the old morality plays; III. iv. 98.

Videlicet, that is to say, namely; II. i. 61.

Vigour; "sudden v.," rapid power; I. v. 68.

Violet, emblem of faithfulness; IV. v. 184.

Virtue, power; IV. v. 155.

Visitation, visit; II. ii. 25.

Voice, vote, opinion; V. ii. 252.

Vouchers; "double v., his recoveries," "a recovery with *double voucher* is the one usually suffered, and is so denominated from *two* persons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer, or some such inferior person) being successively *vouched,* or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title" (Ritson); V. i. 110.

Wag, move; III. iv. 39.

Wake, hold nightly revel; I. iv. 8.

Wandering stars, planets; V. i. 268.

Wann'd, turned pale; II. ii. 577.

Wanton; effeminate weakling; V. ii. 302.

——, wantonly; III. iv. 183.

Wantonness, affectation; III. i. 152.

Warranty, warrant; V. i. 239.

Wash, sea; III. ii. 163.

Wassail, carousal, drinking bout; I. iv. 9.

Watch, state of sleeplessness; II. ii. 148.

Water-fly (applied to Osric); "a water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler" (Johnson); V. ii. 83.

Waves, beckons (Folios, "*wafts*"); I. iv. 68.

We; "and we," used loosely after conjunction instead of accusation of regard, *i.e.* "as for us"; I. iv. 54.

Weeds, robes; IV. vii. 81.

Well-took, well undertaken; II. ii. 83.

Wharf, bank, I. v. 33.

What, who; IV. vi. 1.

Wheel, the burden or refrain of a song (or, perhaps, the spinning-wheel to which it may be sung); IV. v. 172.

Whether (monosyllabic); II. ii. 17.

Which, who; IV. vii. 4.

Wholesome, reasonable, sensible; III. ii. 323.

Wildness, madness; III. i. 40.

Will; "virtue of his will," *i.e.* his virtuous intention; I. iii. 16.

Wind; "to recover the w. of me," a hunting term, meaning to get to windward of the game, so that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers; III. ii. 354.

Windlasses, winding, indirect ways; II. i. 65.

Winking; "given my heart a w.," closed the eyes of my heart (Quartos 2-5, "*working*"); II. ii. 137.

Winnowed (*vide* "Fond").

Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 90.

Withal, with; I. iii. 28.

Withdraw; "to w. with you," *i.e.* "to speak a word in private with you" (Schmidt); III. ii. 352.

Withers, the part between the shoulder-blades of a horse; III. ii. 250.

Within 's, within this; III. ii. 132.

Wittenberg, the University of Wittenberg (founded 1502); I. ii. 113.

Wonder-wounded, struck with surprise; V. i. 269.

Woodcocks, birds supposed to be brainless; hence proverbial use; I. iii. 115.

Woo 't, contraction of *wouldst thou*; V. i. 287.

Word, watch-word; I. v. 110.

Worlds; "both the w.," this world and the next; IV. v. 134.

Would, wish; I. ii. 235.

Woundless, invulnerable; IV. i. 44.

Wreck, ruin; II. i. 113.

Wretch, here used as a term of endearment; II. ii. 168.

Writ; "law of w. and liberty," probably a reference to the plays written with or without decorum, *i.e.* the supposed canons of dramatic art, = "classical" and "romantic" plays (according to some = "adhering to the text or extemporizing when need requires"); II. ii. 421.

Yaughan; "get thee to Y." (so Folio 1; Quarto 2, "*get thee in and*"); probably the name of a well-known keeper of an alehouse near the Globe, perhaps the Jew, "one Johan," alluded to in *Every Man out of his Humour,* V. iv.; V. i. 63.

Yaw, stagger, move unsteadily (a nautical term); V. ii. 115.

Yeoman's service, good service, such as the yeoman performed for his lord (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*yemans*"); V. ii. 36.

Yesty, foamy; V. ii. 198.

Yorick, the name of a jester, lamented by Hamlet; perhaps a corruption of the Scandinavian name Erick, or its English equivalent (the passage possibly contains a tribute to the comic actor Tarlton); V. i. 191.

Yourself; "in y.," for yourself, personally; II. i. 71.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 63. '*He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice*'; Quarto 1, Quarto 2, Folio 1, '*pollax*,' variously interpreted as '*Polacks*,' '*poleaxe*,' etc.; there is very little to be said against the former interpretation, unless it be that 'the ambitious Norway' in the previous sentence would lead one to expect 'the sledded Polack,' a commendable reading originally proposed by Pope.

I. i. 108-125. These lines occur in the Quartos, but are omitted in Folios.

I. i. 167. '*eastward*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*easterne*'; the latter reading was perhaps in Milton's mind when he wrote:—

> "*Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime*
> *Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls.*"
> *Par. Lost*, v. 1.

I. ii. 9. '*to*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios '*of*.'

I. ii. 58-60. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 12. '*this temple*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*his temple*.'

I. iii. 16. '*will*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*fear*.'

I. iii. 18. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 26. '*particular act and place*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*peculiar sect and force*.'

I. iii. 59. Polonius' precepts have been traced back to Euphues' advice to Philautus; the similarity is certainly striking (*vide* Rushton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism*); others see in the passage a reference to Lord Burleigh's 'ten precepts,' enjoined upon Robert Cecil when about to set out on his travels (French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, *v.* Furness, Vol. II., p. 239).

I. iii. 65. '*comrade*' (accented on the second syllable), so Folio 1; Quartos (also Quarto 1), '*cowrage*.'

I. iii. 74. '*Are of a most select and generous chief in that*'; so Folio 1; Quarto 1, '*are of a most select and general chiefe in that*'; Quarto 2, '*Or of a most select and generous chiefe in that*'; the line is obviously incorrect; the simplest emendation of the

many proposed is the omission of the words '*of a*,' and '*chief*,' which were probably due to marginal corrections of '*in*' and '*best*' in the previous lines:—

> "*Are most select and generous in that.*"

(Collier '*choice*' for '*chief*'; Staunton '*sheaf*,' *i.e.* set, clique, suggested by the Euphuistic phrase "gentlemen of the best sheaf").

I. iii. 109. '*Running*,' Collier's conj.; Quartos, '*Wrong*'; Folio 1, '*Roaming*'; Pope, '*Wronging*'; Warburton, '*Wronging*'; Theobald, '*Ranging*,' etc.

I. iii. 130. '*bawds*'; Theobald's emendation of '*bonds*,' the reading of Quartos and Folio 1.

I. iv. 17-38. Omitted in Folio 1 (also Quarto 1).

I. iv. 36-38.

> '*the dram of eale*
> *Doth all the noble substance of a doubt*
> *To his own scandal*';

this famous crux has taxed the ingenuity of generations of scholars, and some fifty various readings and interpretations have been proposed. The general meaning of the words is clear, emphasizing as they do the previous statement that as a man's virtues, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from one particular fault, even so 'the dram of eale' reduces all the noble substance to its own low level.

The difficulty of the passage lies in (i.) '*eale*' and (ii.) '*Doth . . . of a doubt*'; a simple explanation of (i.) is that '*eale*' = '*e'il*,' *i.e.* '*evil*' (similarly in Quarto 2, II. ii. 627, '*deale*' = '*de'ile*' = '*devil*'). The chief objection to this plausible conjecture is that one would expect some rather more definite than 'dram of evil'; it is said, however, that '*eale*' is still used in the sense of 'reproach' in the western counties. Theobald proposed 'base,' probably having in mind the lines in *Cymbeline* (III. v. 88):—

> "*From whose so many weights of baseness cannot*
> *A dram of worth be drawn.*"

As regards (ii.), no very plausible emendation has been proposed; '*of a doubt*' has been taken to be a printer's error for '*often dout*,' '*oft endoubt*,' '*offer doubt*,' '*oft work out*,' etc. To the many questions which these words have called forth, the present writer is rash enough to add one more:—Could, perhaps,

'doth of a doubt' = deprives of the benefit of a doubt? Is there any instance of 'do' in XVIth century English = 'deprive'; the usage is common in modern English slang.

I. iv. 75-78. Omitted in Folio 1.

I. v. 22. '*List, list, O, list!*' so Quartos; Folio 1, '*list, Hamlet, oh list.*'

II. i. The stage direction in Quartos:—*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two*; Folios, *Polonius and Reynaldo*; in Quarto 1, *Reynaldo* is called *Montano*, hence perhaps the reading of later Quartos.

II. i. 4. '*to make inquire*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*you make inquiry.*'

II. ii. 17. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 73. '*three*'; so Quarto 1 and Folios; Quartos read '*threescore.*'

II. ii. 216-217, 244-276. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 234. '*On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.*' For an example of this ornament *cp.* the accompanying cut, which is reproduced from a tapestry of the time of Henry VII.

II. ii. 336-337. '*the clown . . . sere,*' omitted in Quartos; *vide* Glossary, "*tickle o' the sere.*"

II. ii. 346, 347. '*I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*'; *vide* Preface.

II. ii. 351-377. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 354-358. *cp.*:—

> "*I saw the children of Powles last night;*
> *And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,*
> *The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.*
> *—I like the audience that frequenteth there*
> *With much applause.*"
>
> *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).

II. ii. 466. '*Æneas' tale of Dido;*' one cannot but believe that Hamlet's criticism of the play is throughout ironical, and that the speeches quoted are burlesque. "The fancy that a burlesque was intended," wrote Coleridge, "sinks below criticism; the lines, as

epic narrative, are superb"; perhaps he would have changed his mind, and would have recognised them as mere parody, if he had read *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* a play left incomplete by Marlowe and finished by Nash (*cp. e.g.* Act II. Sc. i., which seems to be the very passage Shakespeare had in view).

II. ii. 485. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 493. '*Then senseless Ilium*'; 525, '*mobled . . . good*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 540. '*whether*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folios, '*where*' (*i.e.* '*wh'ere* = *whether*').

II. ii. 562. '*a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines*'; here was much throwing about of brains in the attempt to find these lines in the play-scene in Act III. Sc. ii. "The discussion," as Furness aptly puts it, "is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art," and the view of this scholar commends itself—viz., that "in order to give an air of probability to what every one would feel [otherwise] highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines."

II. ii. 614:—

> '*Hum, I have heard*
> *That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,*' etc.;

vide Heywood's *Apology for Actors,* where a number of these stories are collected; perhaps, however, Shakespeare had in mind the plot of *A Warning for Faire Women,* a play on this theme published in 1599, referring to a *cause celebre* which befell at Lynn in Norfolk.

III. i. 13-14. '*Niggard of question, but of our demands most free*'; Hanmer, '*Most free of our question, but to our demands most niggard*'; Warburton, '*Most free of question, but of our demands most niggard*'; Collier MS., '*niggard of our questions, but to our demands most free.*'

III. i. 59. '*to take arms against a sea of troubles,*' etc.; the alleged confusion of metaphors in this passage was due to the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's; *vide* Glossary, '*take arms.*'

III. i. 79, 80:—

> '*The undiscovered country from whose bourn*
> *No traveller returns.*'

In Catullus' *Elegy on a Sparrow,* occur the words:—

> *"Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum*
> *Illuc unde negant redire quenquam."*

III. i. 147. *'paintings'*; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folio 1, *'pratlings'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'pratling'*; Pope, *'painting'*; Macdonald conj. *'prancings.'*

III. ii. 36. *'nor man'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'or Norman.'*

III. ii. 49. There is a striking passage in Quarto 1, omitted in Quarto 2 and Folio, concerning those 'that keep one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparell'; the lines have a Shakespearian note, and are probably of great interest.

III. ii. 142. Much has been said to explain the introduction of the dumb-show; from the historical point of view its place in a court-play is not surprising, *vide* Glossary, *'Dumb-show.'*

III. ii. 174. The reading of the Folios; Quartos read:—

> *'For women feare too much, even as they love,*
> *And women's fear and love holds quantity.'*

Johnson believed that a line was lost rhyming with *'love.'*

III. ii. 175. *'In neither aught, or in extremity'*; Malone's emendation; Folios, *'In neither ought,'* etc.; Quartos, *'Eyther none, in neither ought,'* etc.

III. ii. 211. *'favourite'*; Folio 1, *'favourites,'* a reading for which much is to be said.

III. ii. 246. *'Vienna'*; Quarto 1, *'Guyana'*; for *'Gonzago,'* Quarto 1 reads *Albertus,* who is throughout called Duke; in Quarto 2 it is always *King*; except here where Hamlet says *'Gonzago is the Duke's name.'*

III. ii. 261. *'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge'*;

> *cp. "The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,*
> *Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge."*
> *The True Tragedie of Rich. III.*

III. ii. 400. *'bitter business as the day'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'business as the bitter day.'*

III. iii. 7. *'lunacies'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'brewes.'*

III. iii. 79. *'hire and salary'*; so Folios; Quartos misprint, *base and silly.'*

III. iv. 71-76, 78-81, 161-165, 167-170, 202-210. Omitted in Folios.

III. iv. 169. '*And either . . . the devil*'; some such word as '*master,*' '*quell,*' '*shame,*' has been omitted in Quartos, which read '*and either the devil.*'

IV. i. 4. Omitted in Folios.

IV. i. 40-44. Folio 1 omits these lines, and ends scene with the words—

> '*And what's untimely done. Oh, come away,*
> *My soul is full of discord and dismay.*'

Theobald proposed to restore the line by adding '*for, haply, slander.*'

IV. ii. 19. '*like an ape*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*like an apple*'; Farmer conj. '*like an ape, an apple*'; Singer, from Qparto 1, '*like an ape doth nuts*'; Hudson (1879), '*as an ape doth nuts.*'

IV. ii. 24. '*A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear*'; a sentence proverbial since Shakespeare's time, but not known earlier.

IV. ii. 31. *cp.* Psalm cxliv., '*Man is like a thing of naught*'; 32-33, '*Hide fox, and all after,*' the reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 27-30. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 42. '*this deed, for thine*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*deed of thine, for thine.*'

IV. iii. 45. '*with fiery quickness*'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 70. '*my haps, my joys were ne'er begun*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*my haps, my ioyes will nere begin*'; Johnson conj. '*my hopes, my joys are not begun*'; Heath conj. ''*t may hap, my joys will ne'er begin*'; Collier MS., '*my hopes, my joyes were ne'er begun*'; Tschischwitz, '*my joys will ne'er begun.*'

IV. iv. 3. '*Craves*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, '*Claimes.*'

IV. iv. 9-66. The reading of the Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 14-16. Quartos and Folios assign these lines to Horatio; Blackstone rearranged the lines as in the text.

IV. v. 38. '*grave,*' so Quarto 1, Folios; Quartos, '*ground*'; '*did go*'; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, '*did not go.*'

IV. v. 48-55. Song in Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 77. '*death, O*'; Quartos, '*death, and now behold, ô.*'

IV. v. 89. '*Feeds on his wonder*': Johnson's emendation; Quartos, '*Feeds on this wonder*'; Folios, '*Keepes on his wonder*'; Hanmer, '*Feeds on his anger.*'

IV. v. 96. '*Alack, what noise is this?*' omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 119. '*unsmirched brows*'; Grant White's emendation; Folio 1, '*unsmirched brow.*'

IV. v. 161-163, 165. Omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 166. '*rain'd*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, '*raines.*'

IV. v. 172-173. '*It is the false steward,*' etc.; the story has not yet been identified.

IV. v. 195. *cp.* '*Eastward Hoe*' (1604), by Jonson, Marston & Chapman for a travesty of the scene and this song (Act III. Sc. i.).

IV. vi. 2. '*Sea-faring men*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*Sailors.*'

IV. vii. 14. '*She's so conjunctive*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*She is so concline*'; Quarto, 1676, '*She is so precious.*'

IV. vii. 22. '*loud a wind,*' so Folios; Quartos 2, 3, '*loued Arm'd*'; Quartos 4, 5, '*loued armes.*'

IV. vii. 69-82. '*my lord . . . graveness*'; omitted in Folios: so, too, ll. 115-124.

IV. vii. 163. '*But stay, what noise?*' the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

'*The first murder.*'
From Coverdale's Old Testament, 1535.

IV. vii. 179. '*tunes*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto 1; Quarto 2, '*lauds*' (*i.e.* chants).

IV. vii. 193. '*douts*'; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, '*doubts*'; Quartos, '*drownes.*'

V. i. 36-39, 110-112. '*is this . . . recoveries*'; 126, 193, omitted in Quartos.

V. i. 81. '*Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder.* Tradition assigned this implement to Cain, since weapons were not invented until the days of Tubal-cain, Gen. iv. 22. (*Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 258. '*treble woe*'; the reading of Quartos 2, 3, 6; Folio 1, '*terrible woer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*terrible wooer.*'

V. i. 287. '*woo't drink up eisel?*' *vide* Glossary, '*eisel*'; the various emendations '*Weissel,*' '*Yssel*' (a northern branch of the Rhine), '*Nile,*' '*Nilus,*' are all equally unnecessary.

V. ii. 9. '*pall*'; so Quarto 2; Folio 1, '*parle*'; Pope, '*fail.*'

V. ii. 31. *'they,' i.e.* my brains.

V. ii. 57, 68-80. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 78. *'court'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'count.'*

V. ii. 99. *'or'*; Folios read *'for.'*

V. ii. 107-143. These lines are omitted in Folios, which read, *'Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.'*

V. ii. 126. *'another tongue?'* Johnson conj. *'a mother tongue'*; Heath conj. *'a mother tongue?'* No change is necessary; it is a bit of sarcasm.

V. ii. 155-156. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 188, 9. *'many more of the same breed'*; so Quartos; Folio 1 reads, *'mine more of the same Beauy'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'nine more of the same Beavy.'*

V. ii. 195-209. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 225-227. *'since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.'* The reading is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos; a long list of proposed emendations is given by the Cambridge editors.

V. ii. 243. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 247. *'brother'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'mother.'*

V. ii. 290. *'He's fat and scant of breath'*; *vide* Glossary, *'Fat.'*

V. ii. 339. *Cp.* the accompanying drawing from a cut in the *Dance of Death.*

V. ii. 348. *'live'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'I leave.'*

V. ii. 386. *'forced cause'*; so Folios; Quartos read *'or no cause.'*

'this fell sergeant, Death.'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

13. *The rivals of my watch*:—The companions of my watch. The Quarto of 1603, in which this Scene corresponds to the text of Folio 1, with the exception of an omitted line or two, and which evidently represents the "true and perfect" text, has, *the partners of my watch*—a more obvious word, which a reporter would be likely to substitute for the authentic one. Compare *rivality* in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. v., meaning *partnership*, and *The Tragedy of Hoffman* (1631):—

> "ile seat thee by my throne of state
> And make thee rivall in those governments."

16. *Give*:—Ellipsis for *God give*.

19. *A piece of him*:—Warburton supposed that Horatio gives his hand; it is night, adds Ingleby, and Horatio is hardly visible to Bernardo. Shakespeare's intention seems to be to show that Horatio, the skeptical, can answer jestingly.

21. *What, has this thing appear'd*, etc.:—Folio and Quarto of 1603 give this speech to Marcellus; the other Quartos to Horatio, who, as yet, does not believe that the Ghost has appeared at all.

42. *Thou art a scholar*:—The notion that ghosts, devils, and witches would notice only what was addressed to them in Latin was long a part of the superstition respecting their existence. It

was a lingering reminiscence of the exorcismal formula of the Romish church. Reed cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Night Walker*, II. 1:—

> "Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,
> And that would daunt the devil."

45. Compare Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (ed. Birkbeck Hill, iii. 307): "Johnson once observed to me, 'Tom Tyers described me the best: "Sir (said he) you are like a ghost: you never speak till you are spoken to."'"

60. Furness asks, "Was this the very armour that he wore thirty years before, on the day Hamlet was born (see V. i. 155-176)? How old was Horatio?" But the armour would be remembered and be pointed out, when worn later.

117. *As stars with trains of fire*:—This passage is sadly and hopelessly corrupt. A preceding line or more has manifestly been lost. The reader will find much fruitless conjecture with regard to it in the Variorum of 1821. Plutarch describes the prodigies preceding and following Cæsar's death—fires in the elements, spirits running up and down in the night, a pale sun, which gave little light or heat. Compare *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii. Such prodigies are very impressively described in Marlowe's *Lucan's First Booke translated*, published in 1600.

123. *And prologue to the omen*:—Here *omen* is used, as Malone remarked, to mean an approaching, dreadful, and portentous event.

127. *I'll cross it, though it blast me*:—Blakeway cites from Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, iii. 48, a story of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby (who died 1594): on Friday a tall man appeared, who twice crossed him swiftly; and when the bewitched Earl came to the place where he saw this man, he first fell sick.

127. *Stay, illusion!*—Here the Quarto of 1604 has the stage direction, "*It spreads his arms*," which perhaps is a misprint for "*He* spreads," etc.; indicating Horatio's action in his attempt to stay the Ghost. *His* might, of course, refer to the Ghost through *it*; but there seems to be no occasion for the Ghost to make such a gesture.

Scene II.

65. It can hardly be doubted that this—Hamlet's first word—is spoken aside. Does it refer to the King or to himself? If to

himself, it may mean a little more than a kinsman (for I am, incestuously, a stepson), and less than kind, for I hate the King. So Malone. Knight says "little of the same *nature*" with Claudius. More probably it refers to the King, meaning: My stepfather (more than cousin), but in less than a natural relation. Compare II. ii. 619: "lecherous, kindless (*i.e.* unnatural) villain." To "go" or "grow out of kind" is found in Baret's *Alvearie* and Cotgrave's *French Dict.,* meaning to degenerate or dishonour kindred. The play upon kin or kindred and kind or kindly is found in Gorboduc, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie,* and in Rowley's *Search for Money.* "Kind" for "nature" occurs several times in Shakespeare. White asks: "Is it necessary to say that Hamlet means, In marrying my mother you have made yourself something more than my kinsman, and at the same time have shown yourself unworthy of our race, our kind?"

67. *i' the sun*:—Hamlet's delight in ambiguous and double meanings makes it probable that a play is intended on "sun" and "son." He is too much in the sunshine of the court, and too much in the relation of son—son to a dead father, son to an incestuous mother, son to an uncle-father. It was suggested by Johnson that there is an allusion to the proverbial expression (see *Lear,* II. ii. 168): "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," which means to be out of house and home; Hamlet is deprived of the throne. Schmidt takes it to mean merely, "I am more idle and careless than I ought to be."

74. "Here observe," says Coleridge, "Hamlet's delicacy to his mother, and how the suppression prepares him for the overflow in the next speech, in which his character is more developed by bringing forward his aversion to externals, and which betrays his habit of brooding over the world within him, coupled with a prodigality of beautiful words, which are the half embodyings of thought, and are more than thought, and have an outness, a reality *sui generis,* and yet retain their correspondence and shadowy affinity to the images and movements within. Note, also, Hamlet's silence to the long speech of the King, which follows, and his respectful, but general, answer to his mother."

113. *Wittenberg*:—The university where men of all ages passed indefinite periods, and sometimes their whole lives. The university was founded in 1502; Luther had made it famous. In *The Tragedy of Hoffman* (1602), the foolish Ierom says, "I am not foole, I have bin to Wittenberg, where wit growes." Shakespeare may have heard of it in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus.* and in Nash's

Life of Iacke Wilton, 1594. It must be remembered that for Hamlet Wittenberg was a foreign university, to which he might go at any age, after his earlier education had been completed.

127. *And the king's rouse*:—A deep draught upon a convivial occasion was called a *rouse*; and it appears, from a passage quoted by Steevens from Decker's *Gull's Horn Book,* to have been a Danish term. "Teach me, thou soveraigne skinker, how to take the German's upsy freeze, the Danish rousa, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish," etc. Its signification is preserved in *rouser* and *rousing*.

129. *O, that this too too solid flesh would melt*:—That *too too* was used absolutely for very well, or good, Ray remarked in his *English Words not Generally Used* (London, 1674); and Hunter and Halliwell have brought forward many instances of its unmistakable use as a compound epithet. But here it is, as remarked by Dowden, "an intensive reduplication." Some editors hyphen it. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* II. iv. 205.

140. *Hyperion to a satyr*:—Apollo to his brother Pan. The third, not the second, syllable of *Hyperion* is properly long; but to this pronunciation hardly any of the English poets have conformed.

150. *that wants discourse of reason*:—Discursive reason, reason which draws conclusions, as opposed to intuitive perception. The phrase was common in Shakespeare's day, and before it.

160, 161. Sir Henry Irving, as Hamlet, delivers "I . . . well" as a conventional greeting to unrecognized intruders; Hamlet then looks up and perceives his friend.

167. *Good even, sir*:—It was not what we now call evening. Two or three hundred years ago, any time after midday was called evening.

180. Scott, in *The Bride of Lammermoor,* has made the readers of romance familiar with the old custom of "funeral baked-meats," which was kept up in Scotland till a recent period.

182. *my dearest foe in heaven*:—*Dear* is used of whatever touches us nearly either in love or hate, joy or sorrow. In 1 *Henry IV.* III. ii. 123, we find "near'st and dearest enemy . . ."

198. *In the dead vast and middle of the night*:—Perhaps we should read "the dead *waste*." But in either case the sense would be the same—the dead void; and *vast* seems to have been used substantively in this sense by Shakespeare, if not by his contemporaries. See "that vast of night," *The Tempest,* I. ii. 327.

218-220. Mark the ingenuity of Shakespeare in so managing

this popular idea as to make the Ghost, which has been so long obstinately silent, and of course must be dismissed by the morning, prepare to speak, and to be interrupted at the very critical time of the crowing of a cock. "Another poet, according to custom, would," as Warton observes, "have suffered his ghost tamely to vanish, without contriving this start, which is like a start of guilt; to say nothing of the aggravation of the future suspense occasioned by this preparation to speak, and to impart some mysterious secret. Less would have been expected if nothing had been promised."

Scene III.

18. "This Scene," says Coleridge, "must be regarded as one of Shakespeare's lyric movements in the play, and the skill with which it is interwoven with the dramatic parts is peculiarly an excellence with our Poet. *You experience the sensation of a pause, without the sense of a stop.* You will observe, in Ophelia's short and general answer to the long speech of Laertes, the natural carelessness of innocence, which cannot think such a code of cautions and prudences necessary to its own preservation."

21. *safety*:—"Sanity," as conjectured by Theobald, may be right. Safety is a trisyllable in Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* v. 4. 46: "Where he himself did rest in safety"; but in line 43 of this Scene it has the usual pronunciation, and so elsewhere in Shakespeare.

59. *character*:—Shakespeare accents the verb either, as here, on the second syllable, or on the first, as in *Sonnets,* cxxii. 2.

81. *season*:—Singer quotes Baret's *Alvearie*: "*To season* . . . to temper wisely, to make more pleasant and acceptable." Schmidt explains it "mature, ripen." Clarendon Press compares *Merchant of Venice,* V. i. 107.

109. *Running*:—Clarendon Press, accepting this reading proposed by Collier, observes its accordance with the figure in the previous line.

109. *fool*:—Does this mean, 'You will present yourself to me as a fool? or, present me (to the public) as a fool? or, can *fool* mean an innocent, a baby?—for Polonius is not over-delicate in his warnings. See *Romeo and Juliet,* I. iii. 31 and 48.

115. *woodcocks*:—Birds supposed to be witless, easily taken in springes or snares. Clarendon Press quotes from Gosson's

Apologie for the Schoole of Abuse: "Cupid sets up a springe for woodcocks."

117. *Lends the tongue vows*:—So the Quartos. The Folio has, "*Gives* the tongue," etc., the first word of the following line having caught the compositor's eye. Two syllables, probably forming an epithet applied to *blazes,* have doubtless been lost from this line.

119. *as it is a-making*:—The blundering purism of the present day would write here, "as it is *being made,*" according to the monstrous construction which has taken the place of the feeble one of the Augustan age, *e.g.,* "as it is making." But there is no purer or more logically correct English than the idiom a making, a doing, a building, and the like. Ben Jonson (more scholar than poet) says in his Grammar, "Before the participle present *a* and *an* have the force of a gerund. 'But there is some great tempest a brewing against us.'"—Book II. Chap. 3. The idiom is as old as the English language, and is of frequent occurrence in our translation of the Bible.

127. *brokers*:—Middlemen in making bargains; used specially of panders, procurers. Furness quotes Cotgrave: "*Maquinonner,* To play the Broker, also to play the bawd."

135. Upon this Coleridge remarks: "I do not believe that in this or any other of the foregoing speeches of Polonius, Shakespeare meant to bring out the senility or weakness of that personage's mind. In the great ever-recurring dangers and duties of life, where to distinguish the fit objects for the application of the maxims collected by the experience of a long life requires no fineness of tact, as in the admonitions to his son and daughter, Polonius is uniformly made respectable. . . . It is to Hamlet that Polonius is, and is meant to be, contemptible, because in inwardness and uncontrollable activity of movement, Hamlet's mind is the logical contrary to that of Polonius, and besides, Hamlet dislikes the man as false to his true allegiance in the matter of the succession to the crown."

Scene IV.

2. *Eager* was used in the sense of the French *aigre,* sharp, biting.—The unimportant conversation with which this Scene opens is a proof of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of human nature. It is a well-established fact, that on the brink of any

serious enterprise, or event of moment, men almost invariably endeavour to elude the pressure of their own thoughts by turning aside to trivial objects and familiar circumstances. Then, too, by thus entangling the attention of the audience in the nice distinctions and parenthetical sentences of this speech of Hamlet, Shakespeare takes them completely by surprise on the appearance of the Ghost, which comes upon them in all the suddenness of its visionary character, so that the third visitation even surpasses the former two in impressiveness and solemnity of interest.

9. *and the swaggering up-spring reels*:—Reels through the swaggering up-spring. The up-spring was a rude and boisterous German dance, as Steevens showed by the following quotation from Chapman's *Alphonsus:*—

> "We Germans have no changes in our dances,
> An almain and an up-spring, that is all."

12. *triumph of his pledge*:—His glorious achievement as drinker. Howell in his *Letters* tells of the Danish King Christian IV. (1588-1649) beginning thirty-five healths during a feast—"the King was taken away at last in his chair."

19. *Clepe* is *call*; from the Anglo-Saxon *cleopian*. The Danes were indeed proverbial as drunkards, and well they might be, according to the accounts of the time. Heywood, in his *Drunkard Opened,* 1635, describes them as the first on record to bring "their wassel bowls and elbowe deepe healthes" into England.

27. *By the o'ergrowth of some complexion*:—*Complexion,* used now almost exclusively to mean the colour of the skin, had formerly, says White, a sense more strictly correct, and expressed the result of the union of certain physical qualities. "According to the prevalency of humours a diversity of temper or complexion is caused in us."—*Gate of the Latine Tongue Unlocked,* 1656. Hudson says that "*Complexion* was often used, as here, to signify any constitutional *texture, aptitude,* or *predisposition.*"

47. *canonized*:—The accent, as always in Shakespeare, is on the second syllable.

73. *deprive your sovereignty of reason*:—Warburton, followed by Hanmer, reads *deprave.* For *deprive* see *Rape of Lucrece,* 1186 and 1752. Caldecott explains: "Dispossess the sovereignty of your reason." In the *Historie of Hamblet,* IV., "deprive himself" means lose the right to the throne.

Scene V.

11. *confined to fast in fires*:—The marginal reading of Collier's Folio of 1632, "confined to *lasting* fires," is very specious to the reader who does not consider that the fires of which the Ghost speaks were the fires of purgatory, in which, too, he was confined for the day only, and so were not lasting fires in any sense. *Fast* may be used here in its radical sense of religious observance, and without any allusion to abstinence from food; or there may be a reference to the notion entertained of old, that, in the words of Chaucer's Person, "the misere of helle shall be in defaute of mete and drink."

13. Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into "the punytion of the saulis in purgatory." "It is a nedeful thyng to suffer paines and torment;—sum in the wyndis, sum under the water, and in the fire uther sum: thus the mony vices contrakkit in the corpis *be done away and purgit.*"

33. *That roots itself in ease*:—Thus the Quartos; the Folio, "That *rots* itself," etc. The misprint in either case is of the easiest. That the text of the Quartos gives what the author wrote, seems clear from this passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. iv.:—

> "This common body,
> Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
> Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
> To rot itself with motion."

If in the one case the flag *rots* itself with *motion*, it seems clear that in the other it must *root* itself in *ease*. The opposition of *roots* to *stir* in the next line also supports this reading.

62. *with juice of cursed hebenon*:—It is uncertain whether by *hebenon* Shakespeare meant ebony or henbane. Dr. Grey cited a passage from Pliny in which that naturalist says that the oil of henbane dropped into the ears disturbs the brain. But the sap of ebony was accounted poisonous, and the name of the wood was spelled sometimes *hebon*, sometimes *ebeno*. Steevens cited the following passage from Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:—

> ". . . the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
> The juice of hebon, and Cocytus breath."

77. *Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled*:—Unhouselled is with-

out having received the consecrated wafer; disappointed, unappointed, unprepared; unaneled, without extreme unction or anointing with consecrated oil.

80. *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*—This line is a part of the Ghost's speech in all the old copies; but Dr. Johnson thought, with reason, that it should be spoken by Hamlet, and such was Garrick's practice; so also is it Sir Henry Irving's. After it in the Quarto of 1603 Hamlet exclaims, "O God!" Clarke observes that triple iteration is characteristic of the Ghost's diction.

90. *uneffectual*:—Warburton (approved by Dyce) explains: "shining without heat." Steevens, "lost in the morning light." See *Pericles,* II. iii. 43.

93. *O, fie!*—Capell, Steevens, Mitford, Dyce regard these words as probably an interpolation.

107. *My tables*:—Pocket memorandum-books, and, indeed, any substances prepared for writing, erasure, and re-writing, were called tables. When Zacharias called for a writing-table to write the name of his new-born son, afterwards John the Baptist, he meant not a support for that on which he wrote, but a parchment, or a waxen tablet. . . . Waxen tables were used as late as the Elizabethan period: as to which see the following passage from the *Janua Linguarum,* 1650: "Once they wrote with a reed: *now-a-daies* we write with a quill (whose neb or slit is made [fitted to the writer's hand] with a penknife) either in clean paper (not in blotting, sinking, or cap paper) which is sold by the sheet, quire, ream or in parchment: with a writing *pin* in table books, that it may be cancelled and blotted out *by turning the pin the wrong end downwards*"—"inverso stylo." Chap. 68, § 731. "If you chance upon anie thing, suffer it not to vanish away; but that it slip not from you, note it down out of hand not into waste papers, but into a table book [that may be rased and written on again]." *Idem,* Chap. 69, § 742.

123. *Denmark*:—Seymour suggests that Hamlet at this word breaks off his intended disclosure, pauses, and gives it a jesting turn. Sir Henry Irving adopts this rendering, glancing at Marcellus, as if his presence rendered the confidence unwise.

136. Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakespeare for making the Danish prince swear by *St. Patrick,* by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25. *fencing*:—Perhaps named to show how Polonius regards the other supposed outbreaks of his son—as to be classed with addiction to the fencing-school. Fencers, however, had a like legal disrepute with players. In Middleton's *Spanish Gipsy*, II. ii. Sancho comes in "from playing with fencers," having lost cloak, band, and rapier at dice. The ill repute of fencers appears from other passages in Elizabethan drama. In Dekker's *Gul's Horn-Booke* he speaks of the danger to a rich young man of being "set upon" by fencers and cony-catchers (Dekker, ed. Grosart, Vol. ii. p. 213).

65. *windlasses*:—Winding turns. So in Golding's *Ovid*, B. vii.:

> "like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,
> Nor makes a windlasse over all the champion fields about";

and in *Apollo Shroving*: "See how fortune came with a wind-lace about again."

77. *closet*:—A private chamber, as in III. ii. 338. This is the only entirely sincere meeting of Hamlet with Ophelia in the play; and it is entirely silent—the hopeless farewell of Hamlet. Can her love discover him through his disguise of distraction? He reads nothing in her face but fright; he cannot utter a word, and feels that the estranging sea has flowed between them. In no true sense do they ever meet again.

111. *with better heed and judgement*:—The Folio has "with better *speed*," etc., meaning *success*. This was preferred by Theobald.

119. "This must be made known to the King, for the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the Queen than the uttering or revealing it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet." Johnson, whose explanation this is, attributes the obscurity to the Poet's "*affectation* of concluding the scene with a couplet." There would surely have been more affectation in deviating from the universally established custom.

Scene II.

17. *Whether aught to us unknown*:—This line. absolutely neces-

sary to the sense, is omitted from the Folio. It also omits *but* in Guildenstern's speech below, and *Ay* in the Queen's exclamation as the Ambassadors go out.

116-124. *Doubt*:—In the first two lines and the fourth the word means *be doubtful that*; in the third it means *suspect*. Hamlet's letter begins in the conventional lover's style, which perhaps was what Ophelia would expect from a courtly admirer; then there is a real outbreak of passion and self-pity; finally, in the word "machine," Hamlet indulges, after his manner, his own intellectuality, though it may baffle the reader; the letter is no more simple or homogeneous than the writer. T. Bright, in *A Treatise of Melancholy* (1586), explains the nature of the body as that of a machine, connected with the "soul" by the intermediate "spirit." He compares (p. 66) its action to that of a clock.

160. *he walks four hours together*:—"The obvious reading," says White, "'*for* hours together,' has occurred to many critical readers; and to modern taste this would seem an improvement. But similar phrases, 'two hours,' 'three hours,' and 'four hours together,' are of common occurrence in old books." "Hanmer's emendation *for*," observes Dowden, "is specious. But Elze (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, B. xi.) has shown the use by Elizabethan writers of four, forty, forty thousand to express an indefinite number. Malone cites Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*: 'She will muse four hours together'; and Clarendon Press, Pattenham, *Arte of English Poesie*: 'laughing and gibing . . . foure houres by the clocke.'"

182. *being a god kissing carrion*:—The old copies (except Quarto I, in which the passage is not found) have, "a *good* kissing carrion." The correction, which is almost of the obvious sort, was made by Warburton, who improves the occasion in a small sermon, which the reader will find preserved in the Variorum editions.—This speech of Hamlet's has an intimate connection in thought and in expression with his next; the thought being one which his madness, real or affected, may excuse, but upon which it is not pleasant to dwell, much less to expatiate.—*White*.

269. *beggars bodies*:—The monarch or hero is an outstretched shadow; a shadow is thrown by a body; body is the opposite of shadow; therefore the opposite of monarch, and heroes, namely, beggars, are bodies. Whether at one or two removes—shadow, or shadow's shadow—it is a beggar who produces an ambitious monarch. Hamlet's private meaning may possibly be that his

uncle is a shadow—a mockery king—with a beggar for its substance. He purposely loses himself in his riddles, and, being incapable of reasoning, will to the court, where just thinking is out of place.

276. *dreadfully attended*:—Hamlet speaks like an honest man, but knows his meaning will not be understood; he *is* dreadfully attended, by Memory and Horror, and wronged Love, and the duty of Revenge. Let the courtiers suppose he has a madman's suspicions of dangerous followers.

335. *humorous man*:—"Not the funny man or jester . . . but the actor who personated the fantastic characters . . . for the most part represented as capricious and quarrelsome" (Staunton). "Such characters as Faulconbridge, Jaques, and Mercutio" (Delius). The characters of the stock company suit the present play—King Claudius, who receives such tribute as he deserves from Hamlet; Laertes, the fencer; Hamlet, the lover, who sighs gratis; Polonius, who ends his part as "most secret and most grave"; the Grave-digger; and Ophelia, who speaks her mind in madness somewhat too freely.

346. Referring, no doubt, to the order of the Privy Council, June, 1600. By this order, the players were *inhibited* from acting in or near the city during the season of Lent, besides being very much restricted at all other seasons, and hence "chances it they travel," or *stroll* into the country.

354. *cry out on the top of question*:—Clamour forth the height of controversy, utter shrilly the extreme matter of debate. *Cry out* may be regarded as a verb; to "cry on" is frequent in Shakespeare; "cry out on" may be a combination of the two; *question* is a matter in dispute; the *top of question* is the matter in dispute pushed to extremity. Other explanations have been proposed. Clarendon Press: "Probably, to speak in a high key, dominating conversation." For *question* in this sense, see *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 70. In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, p. 55 (Sh. Soc. reprint) occurs: "Cry it up in the top of question." Prof. Hales' notes from *Adam Bede*: "Mrs. Poyser keeps at the top o' the talk like a fife."

362. *no longer than they can sing?*—Until their voices break at puberty.

387, 388. *let me comply with you*:—To *comply* here means to observe the forms of courtesy or civility. So in V. ii. 187.

394-396. *I am but mad . . . hawk from a handsaw*:—I am mad only in one point of the compass. T. Bright, in *A Treatise*

of Melancholy (1586), mentions the southeast winds as the most suitable for sufferers from melancholy (Chap. xxxix.). Burton gives other opinions. A southerly wind would, according to Bright, favour Hamlet's sanity. North and northwest, we may infer, would be the most unfavourable. The word *hawk* was and is used for a plasterer's tool, but no example has been found earlier than 1700. *Hack,* however, is an Elizabethan name for a tool for breaking or chopping up, and for agricultural tools of the mattock, hoe, and pick-axe type (*New Eng. Dict.*). *Handsaw* might suggest *hack*, for we find in 1 *Henry IV,* II. iv. 181, 182, "My sword hacked like a handsaw." It is, however, generally assumed that *handsaw* here is a corruption of *heronshaw* or *hernsew*; "no other instances of the phrase (except as quotations from Shakespeare) have been found" (*New Eng. Dict.*). J. C. Heath (Quoted in Clarendon Press) explains: the heron flying down the north wind is ill seen, the spectator looking south towards the sun; flying north, on a south wind, it can be easily distinguished from the hawk. Does Hamlet imagine the two courtiers as hawks loosed to pursue him? Elsewhere he compares them to hunters driving him unto the toils. The south wind is generally represented by Shakespeare as a wind of evil contagion. Does Hamlet mean that he can recognize the King's birds of chase flying on an ill wind?

420. *Jephthah*:—Steevens communicated the *pious chanson* to Percy; a reprint from a black-letter copy will be found in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads.* Hamlet quotes from the first stanza. Jephthah sacrificed his daughter; before her death she went into the wilderness to bewail her virginity. So with Ophelia.

436. *the first row of the pious chanson,* etc.:—Hamlet calls the ballad from which he has been quoting, the *pious chanson*—in the Quarto of 1603, "the godly ballet"—on account of the biblical character of its subject. His quotations are all from the first stave; and to the first row, *i.e.,* line or column, he refers his hearers for more, he being cut short in his recital, "for look, where my abridgement comes." It is possible, however, that both here and in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i. 39, *abridgement* means that which shortens time—pastime; though there it is applied to things, here to persons.

444. *by the altitude of a chopine*:—The Italian *ciopinno,* a strange device, which is thus described in Raymond's *Mercurio Italiano,* London, 1647. "The Ladies have found out a devise

very different from all other European Dresses. They weare their owne, or a counterfeit haire below the shoulders, trim'd with gemmes and Flowers, their coats halfe too long for their bodies, being mounted on their *Chippeens,* (which are as high as a man's leg). They walke between two handmaids, majestically deliberating of every step they take. This fashion was invented, and appropriated to the Noble Venetians wives, to be constant to distinguish them from the Courtesans, who goe covered in a vaile of White Taffety."

472. Schlegel observes, that "this speech must not be judged by itself, but in connexion with the place where it is introduced. To distinguish it as dramatic poetry in the play itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of that in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation does above simple nature. Hence Shakespeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antithesis. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the Poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made use, overcharging the pathos."

573. *peasant slave*:—Furness says: "It is shown by Furnivall in *Notes and Queries,* 12th April and 3rd May 1873, that it was possible for Shakespeare to have seen in the flesh some of the bondmen or 'peasant slaves' of England."

578. *In's aspect*:—Here aspect is to be accented on the last syllable.

602. *But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall*:—It was supposed that pigeons and doves owed their gentleness of disposition to the absence of gall.

> "A Milk-white Doue upon her hand shee brought,
> So tame 'twould goe returning at her call,
> About whose Necke was in a Choller wrought
> 'Only like me my Mistress hath no gall.'"
> *Drayton's Ninth Eclogue.*

624, 625. That Hamlet was not alone in the suspicion here started, appears from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici,* 1642: "I believe that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed

spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world. But, that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemetries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory in Adam."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

59. *take arms,* etc.:—Accepting the statements of ancient writers about the Kelts (see Glossary, *Take arms against a sea*), it is argued that since those who fought against the flood were themselves beaten, Hamlet's words, *by opposing end them,* must mean by so opposing troubles to end one's own existence.

80. *returns*:—The Ghost has not crossed the bourn or boundary of death, or returned to mortal life; cock-crow and day-dawn startle him away. Perhaps, however, Hamlet at the present time, doubtful as to whether the devil may not have been abusing him (close of Act II.), will not let the apparition enter into his calculations.

88-90. "This," says Johnson, "is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts."

96. *aught*:—For a moment Hamlet has been touched by the sight of Ophelia with her book of prayers. Yet there is estrangement in the word "Nymph." She inquires for his health (having seen him yesterday); he answers as to a stranger; formally, as he does to Osric, V. ii. 82; and with some impatience; he will tell her nothing. She produces his gifts; he has been sent for by the King; Ophelia, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has doubtless also been sent for; he falls back on his accustomed method of baffling half-truths. These toys were the gift of another Hamlet to another Ophelia—not his.

105. Here it is evident that the penetrating Hamlet perceives, from the strange and forced manner of Ophelia, that the sweet girl was not acting a part of her own, but was a decoy; and his after speeches are not so much directed to her as to the listeners and spies. Observe Hamlet's enumeration of the faults of the sex

from which Ophelia is so free that the mere freedom therefrom constitutes her character.

125. *very proud, revengeful, ambitious*:—Hamlet brings general accusations against manhood and womanhood; but these particular vices are ironically named as those of which he has been suspected or calumniously accused: very proud, he who honours the poor Horatio, and hails the actor as a friend, yet he is suspected of treating Ophelia lightly, as an inferior who may be basely used; revengeful, he who groans under the duty of vengeance, yet who is doubtless suspected of revenge by the King; ambitious, he who would go back to Wittenberg, and could be contented in a nutshell, yet whose disappointed ambition has been a subject for the probing of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

132. *Where's your father?*—Perhaps an arrow shot at a venture; or perhaps he has caught sight of the King and Polonius as they retire. It is to be considered as a possibility that Ophelia may not have been aware of her father's espionage.

140. *calumny*:—Is this promise of dowry half meant for Polonius's ear? His calumnies of Hamlet will come home to roost on his own house.

151. *and make your wantonness your ignorance*:—The Quarto of 1604, "and make your wantonnes *ignorance*." This passage seems to imply that the women affected a pretty, innocent ignorance as a mask for their wantonness. Johnson's explanation is, "You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*."

155. "Observe," says Coleridge, "this dallying with the inward purpose, characteristic of one who had not brought his mind to the steady acting point. He would fain sting the uncle's mind;—but to stab his body!—The soliloquy of Ophelia, which follows, is the perfection of love,—so exquisitely unselfish!"

168. *Love! his affections do not that way tend*:—Here "affection is used in a sense which it has now almost entirely lost. It has no relation to love or preference, but refers to the manner in which Hamlet's mind is affected, which affection, or affecting, does not, as the King says, tend towards love.

Scene II.

15, 16. *for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod*:—Termagant, the supposed god of the Mohammedans, and Herod, the

slayer of the innocents, were staple characters in our old Miracle Plays. Their chief office was to rave and rant up and down the scaffold, uttering bombast of the most inflated and profane description. In one of the Chester Mysteries, Herod says:—

"For I am kynge of all mankinde
I byd, I beate, I loose, I bynde:
I master the moone: take this in mynde
That I am most of mighte.
I am the greatest above degree
That is, that was, or ever shale be;
The sonne it dare not shine on me,
And [*i.e.*, if] I bid him go down."

In one of the Coventry Mysteries he thus modestly holds forth, in verses which unite alliteration and rhyme:—

"Of bewte and of boldnesse I ber ever more the belle
Of mayn and of might I master every man
I dynge with my dowtiness the devil down to helle
For both of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."

How difficult it would be to out-herod Herod may be judged from the fact that in one of the plays in which Elia's "much abused monarch" appears, the Poet, having exhausted his vocabulary in expressing the Herodian wrath and arrogance, in despair gives the player *carte blanche* for extemporal fume and fustian by the direction, "*Here Herod rages.*"

95. *I must be idle*:—Be foolishly or vacantly employed in a manner befitting his assumed distraction.

129. *your only jig-maker*:—We should now say, "*only your* jig-maker."

253. *I could interpret between you and your love*:—To every puppet-show there was an interpreter. But there seems to be an allusion of another nature.

"A voice arrests my idle ear
Which from a neighb'ring thicket flyes.
Drawn thither by my greedy Eyes
Two loving Rogues within it lay
And thus I heard the Puppets play."
Duffett's Poems, 1676.

279. *Why, let the stricken deer*, etc.:—This stave is probably quoted from some ballad now lost.

292. *A very, very—pajock*:—The old copies, *paiock, paiocke,* and *pajock.* "I have often," remarks Dyce, "heard the lower classes call the peacock the pea*jock*." This stave, except this last word, is probably a quotation.

348, 349. *you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark*:—"I agree with Steevens," says Blackstone, "that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothic kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it must be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as a *usurper,* who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirship* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices; had

> "Popp'd in between the election and my hopes—;"

had—

> "From a shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket;"

but never hints at his being a *usurper.* His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had 'the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark'; and he at his own death prophesies that 'the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice,' conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth Act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood."

Scene III.

59. *the wicked prize itself*:—That which is wickedly acquired.

Scene IV.

52. *and thunders in the index?*—In the commencement of its recital. Indexes or *tables* were of old not uncommonly placed in the first part of books.

53. *Look here*:—Restoration actors made Hamlet produce two miniatures; but miniatures could hardly represent Hamlet's father at full-length, as he is described. A print, prefixed to Rowe's ed. of *Hamlet*, 1709, exhibits half-lengths hanging on the wall The actor Holman had a picture of Claudius on the wall, and a miniature of the dead king produced from Hamlet's bosom. Fechter had two miniatures, one worn round Gertrude's neck, the other by Hamlet; he tore the miniature from Gertrude and flung it away; so Rossi, who stamped upon it. Edwin Booth used two miniatures. Sir Henry Irving and Salvini have represented the portraits as seen only by the mind's eye.

82. *Rebellious hell*:—Hanmer, very speciously, "Rebellious *heat*."

90. *such black and grained spots*:—The Quartos "*greeued* [grieved] spots." *Grained* here means darkly stained. See George P. Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language*, for a masterly exposition of the etymology and history of the word *grain*, as applied to color.

102. [*Enter Ghost*] The Quarto of 1603, "*Enter the Ghost in his night gowne*." Hamlet says afterwards, "My father in his habit as he lived." It is to be observed that the Ghost at this appearance is visible only to Hamlet.

169. *And either* [*curb*] *the devil*:—This is White's reading. The Quarto of 1604 reads, "And *either the* deuill, or throw him out," where there has a word been lost, as both sense and rhyme make manifest. To supply its place Malone suggested *curb*. The Quarto next in date (which, of course, is followed by subsequent editions in that form), has, in hope of mending the lapse, "And *master* the devil"—"a correction," says White, "of no more authority than Malone's, and of not half the worth." Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads *shame*, Dowden and Rolfe, *master*.

175. *their scourge and minister*:—The scourge and minister of heaven.

217. [*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius*] The Folio has, "*tugging in*"; the Quarto of 1603, "*Exit Hamlet with the dead body*." A like direction is always found in a like situ-

ation in our old dramas. For there being no change of Scene, it was necessary that the "unpleasant bodies" should be removed, in order that the play might go on with decorum.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

26. *Among a mineral*:—Here *mineral* is used to mean a heap of ore, while *ore* itself, in the preceding line, has its radical meaning—gold.

Scene III.

21. *politic worms*:—Such worms as might breed in a politician's corpse. Singer suggests an allusion to the Diet of Worms. W. Hall Griffin adds that "the mention of 'emperor' makes it very probable." White says: "The reader will hardly fail to see the allusion in this passage to that assemblage, so whimsically named to an English ear, the Diet of Worms."

Scene IV.

6. *our duty in his eye*:—Before his face: in his presence. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 209, 210. "Her gentlewomen, . . . tended her i' the eyes."

53-56. To stir without great argument (matter in dispute) is not rightly to be great, but to find quarrel in a straw when honour's at the stake is an attribute of true greatness. The *not*, as Furness argues, belongs to the copula, not to the predicate.

Scene V.

[*Enter Queen*, etc.] White distributes the speeches in this Scene according to the Folio. The Quartos bring in "a gentleman" with the Queen and Horatio, and assign to that nameless person the speeches which the Folio gives to Horatio, leaving him only two lines ("'Twere good she were spoken with," etc.) in this whole Scene. The two lines which this arrangement as-

signs to Horatio are the first two lines of the Queen's speech, according to the Folio; and they are, White thinks, much more appropriate as a reflection by which she is led to change her determination with regard to Ophelia than as a direct warning to a queen from a subject. They have hitherto been given either to Horatio or to the Queen as an outspoken speech. Hudson (Harvard ed.) makes this Sc. ii. and has "*Enter the* Queen *and* Horatio." Dowden and Rolfe agree with the present edition.

21. *Oph.*:—The stage direction of Quarto 1 is: "Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing." For the traditional music of Ophelia's songs, see Furness, *Hamlet,* or E. W. Naylor, *Shakespeare and Music,* 1896.

21. "There is," says Sir J. Reynolds, "no part of this play in its representation on the stage more pathetic than this Scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effects. In the latter case the audience supply what is wanting, and with the former they sympathize."

51. The origin of the choosing of Valentines has not been clearly developed. Until the eighteenth century the custom survived in England of regarding the first girl seen by a man on the morning of St. Valentine's day as his "Valentine" or sweetheart. And true-love or lover is the meaning implied here.

84. *In hugger-mugger*:—In confusion, hurry, secrecy, without decorum. This strange word is used in all these senses, and has very various spelling. In Golding's *Ovid,* Fol. 160 (ed. 1587), it occurs in the following couplet:—

"But let Ulysses tell you his [*i.e.,* acts] doone all in hudther mudther
And whereunto the onlie right is privie and none other."

151. *It shall as level to your judgement pierce*:—So the Folio; the Quartos, "to your judgment *peare*"—an absurd reading (says White) which represents day as *appearing level* to the eye, instead of piercing level, *i.e.,* directly, point blank to the eye.

161-163. Nature is delicate (or accomplished) in love, and sends Ophelia's sanity after Polonius as a precious token (or sample) of itself.

172. *O, how the wheel becomes it!*—A peculiar rhythm recurring at the end of each stave of a ballad, and which was sometimes produced by a repetition of the same words, themselves

nearly or quite senseless (as in the "Down a-down," which Ophelia has just sung), was called a wheel or burthen. There is a distinction made between the wheel and the burthen; but it does not seem to have been very closely observed of old.

181. *rue*:—The emblem of sorrow and repentance. See *Richard II.*, III. iv. 105. The name herb-grace or herb of grace is found in the herbals and dictionaries. Given to the Queen. Ophelia wears her rue as the emblem of sorrow and of grace. "With a difference" had a heraldic meaning (slight distinctions in coats of arms borne by members of the same family), but that meaning is not required here. Skeat suggests that the difference is that of "rue" and "ruth" (referring to the passage in *Richard II.*).

181, 182. *we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays*:—This Sunday name of rue appears to have been worn every day and Sunday too. See *Richard II.*, III. iv. 105, "I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

Scene VII.

85. *And they can well on horseback*:—They are able or skilled horsemen.

123. *a spendthrift sigh*:—The Quarto of 1604 has, "a spend thrifts sigh," where the *s* is plainly but a careless addition. For in what way could a spendthrift's sigh hurt, more than a miser's, by easing? But as, according to the old saying, every sigh takes away a pound of flesh, or, as the ancients said, costs an ounce of blood, any sigh hurts by easing, and so is spendthrift.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

11, 12. *three branches*:—Shakespeare seems to have read or heard of Plowden's report of Hales *v.* Petit. Sir James Hales had drowned himself; the coroner's jury returned a verdict of *felo de se.* Dame Hales's counsel argued that the act of suicide cannot be completed in a man's lifetime. Walsh, Serjeant, *contra* replied that "the act consists of three parts"—the imagination, the resolution, and the execution.

65. *In youth, when I did love,* etc.:—The three staves sung by the Grave-digger are from a ballad attributed to Lord Vaux, called "The Aged Lover renounceth Love," which will be found in Book II. of Vol. I. of *Percy's Reliques.* The clown's text, however, is most corrupt. For the traditional music—the tune of *The Children in the Wood*—see Furness (from Chappell), p. 385.

170. *thirty years*:—Hamlet's age—thirty—is here fixed in a two-fold way—by the date of the Grave-digger's service and by the number of years since Yorick's death. Gonzago and his wife, who represent the elder Hamlet and Gertrude, have been married thirty years. It is true, however, that passages in earlier scenes—in particular the scene of Laertes parting from Ophelia—lead us to conceive Hamlet as younger. He is a student of Wittenberg; but it is a foreign university. Prof. Hales has quoted a passage from Nash, *Pierce Penniless's Supplication,* on the late age at which the Danes commenced education: "You shall see a great boy . . . weeping under the rod when he is thirty years old." In the Quarto of 1603 Hamlet's age is not fixed, and he seems younger throughout. Perhaps in recasting the play Shakespeare felt that Hamlet's weight of thought implied an age beyond that of very early manhood, and failed to harmonize the earlier and later presentations of his hero. His Troilus is under twenty-three; Florizel looks about twenty-one; Cymbeline's sons are twenty-three and twenty-two; Hamlet is surely older than these youths. The heyday of Gertrude's blood is tame; she may be forty-five or forty-six: yet, like Gonzago's wife, who is of that age, she may have the power to charm. However we account for the inconsistency, we must accept dates so carefully determined.

288. *eisel*:—Criticism has not advanced much beyond Theobald's suggestions of 1733, that the Quarto of 1604 *Esill* and the Folio *Esile* mean either eisel, vinegar, or some river; and of the names of rivers none is more plausible than Theobald's "*Yssel,* in the German Flanders." Parallels for the hyperbole of drinking a river can be pointed out in several Elizabethan writers, in Greene's *Orlando Furioso,* in *Eastward Hoe,* and elsewhere. The proposal Nilus has only the crocodile to favour it. An English *Esill* has not been found, though there is an Iseldun (according to Sharon Turner, the Down of the Yssel). On the other hand, it has been shown that "drink up" does not necessarily mean exhaust; it may mean drink eagerly, quaff. In *Sonnets,* cxi., Shakespeare names "potions of eisel" as a bitter and disagreeable remedy for "strong infection." The word was used (see *New Eng. Dict.*) for

the vinegar rejected by Christ upon the cross. The chief objection to eisel, vinegar, seems to be, as Theobald puts it, that "the proposition was not very grand." This objection would be met if we could find any special propriety in the proposition. Now vinegar, even in small quantities, as we learn from William Vaughan's *Directions for Health* (ed. 7, 1633, p. 47, first published about 1607), while it allays heat and choler, "hurteth them that be sorrowfull." There may be irony in Hamlet's choice.

288. *eat a crocodile?*—Hamlet's challenge to revolting feats—half-passionate, half-ironical—receives more point if we remember that in current natural history the crocodile was a monster of the serpent tribe. See Topsell's *Historie of Serpents.* T. Bright regards the crocodile's bite as poisonous, like an asp's.

299. *her golden couplets are disclosed*:—Her two eggs are hatched. So in III. i. 172 of this play, "And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose," etc.

Scene II.

12. *Up from my cabin*:—All from *Rashly* in Hamlet's previous speech to these words is parenthetical.

17. *to unseal*:—The Quartos, "to *unfold,*" the terminal syllable being probably caught from the line above. Here Shakespeare would have avoided a rhyme; and from Hamlet's fourth speech below it is plain that he broke a seal.

148, 149. *against the which he has imponed*:—This is Osric's affected pronunciation of impawned. See Hamlet's second speech below. White contracts, *impon'd,* and declares that by the uncontracted spelling usually given, *imponed,* the point is lost.

155. *I knew you must be edified by the margent*:—Receive an explanation like that furnished by a marginal note.

167, 168. *twelve for nine*:—The word *passes* seems to mean *passes which count,* the same as hits; the encounter is to continue until one party has made a dozen hits. The King wagers that Laertes—famous as a fencer, and therefore able to afford his rival odds—will not have made his twelve hits until Hamlet's hits are nine; if Hamlet falls short of nine, Laertes wins. Other explanations will be found in Furness.

187. *He did comply with his dug*:—He exchanged compliments. See in this play, II. ii. 387, 388, "let me comply with you." Some doubt has been thrown upon this definition of *comply*; but its

correctness in this particular case would seem to be settled by the following passage in the Preface to *Ulpian Fullwell's Arte of Flatterie,* 1579, of which, indeed, Hamlet's speech is not improbably a reminiscence: "Flatterie hath taken such habit in man's affections, that it is in most men *altera natura*; yea the very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dugge."

193. *fond and winnowed opinions*:—Warburton's emendation *fann'd* is apt, and has found many supporters. Fleay proposes *fond unwinnowed.* Moberly explains: "frothy expressions suited to express the absurdest and most over-refined notions"; Clarendon Press: "The metaphor is a mixed one . . . Osric, and others like him, are compared to the chaff which mounts higher than the sifted wheat, and to the bubbles which rise to the surface through the deeper water." The metaphor in "winnowed" seems to be incidental and latent; the meaning is "Their frothy acquisitions carry them successfully through the slight judgements of the most exquisite arbiters *elegantiarum.*" If we read *fanned,* the same remains the meaning.

290. This speaking of Hamlet as *fat and scant of breath* is greatly at odds with the idea we are apt to form of him. It seems likely enough to have been true that the expression was used with special reference to Burbage, the original actor of Hamlet's part. Burbage died in 1619; and in a manuscript elegy upon his death are the following lines, which both ascertain his original performance of the part, and also render it probable that the words in question had reference to him:—

> "No more young Hamlet, though but *scant of breath,*
> Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death."

367. *This quarry cries on havoc*:—This heap of dead proclaims an indiscriminate slaughter.

395. *whose voice will draw on more*:—More voices; alluding to Hamlet's declaration, just above, that Fortinbras has his dying voice for the succession.

Questions on Hamlet.

1. Give some account of the early editions; of the First Quarto; of the Lost *Hamlet*; of the German *Hamlet*; date of composition of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; source of the story; scene of the drama.

ACT FIRST.

2. What effect on the mind is produced by the opening Scene? How does it prepare us for the rest of the play?

3. What pervading temper in the play is indicated by Francisco's words, *sick at heart*, almost at the very beginning?

4. By whom and in what line is the appearance of the Ghost first spoken of?

5. Describe the effect of the apparition upon Horatio. What does he think of it? What do you think of Horatio's nature as revealed in the first Scene?

6. How do Horatio and Bernardo connect the appearance of the Ghost with the state of affairs then existing in Norway?

7. What beliefs concerning ghosts were current in northern Europe at the period here dealt with? In England in the time of Elizabeth? Are any of these notions uttered by Marcellus and Horatio?

8. Tell what the King says about his brother's death. What does he say of his marriage to his brother's widow? How does he speak of *young Fortinbras*?

9. What is the King's *greeting to old Norway*?

10. What does Laertes request of the King? How does the King answer?

11. Interpret Hamlet's aside describing the King. What does he mean by *kind*?

12. Give the substance of Hamlet's conversation with the King and Queen immediately following the aside.

13. Comment on Hamlet's self-revelation in the succeeding soliloquy. Account for the *ennui* and dejection here shown by him.

14. What dramatic purpose is served by the conversation and soliloquy just mentioned?

15. What leads Hamlet to determine that he will watch for the Ghost? What does he mean by *your loves*?

16. How does Laertes, at the opening of Sc. iii., speak to Ophelia about Hamlet? What feeling towards Hamlet does Laertes betray? What is the cause of this feeling?

17. Summarize the conversation in Sc. iii. between Polonius and Ophelia concerning Hamlet.

18. What is signified by the reappearance of the Ghost?

19. Account for the evasiveness of Hamlet in talking of the Ghost with Horatio and Marcellus. How does Hamlet behave after the Ghost is gone? Explain this.

20. What is meant (Sc. iv. 47) by *canonized bones*?

21. What does Hamlet mean by his words, at the end of the first Act, *The time is out of joint,* etc.? What do these words reveal in Hamlet's nature?

22. Briefly sum up what has been done by the Poet in Act I.

ACT SECOND.

23. What is your explanation of Hamlet's behavior with Ophelia as related by her to Polonius? Has it any connection with his putting *an antic disposition on*?

24. How do you explain Hamlet's dislike for Polonius?

25. Why is Polonius so ready to believe that he has discovered the cause of Hamlet's madness?

26. What is Ophelia's idea of Hamlet's mental state? What does the Queen regard as causing his distemper?

27. Give your own opinion of Hamlet's lunacy. Are there well-supported views differing from yours? If so, state some of them and answer them.

28. With what commission (Sc. ii.) do the King and Queen charge Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? What had been the previous relations between these two and Hamlet?

29. How does Polonius describe Hamlet's behavior and condition to the King and Queen?

30. How far do you think Polonius understood the *method* which he detected in Hamlet's madness? What part of Hamlet's language in his conversation with Polonius is due to his dis-

temper, and how much consists of ironical turns to Polonius's own words?

31. Does Hamlet suspect Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on their first visit to him, or does suspicion gradually grow upon him?

32. Is there any sarcasm in Hamlet's words, *Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason?*

33. Has anything like a settled resolution as to the vengeance he is to inflict yet taken possession of Hamlet?

34. Of what does Rosencrantz inform Hamlet concerning the players? What conversation about the players follows?

35. Give some account of Hamlet's description of a play. Does it show his idea of what a good play should be?

36. Is the speech of the players which Hamlet cites really *Æneas' tale to Dido*?

37. What comparison of himself with the player does Hamlet make? As a result of this comparison, how does he describe himself?

38. Do the words, *or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites with this slave's offal,* indicate that Hamlet has ever seriously meditated the killing of the King?

39. What self-revelation does Hamlet make in the soliloquy which ends the second Act? Compare this soliloquy with Hamlet's words, already cited, *The time is out of joint,* etc.

40. What do you say of Hamlet's display of determination in the closing words of the second Act?

ACT THIRD.

41. Do Rosencrantz and Guildenstern give the King and Queen a true report of their mission to Hamlet?

42. Is there humour or sarcasm in Polonius's remark on hypocrisy? What does the King utter in the nature of a confession?

43. Is this a crucial moment in the play? Does it foreshadow any subsequent episode?

44. What additional light does the soliloquy in Sc. i. throw upon Hamlet's character? Shall we take it to convey his settled philosophy of life? What do you think of his balanced arguments on suicide?

45. When did Ophelia last see Hamlet? Why does he ask, *Where's your father?*

46. Does Hamlet at this interview assume madness, or does he merely puzzle Ophelia with double meanings?

47. What may be inferred from this Act regarding the stage in Shakespeare's day? Are the faults of actors here referred to such as would have been likely to come under the notice of a Prince of Denmark in Hamlet's time?

48. What is Hamlet's view of Horatio's character (Sc. ii. 61 *et seq.*)? What dramatic purpose does this speech serve?

49. How does Hamlet's manner change after the entrance of the King, Queen, and others to see the play?

50. Why does the King break up the play? Is Hamlet's the only explanation possible?

51. Compare the second scene between Hamlet and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with the first. What differences of temper does Hamlet display, and why?

52. Does the King suggest to Polonius that he go eavesdropping in the Queen's closet?

53. How much time has elapsed between the play scene and the King's soliloquy of confession? Has the confession anywhere been foreshadowed?

54. What several motives for his crime does the King reveal? Does he here inspire pity at all?

55. Does Hamlet delay killing the King from any other motive than desire for more adequate revenge? Does postponement make the revenge more complete?

56. Whom does Hamlet suppose to be behind the arras? Whom does he kill there?

57. Could the Poet have made any further use of Polonius in the play, or was his work finished? What has been Polonius's particular agency in the drama?

58. Does Hamlet accuse his mother of complicity in his father's murder?

59. How do you understand Hamlet's use of the pictures for purposes of comparison? If before unaware of the King's crime, is the Queen acquainted with it by Hamlet's words or does she regard them as a sign of his madness?

60. What reason does the Ghost give for its second visitation? Is this the true reason? If so, explain it.

61. Can the King longer be in doubt as to real or feigned madness in Hamlet?

ACT FOURTH.

62. How does the Queen describe to the King Hamlet's condition and the killing of Polonius?

63. What does the King say of the regard in which Hamlet is held by the *distracted multitude*? How does Hamlet's popularity complicate the King's problem?

64. What is the King's real purpose in sending Hamlet to England?

65. Is Sc. iv. extraneous to the plot? What does it furnish by contrast? Cite instances from other plays.

66. To what does Hamlet dedicate himself at the end of this scene? Do you agree with Mr. Swinburne that this soliloquy surpasses the famous *To be, or not to be,* on both philosophic and poetical grounds?

67. Is Sc. v. the first in which we see Horatio alone in presence of the opposite faction? Has no suspicion fallen on him through his intimacy with Hamlet?

68. In view of her former kindness to Ophelia, why does the Queen now refuse to see her? What has changed the Queen's mind?

69. What foreshadowing is there of the revolt of the rabble in favor of Laertes?

70. For what dramatic purpose is Ophelia brought back to the stage at this point? How does the interruption help the King with Laertes? What causes Ophelia's insanity?

71. What psychological explanation can you give of Ophelia's incongruous scraps of song? Does this singing resemble anything in *Othello* shortly before the death of Desdemona?

72. What misadventure brings Hamlet back from England?

73. What influence does the King use with Laertes in respect to taking revenge on Hamlet? What is the King's suggestion about the foils?

74. In the "Critical Comments" Tennyson is quoted as saying, "The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I." What do you think about it? Is there anything in the play that seems to support the suicide theory?

ACT FIFTH.

75. What is the dramatic purpose of the Grave-diggers' dialogue? How does mirthful contrast heighten tragic effect? How is the strain of tragedy relieved by comedy?

76. What other instances in Shakespeare can you compare with this? Compared with the Porter's speech in *Macbeth,* does this scene offend sensibility?

77. What is meant here and everywhere in Shakespeare by *politician*?

78. How old was Hamlet, according to the statements of the Grave-digger? Is there anything in other parts of the play which indicates that Hamlet had not yet reached such an age?

79. Who was Yorick? How does Hamlet's speech about him strike you? What is the quality of its irony? What is its purpose?

80. Are the remarks of Hamlet on the immortality of Alexander and Cæsar humorous?

81. What does Hamlet mean by *maimed rites*? Interpret the spirit and purport of the priest's remarks upon Ophelia's obsequies.

82. What leads Hamlet to speak and act as he does at the grave—love for Ophelia or resentment against Laertes? Do you think Hamlet really did love Ophelia? If so, how do you explain his conduct towards her?

83. What has intervened to turn the course of affairs, as described by Hamlet to Horatio? How does Hamlet discover the purpose of the King in sending him to England?

84. Does Hamlet show any twinge of conscience for sending Guildenstern and Rosencrantz to their doom?

85. What circumstance makes it imperative that Hamlet lay aside his dilatory policy and act? Does he deserve the credit of initiative in performing what he feels to be his bounden duty?

86. What is the import of Horatio's words to Hamlet after the Lord's exit? What is Hamlet's reply? Does the conversation on both sides foreshadow Hamlet's death in the coming encounter?

87. What significance has the exchange of courtesies just before the catastrophe? Describe the duel.

88. The Queen's death—does poetic justice demand it? What blame does Laertes lay upon the King?

89. Why does not the drama end with the death of Hamlet?

Why does Fortinbras appear? Whom does Hamlet name for successor to the throne?

---

90. As an intellectual drama, compare *Hamlet* with *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and other tragedies of Shakespeare. As an acting play, how does *Hamlet* compare with the two just mentioned?

91. What do you say of the element of mystery in this drama? If Hamlet feigned madness, did he deceive everybody? How could feigning insanity further Hamlet's designs of vengeance?

92. What sort of education does Hamlet appear to have had? Viewed generally, were his mind and temperament those of a fatalist?

93. What portions or passages of the play give you the best key to the character of Hamlet? In its largest aspect, what was the problem he had to solve, and what its most practical solution?

94. How do you explain Hamlet's inadequacy for his task? What was the measure of his success? What do his failures suggest of human limitations in general?

95. Give some impressions of Hamlet's intellectual character; of his wit; of his moral nature; of his seriousness of purpose; of his power of will. What is his predominant trait? Account for his vacillation.

96. Does Hamlet's turn for philosophizing incapacitate him for action? What is needed to join rightly in a man the faculty of contemplation and the power to will and perform?

97. How is this play to be regarded in the light of modern science? Does it teach definite lessons concerning the relations of man and circumstance? Does it contribute any helpful element to modern psychological speculation or experiment?

98. Is anything wanting to make this a typically complete tragedy, ranking with the greatest works of ancient dramatists? Goethe tells us that "the work is tragic in its highest sense." Analyze this statement. Cite instances to prove or disprove Goethe's dictum that "the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan."

99. Does any other play of Shakespeare's rank with *Hamlet*? Does any drama of the world surpass it in greatness of conception? What other drama has been so much written about and critically discussed?

100. What would you offer as the chief reason for the universal interest in *Hamlet*? How sum up the elements which give the play its rank in the dramatic and the literary world?

The Midsummer-Night's Dream

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Preface.

The Editions. Two Quarto editions of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* appeared in the year 1600:—

(i.) *A Midsummer-night's dreame. As it hath been sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulde at his shoppe, at the signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreet.* 1600.

(ii.) An edition with the same title, bearing the name of '*Iames Roberts*' instead of '*Thomas Fisher.*'

These editions are styled respectively the First and Second Quartos; the Second was probably a pirated reprint of Fisher's, but the differences between them are unimportant, and though the First must be considered the authoritative text, both copies are remarkably accurate, when compared with other Quartos.

The First Folio version of the play was printed from the Second Quarto, with a few slight and unimportant changes, and with some careless errors.

The Date of Composition. The only positive piece of external evidence for the date of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is its mention by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Various attempts have been made to fix the occasion for which the play was originally written. Lord Southampton's marriage with Elizabeth Vernon has been proposed by some, but this did not take place till 1598; others maintain that the occasion was the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Sidney, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, in 1590; there is, however, absolutely

no authority for the statement, and the probabilities are strongly opposed to the supposition.

The most valuable internal indication of the date of composition is perhaps to be found in Act v. i. 52-55:—

> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
> *Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.*
> This is some satire, keen and critical,
> Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

We have most likely in these lines a reference to the death of Robert Greene, '*utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister,*' the novelist and dramatist, whose *Groatsworth of Wit* contained his well-known attack on 'the onely Shake-scene in a country'; in this pamphlet Greene spoke as the very representative of 'Learning,' and sounded the alarm of the scholar-poets at the triumphs of the 'unlearned' players in general, and of one 'upstart crowe' in particular. Greene died in degraded beggary in the autumn of 1592. The phrase '*the thrice three Muses*' was in all likelihood suggested by Spenser's *Teares of the Muses* (published in 1591), in which the nine Muses severally bewail the neglect of scholars,—one of many similar laments to be found in Elizabethan literature (*cp. e.g.* the lines at the end of the first sestiad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*). The words '*late deceas'd*' would, according to this interpretation, fix the date of composition at about 1592-3.

On the other hand, it is maintained that Titania's description of the disastrous state of the weather (II. i. 88-117) points directly to the wretched summer of the year 1594; various contemporary accounts have come down to us of that terrible year, all of them recalling Shakespeare's words:—

> 'A colder time in world was never seene:
> The skies do loure, the sun and moone wax dim;
> Summer scarce known, but that the leaves are greene.
> The winter's waste drives water ore the brim;
> Upon the land great flotes of wood may swim;'
>
> —Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595.

[*cp.* Forman's *Diary* (1564-1602); Stowe's *Chronicle*,

under the year 1594; Dr. King's *Lectures upon Jonas delivered at Yorke in the year of our Lorde* 1594.]

The general characteristics of the play lead to nothing very definite as far as its date is concerned; the rhyme-test is obviously no criterion, for the comedy is intentionally lyrical; but the blank-verse, with its paucity of double-endings and general regularity, the carefully elaborated plan and symmetrical arrangement of the plot, the comparative absence of real characterisation, the many reminiscences of country life, the buoyancy of its tone, all these elements manifestly connect *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* with the group of early 'love plays,'—*Love's Labour's Lost, The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *The Comedy of Errors,* and it may reasonably be placed between this group and the play to which they all seem to serve as preparatory efforts, the love-tragedy of '*Romeo and Juliet,*'—*i.e.* about the years 1593-1595. In all probability it passed through various revisions before its appearance as we have it in the First Quarto.

The Sources. (i.) Shakespeare may well have evolved *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale,** to which he is obviously indebted for many elements. The general framework of the play—viz., the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta, must have been suggested by the Tale; but Shakespeare ingeniously opens the '*Dream*' before the marriage, so that this event may round off the whole play; Chaucer introduces us to the pair at their home-coming after the marriage. In the '*Tale*' we have Palamon and Arcite rivals for the hand of Emelië; in obedience to the symmetrical plan of Shakespeare's early plots, these give place to two pairs of lovers, with their more complex story of crossed love; Emelië in fact resolves herself into Helena and Hermia. They are indeed "two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

* Shakespeare's debt to Plutarch's *Life of Theseus* amounts to very little—a few names and allusions; to these attention is called in the notes.

The great gods of Olympus, who busy themselves so actively with the destinies of the lovers in the '*Tale*,' are represented in the '*Dream*' by their mediæval representatives, by Oberon, Titania, and their ministering sprites.

In the '*Tale*,' as in the '*Dream*,' we have the same allusions to the rites of May, and the same 'musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction.' Shakespeare has, however, wisely dispensed with the cumbersome machinery of the '*Tale*'—cumbersome from the theatrical point of view—viz., the dungeons, tournaments, etc. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* should be read in order to understand how weak a drama results from the actual dramatisation of Chaucer's story of Palamon and Arcite.*

The secret of the transformation of *The Knight's Tale* into *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* may perhaps be partially understood, if we consider the task that Shakespeare seems to have set himself,—the task of satisfying all the requirements of a 'Court drama' without departing from his own ideas of Romantic Comedy. The essential elements of such a play as Lyly's *Endymion*,—the spectacular machinery, the mythological agencies, the love-story, the comical interlude, the complimentary allusions to the Queen, direct or allegorical,—all these find a place in Shakespeare's *Dream*.

(ii.) Popular tradition, derived from Teutonic and Celtic paganism, together with quasi-classical and romantic lore, are the main sources of Shakespeare's fairy mythology.† Oberon, the fairy king, found a place in English

* I cannot bring myself to believe that there is a line of Shakespeare's in this unequal performance; it is specially interesting to note that the authors of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* must have known that the '*Dream*' represented Shakespeare's version of the '*Tale*.'

† N. B. 'Fairy' properly signifies merely 'enchantment,' or the state of being like a *fay*; *fée*, with its various cognates in other Romance languages is derived from a low Latin *fata*, 'a goddess of destiny,' really a plural of *fatum*, treated as a feminine singular. The application of this term to the 'elves' of Teutonic mythology is in itself instructive.

dramatic literature* before Shakespeare re-created him; he may be traced back to the Charlemagne romance of *Huon of Bordeaux,* translated from the French by Lord Berners about 1534 (*cp. Early English Text Society, Extra Series,* ed. S. Lee, Nos. 40, 41, 43, 50). 'Oberon,' in reality identical with the famous dwarf 'Alberich' of the *Nibelungen Lied,* dwells with all his fairy subjects in a forest on the way to Babylon, and the splendour of his equipment has a truly oriental colouring; similarly Shakespeare associates his 'fairy-land' with the East—'the farthest steep of India.'

'Titania' (taken from Ovid, Metam. IV. 346, where it is applied to Diana) illustrates the belief current at the time that the fairies were identical with the classical nymphs, and that Diana was their queen.† Titania's more popular title was 'Queen Mab.'

In Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* the Fairy-King and Fairy-Queen are styled *Pluto* and *Proserpina*; possibly Shakespeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Tale* for the quarrel between Oberon and Titania, and for the Fairy-King's interest in a pair of mortals:—

> *'Pluto that is King of Faerië,*
> *And many a lady in his companië*
> *Following his wife, the Queen Proserpina . . . .*
> *Dame, quod this Pluto, be no longer wroth,*
> *I am king, it sit me not to lië.*
> *And I, quoth she, am Queen of Faërië,*
> *Let us no morë wordës of it make.'*

(It should be borne in mind that Spenser's *Faerie Queene* was published in 1590.)

The characteristics of 'Puck,' Oberon's jester, ('thou *lob* of spirits, *i.e.* clown,' II. 1-16) may all have been derived from popular tradition; the name was probably of Celtic origin, a generic term for 'sprite or goblin,' but it

* In Greene's *James IV.,* where he figures as 'Oboram, King of the Fayeries'; (*cp. The Fairy Queen,* Bk. ii., Cant. i., Sts. 6, 75).

† King James I. in his *Demonologie* points out that Diana was 'amongst us called the Phairee.'

is found in English before the Conquest, and very early in Scandinavian and other dialects. The mischief-loving sprite was generally known as '*Robin Goodfellow,*' in English, and '*Knecht Ruprecht*' in German. (On the Fairy-lore, *cp.* Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of Midsummer-Night's Dream,* Shakespeare Society Publication, 1845, where among other illustrative texts '*The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow*' (printed 1628) will be found *in extenso*; also Keightley's *Fairy Mythology; cp.* Jonson's Mask of *Oberon,* Drayton's *Nymphidia,* Milton's *L'Allegro,* 100-114).

(iii.) It is significant that in Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale,* to which allusion has already been made, occur the following lines:—

> '*O noble Ovide, soth sayest thou, God wot,*
> *What sleight is it if love be long and hote,*
> *That he will find it out in some manere?*
> *By Pyramus and Thisbe may men lere;*
> *Though they were kept ful long and strict over all,*
> *They ben accorded, rowning through a wall,*' etc.*

Perhaps these lines suggested to Shakespeare the subject of his burlesque interlude, introduced into this play much in the same way as the 'Nine Worthies' in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Various poems, ballads, and perhaps mumming plays on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe were probably known to Shakespeare, though his immediate source seems to have been Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* where the story is told (iv. 55-166).

A commonplace-book of the beginning of the seventeenth century belonging to the British Museum (Additional MSS. 15227) contains a short play entitled "*Tragœdia miserrima Pyrami et Thisbes Fata enuncians* [*Historia ex Publio Ovidio deprompta*] *Authore N.R.*" A

* Chaucer's *Legend of Thisbe of Babylon* was certainly read by Shakespeare, though its influence cannot be detected in the play.

few lines from these brief 'tedious' scenes will serve to show how easily the subject lends itself to burlesque:—

> *"What shall I doe? I know not what to doe.*
> *Where shall I runne, oh runne? I cannot goe.*
> *Where shall I goe, oh goe? I cannot stirre."*

Among Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (1584) there is '*A New Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbe,*' which occasionally reminds one of Shakespeare's parody.

[*"Narcissus, A Twelfe Night Merriment played by Youths of the Parish at the College of S. John the Baptist in Oxford, A.D.* 1602 (*ed. Margaret Lee; David Nutt,* 1893) is a similar burlesque of an Ovidian story.]

(iv.) 'Oberon's Vision'—the pivot of the play—contains without doubt a complimentary allusion to the Queen. Various explanations have been advanced of the whole passage (II. i. 148-168). In 1843 the Rev. N. J. Halpin published his '*Oberon's Vision in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, illustrated by a comparison with Lylie's Endymion*'—the most ingenious unravelling of this allegorical passage, which is said to refer to the Queen's visit to Kenilworth Castle in July, 1575; to the festivities on that occasion; to the ambitious attempts of Leicester ('*Cupid all arm'd,*' Lyly's *Endymion*) to win Elizabeth ('*the cold moon,*' Lyly's *Cynthia*); to his wavering passion for the Countess of Sheffield ('*the earth,*' Lyly's *Tellus*); and finally to his intrigue with Lettice, Countess of Essex ('*a little western flower,*' Lyly's *Floscula*).

Time of Action. The action of the play covers three days, or rather one long night preceded and followed by a day, although Theseus in his opening words tells Hippolyta "*Four happy days*" are to elapse before their nuptial hour. The eventful night of the second day occupies the greater part of the play—viz., Acts II., III., and IV. Sc. i. (ll. 1-142). The following morning is "the morn of May"; "the Dream" is really "a May-Night's Dream," but 'Midsummer Eve'—'St John's Night,' with its pagan Balefires—was especially associated with fairy

superstitions and fantastic riotings, and the title suggests little more than 'a very Midsummer madness.' It is not absolutely necessary, as some scholars maintain, to regard the play as actually written for performance 'on Midsummer-day at Night,' though such plays were occasionally composed (*e.g.* Ben Jonson's Fairy Masque '*The Satyr,*' which evidently owes much to Shakespeare).

The idea of a 'dream-drama' was perhaps suggested by Lyly's Prologue to his *Woman in the Moon,* written some ten years before Shakespeare's play:—

> '*Remember all is but a poet's dream,*
> *The first he had in Phœbus' holy bower,*
> *But not the last, unless the first displease.*'

But in employing 'the Dream' as a piece of poetical machinery Shakespeare links himself to his mediæval predecessors, whose conventional allegories knew no other medium than that made familiar to them by their favourite '*Romaunt,*'—a device derived by Lorris from the quaint dream-book to which Chaucer often refers, '*Scipionis Somnium,*' by 'an author hight Macrobes.'

"God turne us every dream to good!"

A Pensioner (II. i. 10) of the time of Elizabeth.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Theseus, Duke of Athens, after conquering the Amazons in battle, is in turn conquered by the charms of their queen, Hippolyta, and plights troth with her. To speed the time until their wedding night, he orders amusements to be put on foot. Actuated by a spirit of loyalty, Bottom the weaver and other tradesmen prepare a play for the Duke.

Egeus, an Athenian, brings his daughter Hermia and her two suitors before Theseus, praying him to command Hermia to wed Demetrius. Hermia pleads to be allowed to marry the one she loves—Lysander. The Duke orders her to obey her father under penalty of death or of a conventual life. Hermia and Lysander bewail the harsh decree, and secretly agree to meet in a wood near by and flee to another country. They tell their plans to Helena, a jilted sweetheart of Demetrius, and she, to win back his love, goes straightway to inform him of the design.

II. In the forest is great commotion among the fairies. King Oberon and Queen Titania are at odds. Oberon bids Puck procure a love-juice to pour upon Titania's eyelids when she is asleep, in order that she may love the first thing her waking eyes behold. Just then Oberon perceives Demetrius, who has sought out the trysting-place of Lysander and Hermia, only to meet Helena, much to his distaste. The lady's distress at her lover's coldness softens the heart of Oberon, who bids Puck touch Demetrius's eyes also with the love-juice, for Helena's sake, while he himself anoints the eyes of Ti-

tania. Meantime Lysander and Hermia arrive, and Puck in error anoints Lysander's instead of Demetrius's eyes; so that Lysander, happening to awake just as the neglected Helena wanders by, falls in love with her, to the abandonment of Hermia.

III. This same enchanted spot in the forest happens to be the place selected by Bottom the weaver and his companions for the final rehearsal of their play. The roguish Puck passes that way while they are rehearsing, and decides to take a hand in the proceedings. He crowns Bottom with an ass's head, whereupon the other players disperse terror-stricken. Then he brings Bottom to Titania, whose enchanted gaze fixes upon the human ass as her heart's love.

Meantime the four lovers come into great bewilderment. Oberon finds that Puck has anointed the eyes of Lysander instead of those of Demetrius, which he himself now takes occasion to touch. When Demetrius awakes he sees his neglected Helena being wooed by Lysander. His own love for her returns, and he is ready to fight Lysander. Helena deems them both to be mocking her; while Hermia is dazed by the turn of affairs. The fairies interpose and prevent conflict by causing the four to wander about until they are tired, when they fall asleep. Puck repairs his blunder by anointing Lysander's eyes, in order to dispel the illusion caused by the love-juice.

IV. Titania makes love to Bottom, till Oberon, whose anger has abated, removes the spell from her eyes. To Bottom is restored his natural form, and he rejoins his comrades in Athens. Theseus, on an early morning hunting-trip in the forest, discovers the four lovers. Explanations follow; the Duke relents and bestows Helena upon Demetrius and Hermia upon Lysander.

V. A wedding-feast for three couples instead of one only is spread in Duke Theseus's palace. Thither come Bottom's players to present the comic tragedy of "Pyr-

amus and Thisbe," which is performed in wondrous fashion. After the company retires for the night, the fairies dance through the corridors on a mission of blessing and good-will for the three wedded pairs.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Fairy World.

The fairy world becomes [in this play] as diversified as the natural, and we find degrees and orders among the flimsy population, from the robed and circleted Oberon and his Queen, the humorsome but observant Puck, the deft fairy mistress of robes and dewer of floral orbs, to the cloud of graceful dancers, and the small elves not disdainful of dapper jerkins from leather of rear-mice. The diminutiveness and delicacy ascribed to the quaint spirits are leading characteristics of the poetical ideal portrayed, and at the same time appear most difficult of dramatic rendering. Yet the poet appears to make no concession from consideration of the player; he rather insists, with recurring emphasis, on the tiny and airy essence of the beings he imagines, and demands that details as fragile and minute as those which, in mere license of unlimited description, are ascribed to Queen Mab's equipage in *Romeo and Juliet*, shall here be bodily set forth. Peasblossom, Cobweb, and their compeers, are as defined personalities as courtiers and gold sticks, lords in waiting, yeomen of the guard, and gentlemen pensioners ever can be. Answering to quaint names, but speaking little else, they execute sedulous and unquestioning, and with no sense of incongruity, all commands of their sovereign, and with equal zeal watch round "her close and consecrated bower," or scratch the ass's nowl of any anamorphosed fool who happens to be a royal favourite. Yet they attend and answer with the heart of elves not too big to find a full suit in a bat's

wing, but able-bodied for warfare singly against the red-hipped humble-bee, only wary withal of the bursting honey bag—or even, in phalanx, against the hooting owl with its broad wondering eyes, but scared when the voices of their sovereigns rise in domestic debate, and happy to dive, more than two together, into the depths of a concealing acorn cup. Delicately they can transfer and handle a dew-drop—a fairy ring on the grass affords space for a multitude of them—and for time, a minute requires micrometrical division—"Then for the third part of a minute hence"—for the apportionment of their most complicated undertakings.

Such, however, is the perfect harmony of imagery and allusion, that, while the fairies are alone on the stage, it might be easy for the eye to mistake the scale of the actors, with slight assistance of sex and age in the cast. Some aid may be gained by a moderated disproportion in the forest scenery, flowers, turf, mushrooms, etc., and the trunk of the "Duke's oak." Add to this careful attention to contrast the fairy costume with that of even the female characters of the play, to illuminate the stage sufficiently for the play of countenance to be discovered through the long night scenes, otherwise vexatious, and stage resources will have done all that is necessary, and the rest may be left to the force of the poetry, which will solicit, will exact, prompt acquiescence in all its postulates, and to the gradation of relief from the bewildered lovers to the amateur actors and their translated coryphæus.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Effects of Contrast.

We can readily perceive why, in this work, the "rude mechanicals" and clowns, and the company of actors with their burlesque comedy, are placed in such

rude contrast to the tender and delicate play of the fairies. Prominence is given to both by the contrast afforded between the material and the aërial, between the awkward and the beautiful, between the utterly unimaginative and that which, itself fancy, is entirely woven out of fancy. The play acted by the clowns is, as it were, the reverse of the poet's own work, which demands all the spectator's reflective and imitative fancy to open to him this aërial world, whilst in the other nothing is left to the imagination of the spectator. The homely mechanics, who compose and act merely for gain, and for the sake of so many pence a day, the ignorant players, with hard hands and thick heads, whose unskilful art consists in learning their parts by heart, these men believe themselves obliged to represent Moon and Moonshine by name in order to render them evident; they supply the lack of side-scenes by persons, and all that should take place behind the scenes they explain by digressions. These rude doings are disturbed by the fairy chiefs with their utmost raillery, and the fantastical company of lovers mock at the performance.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

IV.

Puck and His Pranks.

Puck is apt to remind one of Ariel, though they have little in common, save that both are supernatural, and therefore live no longer in the faith of reason. Puck is no such sweet-mannered, tender-hearted, music-breathing spirit, there are no such delicate interweavings of a sensitive moral soul in his nature, he has no such soft touches of compassion and pious awe of goodness, as link the dainty Ariel in so sweetly with our best sympathies. Though Goodfellow by name, his powers and aptitudes for mischief are quite unchecked by any gentle

relentings of fellow-feeling: in whatsoever distresses he finds or occasions he sees much to laugh at, nothing to pity: to tease and vex poor human sufferers, and then to think "what fools these mortals be," is pure fun to him; and if he do not cause pain, it is that the laws of Fairydom forbid him, not that he wishes it uncaused. Yet, notwithstanding his mad pranks, we cannot choose but love him, and let our fancy frolic with him, his sense of the ludicrous is so exquisite, he is so fond of sport, and so quaint and merry in his mischief, while at the same time such is the strange web of his nature as to keep him morally innocent. It would seem that some of the tricks once ascribed to him were afterwards transferred to witchcraft. Well do we remember a black spot in the bottom of the old churn over which we have toiled away many an autumnal evening. A red-hot horseshoe had been thrown in to disbewitch the cream, and had left its mark there. Report told how a certain old woman of the neighbourhood was fretting and groaning the next morning with a terrible burn. Of course she was burnt out of the churn, and, she away, the butter soon came.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V

Titania.

[Shakespeare's fairies] can make no direct inward impression upon mortals; their influence over the mind is not spiritual, but throughout material; it is effected by means of vision, metamorphosis, and imitation. Titania has no spiritual association with her friend, but mere delight in her beauty, her "swimming gait," and her powers of imitation. When she awakes from her vision there is no reflection. "Methought I was enamoured of an ass," she says—"O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!" She is only affected by the idea

of the actual and the visible. There is no scene of reconciliation with her husband; her resentment consists in separation, her reconciliation in a dance; there is no trace of reflection, no indication of feeling. Thus, to remind Puck of a past event no abstract date sufficed, but an accompanying indication, perceptible to the senses, was required. They are represented, these little gods, as natural souls, without the higher human capacities of mind, lords of a kingdom, not of reason and morality, but of imagination and ideas conveyed by the senses; and thus they are uniformly the vehicle of the fancy which produces the delusions of love and dreams. Their will, therefore, only extends to the corporeal. They lead a luxurious, merry life, given up to the pleasures of the senses; the secrets of nature and the powers of flowers and herbs are confided to them. To sleep in flowers, lulled with dances and songs, with the wings of painted butterflies to fan the moonbeams from their eyes, this is their pleasure; the gorgeous apparel of flowers and dewdrops is their joy. When Titania wishes to allure her beloved, she offers him honey, apricots, purple grapes, and dancing.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

VI.

Bottom.

When Malvolio [in *Twelfth Night*] is trying to break up the midnight revel, the mischievous Maria fleers at him with, "Go shake your ears." That is a performance for which Malvolio is still too distant from his congener. But self-sufficiency succeeds in preserving that structure in Bottom, who is so deep and rich with harmless vanity that he sprouts into the auricular appendages, and he shakes them in the most amiable, frisky way through the Dream of a Midsummer Night. But there is nothing sour about Bottom; he has none of the quality which

Margaret Fuller was the first to call "aloofness." He is hale-fellow with all his mates who appreciate the small gifts which belong to him, and which he good-naturedly strives to render serviceable. Though he is a better fellow than Malvolio, he has all that precisian's ambition; for as the steward could be Olivia's husband as well as any other man—forsooth, why not?—so Bottom thinks he can play all the parts, rises to their glittering bait, and would appropriate the whole interlude. He is one of those self-made men who occasionally discredit their own bringing up and help us to recover our respect for a liberal education. Like the man of whom Sydney Smith said that he was ready at any moment to undertake the command of the Channel Fleet or run a factory, they have elbowed their way into a conviction that they can fill all the offices from constable to President in a style to astonish men of disciplined intelligence. And they frequently succeed in doing that. Men who unfortunately enjoyed early advantages, and whose lives have perhaps been a protracted training in the virtue as well as wit which lifts state-craft above gambling, have the proper kind of admiration for these chevaliers of industry. . . .

It is also a suggestion of the subtlest humor when Titania summons her fairies to wait upon Bottom; for the fact is that the soul's airy and nimble fancies are constantly detailed to serve the donkeyism of this world. "Be kind and courteous to this gentleman." Divine gifts stick musk-roses in his sleek, smooth head. The world is a peg that keeps all spiritual being tethered. James Watt agonizes to teach this *vis inertiæ* to drag itself by the car-load; Palissy starves for twenty years to enamel its platter; Franklin charms its house against thunder; Raphael contributes halos to glorify its ignorance of divinity; all the poets gather for its beguilement, hop in its walk and gambol before it, scratch its head, bring honey-bags, and light its farthing dip at glow-worms' eyes. Bottom's want of insight is circled round

by fulness of insight, his clumsiness by dexterity. In matter of eating, he really prefers provender: "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow." But how shrewdly Bottom manages this holding of genius to his service! He knows how to send it to be oriented with the blossoms and the sweets, giving it the characteristic counsel not to fret itself too much in the action.

You see there is nothing sour and cynical about Bottom. His daily peck of oats, with plenty of munching-time, travels to the black cell where the drop of gall gets secreted into the ink of starving thinkers, and sings content to it on oaten straw. Bottom, full-ballasted, haltered to a brown-stone-fronted crib, with digestion always waiting upon appetite, tosses a tester to Shakspeare, who might, if the tradition be true, have held his horse in the purlieus of the Curtain or Rose Theatre: perhaps he sublet the holding while he slipped in to show Bottom how he is a deadly earnest fool; and the boxes crow and clap their unconsciousness of being put into the poet's celestial stocks. All this time Shakspeare is divinely restrained from bitterness by the serenity which overlooks a scene. If, like the ostrich, he had been only the largest of the birds which do not fly, he might have wrangled for his rations of ten-penny nails and leather, established perennial indigestion in literature, and furnished plumes to jackdaws. But he flew closest to the sun, and competed with the dawn for a first taste of its sweet and fresh impartiality.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

VII.

Theseus.

The central figure of the play is that of Theseus. There is no figure in the early drama of Shakspere so magnificent. His are the large hands that have helped to shape the world. His utterance is the rich-toned speech of one who is master of events—who has never

known a shrill or eager feeling. His nuptial day is at hand; and while the other lovers are agitated, bewildered, incensed, Theseus, who does not think of himself as a lover, but rather as a beneficent conqueror, remains in calm possession of his joy. Theseus, a grand ideal figure, is to be studied as Shakspere's conception of the heroic man of action in his hour of enjoyment and of leisure. With a splendid capacity for enjoyment, gracious to all, ennobled by the glory, implied rather than explicit, of great foregone achievement, he stands as centre of the poem, giving their true proportions to the fairy tribe, upon the one hand, and, upon the other, to the "human mortals." The heroic men of action—Theseus, Henry V., Hector—are supremely admired by Shakspere. Yet it is observable that as the total Shakspere is superior to Romeo, the man given over to passion, and to Hamlet, the man given over to thought, so the Hamlet and the Romeo within him give Shakspere an infinite advantage over even the most heroic men of action. He admires these men of action supremely, but he admires them from an outside point of view. "These fellows of infinite tongue," says Henry, wooing the French princess, "that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad." It is into Theseus' mouth that Shakspere puts the words which class together "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet" as of imagination all compact. That is the touch which shows how Shakspere stood off from Theseus, did not identify himself with this grand ideal (which he admired so truly), and admitted to himself a secret superiority of his own soul over that of this noble master of the world.

Comments by Shakspere upon his own art are not so numerous that we can afford to overlook them. It must here be noted that Shakspere makes the "palpable gross" interlude of the Athenian mechanicals serve as an indirect apology for his own necessarily imperfect

attempt to represent fairy-land and the majestic world of heroic life. Maginn (*Shakspeare Papers*, p. 119) writes: "When Hippolyta speaks scornfully of the tragedy in which Bottom holds so conspicuous a part, Theseus answers that the best of this kind [scenic performances] are but shadows, and the worst no worse if imagination amend them. She answers [for Hippolyta has none of Theseus' indulgence towards inefficiency, but rather a woman's intolerance of the absurd] that it must be *your* imagination then, not *theirs*. He retorts with a joke on the vanity of actors, and the conversation is immediately changed. The meaning of the Duke is that, however we may laugh at the silliness of Bottom and his companions in their ridiculous play, the author labours under no more than the common calamity of dramatists. They are all but dealers in shadowy representations of life; and if the worst among them can set the mind of the spectator at work, he is equal to the best."

Maginn has missed the more important significance of the passage. Its dramatic appropriateness is the essential point to observe. To Theseus, the great man of action, the worst and the best of these shadowy representations are all one. He graciously lends himself to be amused, and will not give unmannerly rebuff to the painstaking craftsmen who have so laboriously done their best to please him. But Shakspere's mind by no means goes along with the utterance of Theseus in this instance any more than when he places in a single group the lover, the lunatic, and the poet. With one principle enounced by the Duke, however, Shakspere evidently does agree—namely, that it is the business of the dramatist to set the spectator's imagination to work; that the dramatist must rather appeal to the mind's eye than to the eye of sense; and that the co-operation of the spectator with the poet is necessary. For the method of Bottom and his company is precisely the reverse, as Gervinus has observed, of Shakspere's own method.

They are determined to leave nothing to be supplied by the imagination. Wall must be plastered; Moonshine must carry lantern and bush. And when Hippolyta, again becoming impatient of absurdity, exclaims, "I am aweary of this moon! would he would change!" Shakspere further insists on his piece of dramatic criticism by urging, through the Duke's mouth, the absolute necessity of the man in the moon being *within* his lantern. Shakspere as much as says, "If you do not approve my dramatic method of presenting fairy-land and the heroic world, here is a specimen of the rival method. You think my fairy-world might be amended. Well, amend it with your own imagination. I can do no more unless I adopt the artistic ideas of these Athenian handicraftsmen."

It is a delightful example of Shakspere's impartiality that he can represent Theseus with so much genuine enthusiasm. Mr. Matthew Arnold has named our aristocrats, with their hardy, efficient manners, their addiction to field sports, and their hatred of ideas, "the Barbarians." Theseus is a splendid and gracious aristocrat, perhaps not without a touch of the Barbarian in him. He would have found Hamlet a wholly unintelligible person, who, in possession of his own thoughts, could be contented in a nutshell.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VIII.

Appreciations of the Play.

We have here an element of aristocratic distinction in the princely couple, Theseus and Hippolyta, and their court. We have here an element of sprightly burlesque in the artisans' performance of Pyramus and Thisbe, treated with genial irony and divinely felicitous humour. And here, finally, we have the element of supernatural poetry, which soon after flashes forth again in *Romeo and Juliet*, where Mercutio describes the doings of Queen

Mab. Puck and Pease-blossom, Cobweb and Mustard-seed—pigmies who hunt the worms in a rosebud, tease bats, chase spiders, and lord it over nightingales—are the leading actors in an elfin play, a fairy carnival of inimitable mirth and melody, steeped in a midsummer atmosphere of mist-wreaths and flower-scents, under the afterglow that lingers through the sultry night. This miracle of happy inspiration contains the germs of innumerable romantic achievements in England, Germany, and Denmark, more than two centuries later.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Of all his works, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* leaves the strongest impression on my mind, that this miserable world must have, for once at least, contained a happy man. This play is so purely delicious, so little intermixed with the painful passions from which poetry distils her sterner sweets, so fragrant with hilarity, so bland and yet so bold, that I cannot imagine Shakspeare's mind to have been in any other frame than that of healthful ecstasy when the sparks of inspiration thrilled through his brain in composing it.

CAMPBELL.

Shakespeare's joy in the possession of the poetic gift, and his earliest delight in life, found radiant expression in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, a masterpiece of poetic fancy, and the gayest and most beautiful of poetic comedies. Rich as this drama is in humorous effects, it is so essentially lyrical in spirit that it stands alone in English poetry; an exquisite expansion of the masque or festival poem into a drama of pure fancy and daring imagination.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

The *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is especially remarkable for its beauty as a composition. The theme throughout is treated with care as well as felicity. In structure,

in diction, in characterisation, and poetical elegance, it is, we may boldly say, faultless. Nor is it less fitted for the stage than for the closet. However it may be acted, whether as a ballet with a favourite cantatrice in the part of Oberon, or otherwise as a Scandinavian legend with the faery monarch properly bearded, its histrionic representation is always charming. Its execution is as exquisite as its conception is delicate.

HERAUD: *Shakspere, His Inner Life as Intimated in His Works.*

It is astonishing that Shakespear should be considered, not only by foreigners, but by many of our own critics, as a gloomy and heavy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons and hydras, and chimæras dire." His subtlety exceeds that of all other dramatic writers, insomuch that a celebrated person of the present day said that he regarded him rather as a metaphysician than a poet. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* alone, we should imagine, there is more sweetness and beauty of description than in the whole range of French poetry put together. What we mean is this, that we will produce out of that single play ten passages to which we do not think any ten passages in the works of the French poets can be opposed displaying equal fancy and imagery. Shall we mention the remonstrance of Helena to Hermia, or Titania's description of her fairy train, or her disputes with Oberon about the Indian boy, or Puck's account of himself and his employments, or the Fairy Queen's exhortation to the elves to pay due attendance upon her favourite, Bottom; or Hippolyta's description of a chase, or Theseus' answer? The two last are as heroical and spirited as the others are full of luscious tenderness. The reading of the play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight; the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from beds of flowers.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } *in love with Hermia.*
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *a carpenter.*
SNUG, *a joiner.*
BOTTOM, *a weaver.*
FLUTE, *a bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *a tinker.*
STARVELING, *a tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*
HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*
PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, } *fairies.*

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what 's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax

By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold.
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,—
Which by no means we may extenuate,—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'ld give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*
Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

> The raging rocks
> And shivering shocks
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison-gates;
> And Phibbus' car
> Shall shine from far,
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight.

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne;' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father: Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that

they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.
Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.
Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I 'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy? here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train; from the other, Titania, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.
Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit Titania with her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I 'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I 'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I 'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wode within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I 'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
[*Exit Dem.*
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

Fir. Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; 10
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,

OBERON PLACES A SPELL ON TITANIA.
Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act II., Scene ii.

Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Fir. Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Sec. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase:
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.

Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I 'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies,'—or, 'Fair ladies, —I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,' —or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:' and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the

great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. ——odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier.
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I 'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it is 'never tire.'

Flu. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!
[*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire:

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. [*Awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

First Fai. Ready.

Sec. Fai. And I.

Third Fai. And I.

Fourth Fai. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

First Fai. Hail, mortal!

Sec. Fai. Hail!

Third Fai. Hail!

Fourth Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With a love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What 's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I 'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wakest, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena;
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek 'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he 'll [stay].
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?
Sweet love,—
Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I! I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I 'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I 'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod; he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, are thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we 'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I 'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east.
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;

I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I 'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*
When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The same.

Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where 's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where 's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let 's have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me:
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
[*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[*They sleep.*

Enter Puck.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain:
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
[*Music, still.*

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns winded within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[*Exit an Attend.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.*

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.
Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let 's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God 's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'paragon': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day: an the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I 'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*Reads*] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.
We 'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[*Reads*] The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[*Reads*] The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[*Reads*] A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*
Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [*Exit.*
The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, n'am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.
The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh—— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Re-enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop: [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk:
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends;
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players

are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Abridgement, an entertainment to while away the time; V. i. 39.
Aby, pay for; III. ii. 175.
Adamant, loadstone; II. i. 195.

From the early black-letter edition of the *Greate Herball.*

Address'd, ready; V. i. 106.
Admirable, to be wondered at; V. i. 27.
Advised; 'be advised' = "consider what you are doing"; I. i. 46.
Against, in preparation for; V. i. 75.
Aggravate; Bottom's blunder for "decrease"; I. ii. 81.
All, fully; II. i. 157.
An, if; I. ii. 50.
An if, if; II. ii. 153.
Antique, strange; V. i. 3.
Approve, prove; II. ii. 68.
Apricocks, apricots; III. i. 169.
Argument, subject of story; III. ii. 242.
Artificial, skilled in art; III. ii. 203.
As, that as; I. i. 42.
Ask, require; I. ii. 24.
Aunt, old dame; II. i. 51.
Austerity, strictness of life; I. i. 90.

Barm, froth, yeast; II. i. 38.
Barren, empty headed; III. ii. 13.
Bated, excepted; I. i. 190.
Beard, the prickles on the ears of corn; II. i. 95.
Belike, very likely; I. i. 130.
Bellows-mender, mender of the bellows of organs; I. ii. 41.
Bergomask dance, a rude clownish dance such as the people of the town Bergamo or of the province Bergamasco were wont to practise. "Bergamo, a town in the Venetian territory, capital of the old province Bergamasco, whose inhabitants used to be ridiculed as clownish"; V. i. 351, 360.
Beteem, accord, permit; I. i. 131.
Bill, list; I. ii. 105.

Blood, passion; I. i. 68; I. i. 74; birth, social rank; I. i. 135.
Bolt, arrow; II. i. 165.
Bootless, in vain, uselessly; II. i. 37.
Bosom, heart; I. i. 27.
Bottle, bundle, truss; IV. i. 37.
Bouncing, imperious; II. i. 70.
Brave touch, noble action; III. ii. 70.
Breath, voice, notes; II. i. 151.
Brief, short statement; V. i. 42.
Brisky, brisk; III. i. 97.
Broach'd, stabbed, spitted; V. i. 147.
Bully, comrade; III. i. 8.
Buskin'd, wearing the buskin, a boot with high heels, worn by hunters and huntresses; II. i. 71.

Canker-blossom, the worm that eats into blossoms; III. ii. 282.
Cankers, worms; II. ii. 3.
Capacity; 'to my c.,' *i.e.* "so far as I am able to understand"; V. i. 105.
Cavalery, cavalero, cavalier; IV. i. 24.
Centaurs; 'battle with the c.,' an allusion to the attack made on Hercules by the Centaurs when he was in pursuit of the Erymanthian boar; the battle referred to is not their famous contest with the Lapithæ; V. i. 44.
Chance; "how c.," *i.e.* "how chances it"; I. i. 129.
Changeling, a child substituted by the fairies for the one stolen by them; II. i. 23.
Cheek by jole, i.e. cheek to cheek, side by side; III. ii. 338.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 96; V. i. 293.
Chiding, barking; IV. i. 120.
Childing, productive, fertile; II. i. 112.
Church-way, leading to the church; V. i. 380.
Churl, boor, peasant; II. ii. 78.
Clerk, scholars; V. i. 93.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. ii. 339.
Collied, dark, black; I. i. 145.
Compact, composed, formed; V. i. 8.
Compare with, try to rival; II. ii. 99.
Con, learn by heart; I. ii. 99.
Concern, accord with, befit; I. i. 60.
Condole, probably one of Bottom's blunders, unless perhaps used in the sense of lament; I. ii. 26.
Confusion, ruin; I. i. 149.
Consecrate, consecrated; V. i. 413.
Constancy, consistency; V. i. 26.
Contagious, pestilential; II. i. 90.
Continents, banks; II. i. 92.
Courageous, happy, fortunate; IV. ii. 26.
Coy, fondle; IV. i. 2.
Crazed title, a title with a flaw in it; I. i. 92.

Create, created; V. i. 403.
Critical, censorious; V. i. 54.
Cry, pack of hounds; IV. i. 129.
Cupid's flower, the pansy, "love-in-idleness"; IV. i. 78.
Curst, shrewish; III. ii. 300.
Cut thread and thrum = cut everything, good and bad (vide *Thread* and *Thrum*); V. i. 285.

Dances and delight = delightful dances; II. i. 254.
Darkling, in the dark; II. ii. 86.
Dead, deadly, death-like; III. ii. 57.
Dear expense, a privilege dearly bought; I. i. 249.
Debate, contention; II. i. 116.
Defeated, cheated; IV. i. 162.
Defect, Bottom's blunder for "effect"; III. i. 40.
Derived; 'as well derived' = as well-born; I. i. 99.
Devices, plans, projects; I. ii. 104; performance; V. i. 50.
Dewberries, the fruit of the dewberry bush; III. i. 170.
Dewlap, the loose skin hanging from the throat of cattle; here used for "neck"; II. i. 50; *'dewlapp'd'*; IV. i. 127.
Dian's bud, probably the bud of the Agnus Castus or Chaste-tree; "the vertue of this herbe is that he wyll kepe man and woman chaste"; IV. i. 78.
Discharge, perform; I. ii. 95; IV. ii. 8.
Disfigure, to obliterate; I. i. 51.
Disfigure, Quince's blunder for "figure"; III. i. 61.
Distemperature, disorder of the elements; II. i. 106.
Dole, grief; V. i. 277.
Done; "when all is done," = when all is said and done; III. i. 16.
Dowager, a widow with a jointure; I. i. 5.
Drawn, with drawn sword; III. ii. 402.

Earthlier happy, happier as regards this world; I. i. 76.
Eat, ate; II. ii. 149.
Eglantine, sweetbriar; II. i. 252.
Egypt; 'brow of E.'=the brow of a gypsy (*i.e.* an Egyptian); V. i. 11.
Eight and six, alternate verses of four and three feet; the common ballad metre of the time; III. i. 25.
Embarked traders, traders embarked upon the sea; II. i. 127.
Enforced, forced, violated; III. i. 205.
Enough; 'you have enough,' *i.e.* you have heard enough to convict him; IV. i. 159.
Ercles = *Hercules,* whose twelve labours had often formed the subject of dramatic shows, the hero resembling Herod in his ranting; I. ii. 28.
Erewhile, a little while ago; III. ii. 274.

Estate unto, bestow upon; I. i. 98.
Ever, always; I. i. 150.
Exposition; Bottom's blunder for "disposition"; IV. i. 43.
Extenuate, mitigate, relax; I. i. 120.

Faint, pale; I. i. 215.
Fair, fairness, beauty; I. i. 182.
Fair, kindly; II. i. 199.
Fall, let fall, drop; V. i. 142.
Fancy, love; I. i. 155; IV. i. 168.
Fancy-free, free from the power of love; II. i. 164.
Fancy-sick, sick for love; III. ii. 96.
Favour, features; I. i. 186.
Favours, love-tokens; II. i. 12; nosegays of flowers; IV. i. 53.
Fell; 'passing fell,' extremely angry; II. i. 20.
Fellow, match, equal; IV. i. 38.
Figure, typify; I. i. 237.
Fire, will of the wisp; III. i. 112.
Flew'd, having an overhanging lip on the upper jaw; IV. i. 125.
Floods, waters; II. i. 103.
Flout, mock at; II. ii. 128.
Fond, foolish; II. ii. 88.
For the candle, because of the c.; V. i. 247.
Force; 'of force' = perforce; III. ii. 40.
Fordone, exhausted; V. i. 372.
Forgeries, idle inventions; II. i. 81.
Forth, out of, from; I. i. 164.
For that, because; II. i. 220.
Forty, used as an indefinite number; II. i. 176.
French crown color, light yellow, the color of the gold of the French crown; I. ii. 94.

Gallant = "gallantly" (which the Folios read); I. ii. 23.
Gawds, trifles, trinkets; I. i. 33.
Generally; Bottom's blunder for "severally"; I. ii. 2.
Glance at, hint at; II. i. 75.
Gleek, jest, scoff; III. i. 151.
Go about, attempt; IV. i. 211.
Gossip's bowl, originally a christening cup; thence applied to a drink usually prepared for christening feasts; its ingredients were ale, spice, sugar, and roasted *crabs* (*i.e.* crab-apples; II. i. 47.
Government, control; 'in government' = under control; V. i. 123.
Grace, favour granted; II. ii. 89.
Grim-look'd, grim-looking; V. i. 169.
Grow to a point, come to the point; I. ii. 10.

Hands; 'give me your hands,' applaud by clapping; V. i. 435.
Head; 'to his head' = to his face; I. i. 106.
Hearts, good fellows; IV. ii. 25.
Helen, a blunder for "Hero"; V. i. 198.

Hempen home-spuns, coarse fellows (rude mechanicals); III. i. 79.

Henchman, page, attendant; II. i. 121.

From an engraving (*temp.* Charles I.) in the Bagford collection.

Hight, is called; V. i. 139.

Horned moon, used perhaps quibblingly with reference to the material of Moonshine's lanthorn; V. i. 242.

Human, humane, courteous; II. ii. 57.

Human mortals, men, as distinguished from fairies, who were considered *mortal,* though not *human:* II. i. 101.

Imbrue, stain with blood; V. i. 343.

Immediately, purposely; I. i. 45.

Impeach, bring into question; II. i. 214.

In = on; II. i. 85.

Incorporate, made one body; III. ii. 208.

Injurious, insulting; III. ii. 195.

Intend, pretend; III. ii. 333.

Interchained, bound together; II. ii. 49.

Juvenal, juvenile, youth; III. i. 97.

Kind; 'in this kind,' in this respect; I. i. 54.

Knacks = knick-knacks; I. i. 34.

Knot-grass; 'hindering k.' was formerly believed to have the power of checking the growth of children; III. ii. 329.

Lakin; 'by 'r lakin,' *i.e.* by our ladykin, or little lady, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary; III. i. 14.

Latch'd, moistened, anointed; III. ii. 36.

Leave, give up; II. i. 197.

Leviathan, whale; II. i. 174.

Limander, a blunder for "Leander"; V. i. 197.

Lion-fell, lion's skin (but *cp.* Note); V. i. 224.

Lob, buffoon, clown; II. i. 16.

Lode-star, the leading star, the polar star; I. i. 183.

Lordship; 'unto his lordship, whose,' etc. = unto the government of him, to whose, etc.; I. i. 81.

Lose, forget; I. i. 114.

Love-in-idleness, the heartsease, or pansy, called "Cupid's flower"; II. i. 168.

Loves; 'of all loves,' for love's sake; II. ii. 154.

Luscious, delicious, sweet; II. i. 251.

Make mouths upon = "make faces at, mock at"; III. ii. 238.

May, can; V. i. 2.

Mazed, perplexed; II. i. 113.

Mazes, "figures marked out on village greens for rustic sports, such as the game called *running the figure of eight*"; II. i. 99.

Means, moans; V. i. 322.

Mechanicals, working-men; III. ii. 9.

Mimic, actor; III. ii. 19.

Minding, intending; V. i. 113.

Minimus, tiny creature; III. ii. 329.

Misgraffed, grafted on a wrong tree; I. i. 137.

Misprised, mistaken; III. ii. 74.

Misprision, mistake; III. ii. 90.

Momentany, momentary, lasting a moment; I. i. 143.

Morning's love, i.e. Cephalus; III. ii. 389.

Moused, torn in pieces, as a cat worries a mouse; V. i. 268.

Mouth, sound; IV. i. 128.

Murrion = infected with murrain, a disease among cattle; II. i. 97.

Musk-rose, described in Gerarde's *Herbal,* as "a flower of a white colour," with "certaine yellow seedes in the middle . . . of most writers reckoned among the wilde Roses"; II. i. 252.

Naught; "a thing of naught," a worthless thing; IV. ii. 14.

Neaf, fist; IV. i. 20.

Nearly that concerns = that nearly c.; I. i. 126.

Neeze = sneeze; II. i. 56.

Next, nearest, first; III. ii. 2.

Night-rule, night revel; III. ii. 5.

Nine men's morris, "a plat of green turf cut into a sort of chess board, for the rustic youth to exercise their skill upon. The game was called 'nine men's morris' (or 'merrils,' *i.e.* 'counters' or 'pawns') because the players had each nine men which they moved along the lines cut in the ground—a diagram of three squares, one within the other—until one side had taken or penned up all those on the other"; II. i. 98.

From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Ninus, the supposed founder of Nineveh, the husband of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon; V. i. 138.

Nole, noddle, head; III. ii. 17.
None; 'I will none,' *i.e.* "nothing to do with her, none of her"; III. ii. 169.

Obscenely; Bottom's blunder for (?) seemly; I. ii. 108.
Observance; 'to do o. to a morn of May,' *i.e.* "to observe the rights of May-day"; I. i. 167.
Observation = observance of May-day; IV. i. 109.
Of, by; II. ii. 134; for, III. i. 44
On; "fond on," *i.e.* "doting on"; II. i. 266.
On = of; V. i. 227.
Orange-tawny, dark yellow; I. ii. 93.
Orbs, rings of rich green grass thought to be caused by the fairies; II. i. 9.
Original = originators; II. i. 117.
Other, others; IV. i. 71.
Ounce, a kind of lynx; II. ii. 30.
Ousel, blackbird; III. i. 128.
Overbear, overrule; IV. i. 184.
Owe, own; II. ii. 79.
Oxlips, a kind of cowslip not often found wild; II. i. 250.

Pageant, show, exhibition; III. ii. 114.
Palpable-gross, palpably gross; V. i. 365.
Pard = leopard; II. ii. 31.
Parlous = perilous; III. i. 14.
Parts, qualities; III. ii. 153.
Pat, pat, exactly, just as it should be; III. i. 2.
Patched, wearing a coat of various colours; "patched fool," *i.e.* "a motley fool"; IV. i. 214.
Patches, clowns; III. ii. 9.
Patent; "virgin patent," privilege of virginity; I. i. 80.
Pelting, paltry; II. i. 91.
Pensioners, retainers; II. i. 10.
Periods, full stops; V. i. 96.
Pert, lively; I. i. 13.
Phibbus = Phœbus; I. ii. 34.
Pilgrimage; 'maiden pilgrimage,' a passing through life unwedded; I. i. 75.
Plain-song, used as an epithet of the cuckoo, with reference to its simple, monotonous note; a "plain-song" is a melody without any variations; III. i. 135.
Points; 'stand upon points,' used quibblingly, (1) "mind his stops," and (2) "be overscrupulous"; V. i. 118.
Possess'd; 'as well possess'd,' possessed of as much wealth; I. i. 100.
Preferred, submitted for approval; IV. ii. 38.
Preposterously, perversely; III. ii. 121.
Presently = immediately; IV. ii. 36.
Prevailment, weight, sway; I. i. 35.
Prey, the act of preying; II. ii. 150.
Princess, paragon, perfection; III. ii. 144.
Privilege, safeguard, protection; II. i. 220.

Procrus, a blunder for "Procris," the wife of Cephalus; V. i. 199, 200.
Prodigious, unnatural; V. i. 409.
Prologue, speaker of the prologue; V. i. 106.
Proper, fine, handsome; I. ii. 85.
Properties; a theatrical term for all the adjuncts of a play, except the scenery and the dresses of the actors; I. ii. 108.
Protest, vow; I. i. 89.
Pumps, low shoes; IV. ii. 36.
Purple-in-grain, dyed deep red; I. ii. 93.

Quail, quell, overpower; V. i. 286.
Quell, kill; V. i. 286.
Quern, a mill for grinding corn by hand; II. i. 36.
Questions, arguings; II. i. 235.

Recorder, a kind of flageolet; V. i. 123.
Rent, rend; III. ii. 215.
Rere-mice, bats; II. ii. 4.
Respect; 'in my r.,' *i.e.* "in my estimation"; II. i. 224.
Respects, regards; I. i. 160.
Right maid, true maid; III. ii. 302.
Ringlets, the circles on the greensward, supposed to be made by the fairies (*cp. Orbs*); II. i. 86.
Ripe, grow ripe; II. i. 118.
Ripe, ready for presentation; V. i. 42.
Round; 'dance in our r.,' a dance in a circle; II. i. 140.

From a woodcut in the Roxburghe collection of ballads.

Roundel, dance in a circle; II. ii. 1.
Run through fire; a proverbial expression signifying "to do impossibilities"; II. ii. 103.

Sad, serious; IV. i. 100.
Sanded, sandy coloured; IV. i. 125.
Savours, scents, fragrance; II. i. 13.
Schooling, instructions; I. i. 116.
Scrip, "scroll," *i.e.* list of actors; I. ii. 3.
Seal, pledge; III. ii. 144.
Seething, heated, excited; V. i. 4.
Self-affairs, my own business; I. i. 113.

Sensible, capable of feeling; V. i. 181.

Serpent's tongue, i.e. hissing, as a sign of disapproval; V. i. 430.

Shafalus, a blunder for "Cephalus," who remained true to his wife Procris notwithstanding Aurora's love for him; V. i. 199, 200.

Sheen, brightness; II. i. 29.

Shore = shorn; V. i. 338.

Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 33.

Simpleness, simplicity; V. i. 83.

Sinister, left; V. i. 163.

Sisters Three, i.e. the Fates; V. i. 334.

Sleep, sleeping; IV. i. 152.

Small, in a treble voice like a boy or a woman; I. ii. 49.

Snuff, used equivocally; *'to be in snuff'* = "to be offended"; V. i. 248.

So, in the same manner; IV. i. 125.

Solemnities, nuptial festivities; I. i. 11.

Solemnly, with due ceremony; IV. i. 93.

Sooth, truth; II. ii. 129.

Sort, company, crew; III. ii. 13.

Sorting; 'not s. with,' not befitting; V. i. 55.

Sphery, star-like; II. ii. 99.

Spleen, sudden passion; I. .. 146.

Split; 'to make all split,' a proverbial expression used to denote violent action; originally used by sailors; I. ii. 29.

Spotted, polluted; I. i. 110.

Spring; 'middle summer's spring,' the beginning of midsummer; II. i. 82.

Square, wrangle, squabble; II. i. 30.

Stay = to stay; II. i. 138.

Stealth, stealing away; III. ii. 310.

Steppe (so Quarto 1), probably an error for "steep" (the reading of the Folios and Quarto 2); hence Milton's "Indian steep" (*Comus,* 139); it is doubtful whether Shakespeare was acquainted with this Russian term; II. i. 69.

Still, always, ever; I. i. 212.

Stood upon, depended upon; I. i. 139.

Streak, touch softly; II. i. 257.

Stretch'd, strained; 'extremely s.,' *i.e.* "strained to the utmost"; V. i. 80.

Strings, to tie on false beards with; IV. ii. 35.

Superpraise, overpraise; III. ii. 153.

Tartar's bow; the Tartars or Parthians were famous for their skill in archery; in the old maps Tartary included the ancient Parthia; III. ii. 101.

Tear; 'to tear a cat in,' a proverbial phrase = to rant violently; I. ii. 29.

Thick-skin, dolt; III. ii. 13.

Thracian singer, i.e. Orpheus; "His grief for the loss of Eurydice led him to treat with contempt the Thracian women, who in revenge tore him to pieces under the excitement of their Bacchanalian orgies"; V. i. 49.
Thread, the warp; V. i. 291.
Throws; throws off, sheds; II. i. 255.
Thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; V. i. 285.
'Tide, betide; V. i. 204.
Tiring-house, dressing-room; III. i. 4.
Toward, in progress; III. i. 81.
Toys, trifles; 'fairy toys,' fanciful tales; V. i. 3.
Trace, traverse; II. i. 25.
Translated, transformed; I. i. 191; III. i. 122.
Transported, removed, carried off; IV. ii. 4.
Triple Hecate, i.e. ruling in three capacities—as Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell; V. i. 381.
Triumph, public show; I. i. 19.
Troth, truth; II. ii. 36.
Tuneable, tuneful; I. i. 184.

Unbreathed, unexercised; V. i. 74.
Unharden'd, impressionable; I. i. 35.
Upon, by; II. i. 244.

Vantage; 'with vantage,' having the advantage; I. i. 102.
Vaward = vanguard; IV. i. 110.
Villagery, a collective word, meaning either (1) village population, or (2) villages; II. i. 35.
Virtue; 'fair virtue's force,' *i.e.* the power of thy fairness; III. i. 144.
Voice, approval; I. i. 54.
Votaress, a vestal vowed to virginity; II. i. 163.

Wandering knight = knight errant; I. ii. 44.
Want, lack; II. i. 101.
Wanton, luxuriant, thick; II. i. 99.
Wasted, consumed; V. i. 372.
Ways; 'all ways,' in all directions; IV. i. 40.
Weed, robe; II. i. 256.
Where (dissyllabic); II. i. 249.
Where = wherever; IV. i. 157.
Whether (monosyllabic); I. i. 69.
Withering out, delaying the enjoyment of; I. i. 6.
Without, outside of; I. i. 165; beyond the reach of; IV. i. 158.
Wode, mad (with a play upon "wood"); II. i. 192.
Woodbine, honeysuckle; II. i. 251; probably "convulvulus or bindweed"; IV. i. 46.
Worm, serpent; III. ii. 71.
Wrath, wrathful; II. i. 20.

You (ethic dative); I. ii. 81, 82.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 10. '*new-bent*'; Rowe's correction of '*now bent,*' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. i. 11. '*Philostrate*' is the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*; it occurs too in Plutarch's *Lives,* where are to be found also the names Lysander and Demetrius.

I. i. 27. The second Folio reads, '*this hath bewitched*'; the earlier edition, '*this man*'; perhaps we should read '*this man hath 'witched.*'

I. i. 44. '*our law*'; Solon's laws gave a father the power of life and death over his child.

I. i. 159, 160. These lines should perhaps be transposed.

I. i. 167. '*to do observance to a morn of May,*' *cp. Knight's Tale,* 1500: '*And for to doon his observance to May.*'

I. i. 219. '*stranger companies*'; Theobald's emendation of '*strange companions,*' which is the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. ii. 11. '*The most lamentable comedy,*' etc. *Cp.* the title of Preston's *Cambyses,* '*a lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth,*' etc.

I. ii. 51. '*Thisne, Thisne,*' so the Quartos and Folios; perhaps this spelling was intentional to represent Bottom's attempt to speak the name 'in a monstrous little voice.' The words may, however, be an error for '*thisne, thisne,*' *i.e.* 'in this manner, in this manner,' '*thissen*' being used in this sense in various dialects.

II. i. 54, 55. The Quartos and Folios read '*coffe . . . loffe,*' for the sake of the rhyme.

II. i. 58. '*room*'; probably pronounced as a dissyllable.

II. i. 78. '*Perigenia,*' called 'Perigouna' in North's *Plutarch*; she was the daughter of the famous robber Sinnis, by whom Theseus had a son, Menaloppus.

II. i. 79. '*Ægle*'; Rowe's correction for '*Eagles*' of the Quartos and Folios; probably '*Eagles*' was for '*Ægles,*' a form due to North's *Plutarch,* where it is stated that some think Theseus

left Ariadne "because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appear,

'Ægles the nymph was lov'd of Theseus,
Who was the daughter of Panopeus.'"

II. i. 80 *Antiopa,* said to be the name of the Amazon queen, and the mother of Hippolytus.

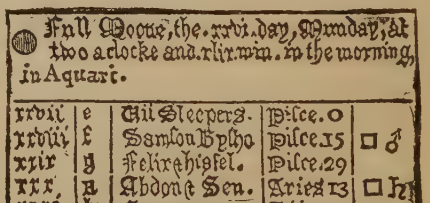
II. i. 231. *'Daphne holds the chase'*; the story tells how Apollo pursued Daphne, who was changed into a laurel-tree as he reached her.

From an early MS. of Maundevile's *Travels.*

II. i. 232. *'the dove pursues the griffin'*; the accompanying illustration of a griffin is from an early MS. of Maundevile's *Travels.*

III. i. 36-47. This was probably suggested by an actual incident which occurred during the Kenilworth festivities, when one Harry Goldingham, who was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's back, tore off his disguise, and swore he was none of Arion (*cp.* Scott's use of this story in *Kenilworth*).

III. i. 54. *'A calendar, a calendar . . . find out moonshine.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)



Full Moone, the .xxvi. day, Munday, at two a clocke and .xlix. m. in the morning, in Aquari.

xxvii	e	Gil Sleepers.	Pisce. 0	
xxviii	f	Samson Bytho	Pisce 15	☐ ♂
xxix	g	Felix Hipsel.	Pisce. 29	
xxx	a	Abdon & Sen.	Aries 13	☐ ♄
xxxi	b	Germane .	Arie. 28	

From the *Almanacke* of Walter Gray for 1591.

III. i. 190. *'Squash,' i.e.* an unripe peascod.

III. ii. 36. *'latch'd'*; the word *'latch'* in this passage, as Prof. Skeat has pointed out, is not connected with the ordinary *'latch,'* 'to catch,' but is etymologically the casual form of *'leak,'* and means 'to cause to drop, to drip.'

III. ii. 119. *'sport alone,' i.e.* 'by itself, without anything else'; others render 'alone' by 'above all things, without a parallel.'

III. ii. 188. *'oes'*; *o* was used for anything round, among other things for circular discs of metal used for ornaments; *cp.* Bacon,

Essay xxxvii.: "And Oes, and Spangs, as they are of no great cost, so they are of most glory."

III. ii. 204. *'needles,'* a monosyllable; *'needle'* was often spelt *'neeld'* in Old English.

III. ii. 212-214. "Helena says, 'we had two seeming bodies but one heart.' She then exemplifies her position by a simile—'we had two of the first, *i.e.* bodies, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as one person, but which, like our single heart, have but one crest.'"

III. ii. 257. *'No, no; he'll stay.* The Cambridge Edition, *'No, no; he'll . . . seem'*; the first Quarto, *'heele seem'*; the second, *'hee'l seem'*; the first Folio, *'No, no, Sir, seem.'* The passage is clearly corrupt in the old editions. Mr. Orson ingeniously suggests:—

"No, no, sir; still
Seeme to breake loose,"

'heele' being an easy misreading of *'stille.'* The present editor has added *'stay'* as a mere conjecture.

III. ii. 379. *'Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.'* (*Cp.* the accompanying illustration.)

From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar.*

IV. i. 31. *'a reasonable good ear in music'*; weavers were supposed to be fond of music, more especially of psalm-singing; *cp.* 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 146, *'I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms.'*

IV. i. 46. *'So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle'*; commonly *'woodbine'* is identical with *'honeysuckle,'* but it is also used by Elizabethans for 'convolvulus' and 'ivy.' Shakespeare,

however, uses the word in two other passages (II. i. 251, and *Much Ado,* III. i. 30) in the sense of 'honeysuckle'; hence Warburton suggested:—

> *'So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,*
> *Gently entwist the maple, ivy so,'* etc.

Johnson thought that *'woodbine'* was the plant, and *'honeysuckle'* the flower. These suggestions are not satisfactory: the simplest way out of the difficulty is to take 'woodbine' as equivalent to 'convolvulus' or 'bindweed'; *cp.* Ben Jonson's *Vision of Delight*:—

> *'behold!*
> *How the blue blindweed doth itself infold*
> *With honeysuckle.'*

IV. i. 78. *'Dian's bud'*; it has been thought that perhaps *'Dian's bud'* = 'Diana's rose,' 'the rose of England's Virgin Queen'; *'Diana's Rose'* is actually used in this complimentary sense in Greene's *Friar Bacon.*

IV. i. 87. *'Than common sleep,'* etc.; the Quartos and first two Folios read *'sleepe: of all these, fine the sense'*; the correction is Theobald's.

IV. i. 95. *'prosperity'*; so the first Quarto; the second and Folios, *'posterity.'*

IV. i. 121. *'fountains'*; perhaps an error for *'mountains.'*

V. i. 47. *'my kinsman Hercules'*; *cp.* North's *Plutarch, Life of Theseus*: "they (Theseus and Hercules) were near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side."

V. i. 54. *'critical,' i.e.* 'censorious,' as in the well-known utterance of Iago, *'I am nothing, if not critical'* (*Othello,* II. i. 120).

V. i. 59. *'wondrous strange snow'*; *'strange'* is hardly the epithet one would expect, and various emendations have been suggested:—*'strange black,' 'strong snow,' 'swarthy snow,' 'sable-snow,' 'and, wondrous strange! yet snow.'* Perhaps the most plausible conjecture is Mr. S. W. Orson's *'wondrous flaming snow'*; *cp.* "What strange fits be these, Philautus, that burn thee with such a heat, that thou shakest for cold, and all thy body in a shivering sweat, in *a flaming ice,* melteth like wax and hardeneth like the adamant" (Lyly's *Euphues,* ed. Arber, p. 311).

V. i. 91. *'And what poor duty,'* etc.; Coleridge proposed:—

> *'And what poor duty cannot do, yet would,*
> *Noble respect takes it,'* etc.

The metre is defective as the lines stand. Theobald read *'poor*

willing duty . . . Noble respect.' The meaning is sufficiently clear, and recalls *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 516, '*That sport best pleases that doth least know how*,' etc. *Takes it in might* = 'regards the ability or effort of the performance.'

V. i. 106. '*the Prologue is address'd*; *i.e.* the speaker of the **p.** is ready.

From a woodcut in the *Antigone* of G. P. Trapolini (Padua, 1581).

V. i. 118. '*stand upon points*'; Quince's punctuation reminds one of the reading of Roister Doister's letter to Mistress Constance in the old comedy (*cp. Roister Doister*, iii. 3).

V. i. 139. '*name*'; as there is no rhyme to *name*, the loss of a line is to be inferred, or perhaps we should read '*which by name Lion hight*.'

V. i. 163. '*And this the cranny is*.' (*Cp.* the following illustration.)

V. i. 207. '*mural down*'; the Quartos read '*Moon used*'; the Folios, '*morall downe*'; the emendation '*mural*' was due to Pope.

V. i. 224. '*n'am lion fell*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*am lion fell*,' *i.e.* a fierce lion; but Snug wishes to say 'he is not a lion,' wherefore the words have been hyphened by most modern editors, including the Cambridge Edition, 'lion-fell,'

From a Dutch drama on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe (Amsterdam, 1640.)

i.e. 'a lion's skin. Johnson understood '*neither*' before '*a lion fell*'; Rowe read '*No lion fell.*' I am strongly inclined to believe that Shakespeare wrote '*n'am,*' an archaic form, like *nill* (*i.e.* ne will). In Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* the following couplet occurs, remarkably suggestive of our text:—

> "*I n'am a man, as some do think I am;*
> (*Laugh not good lord*), *I am indede a dame.*"

Considering Gascoigne's intimate connection with the Kenilworth Festivities, a strong case could be made out for the theory that Snug's couplet is a direct parody of the lines in the *Steele Glas.*

From a seal affixed to a deed dated 1335.

V. i. 256-8. '*I, the man i' the moon; this thornbush my thornbush; and this dog my dog.*' (*Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 269, 270. Spedding proposed to invert these lines.

V. i. 273. '*gleams*'; the Quartos and Folio 1 read '*beams*'; Folio 2, '*streams.*'

V. i. 319, 320. '*he for a man—God bless us,*' omitted in the Folios, probably in consequence of the statute of James I. forbidding profane speaking, or use of 'the holy name of God.'

V. i. 322. '*means,*' changed by Theobald to '*moans.*' . . . '*Mean*' in the sense of 'to lament,' an archaic form, is really more correct than 'moan,' and probably intentionally used by Shakespeare to harmonize with the archaisms of the interlude.

V. i. 370. '*behowls*'; Theobald's emendation of '*beholds,*' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

From a woodcut in the *Mad Prankes* (of Robin Good-fellow), 1628.

V. i. 387. '*I am sent with broom before.*' *Cp.* illustration.)

V. i. 393. '*this ditty*'; Johnson supposes that two songs are lost, one led by Titania, and one by Oberon.

V. i. 417, 418. These lines should obviously be transposed in order to make sense of the passage.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

20. *duke*:—This has been set down as a misapplication of a modern title. If it be such, Shakespeare is not responsible for it, as Theseus is repeatedly called *duk* in Chaucer's Knight's Tale, to which the Poet was evidently indebted for some of the material of this play. But indeed this application of *duke* to the heroes of antiquity was quite common; the word being from the Latin *dux*, which means a chief or leader of any sort. Thus in 1 *Chronicles*, i. 51, we have a list of "the *dukes* of Edom." We will subjoin the opening of The Knight's Tale, as illustrating both the matter in hand and the general scope of the Poet's obligations in that quarter:—

"Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree

With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host in armes him beside."

131. *Beteem*:—This term for *permit* or *allow* is used by Shakespeare only here and in *Hamlet*, I. ii., in the familiar passage (lines 140-142): "So loving to my mother, that he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly." Spenser has in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 8, 19:—

"So would I (said th' enchaunter) glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend."

141-149. *Or, if there were a sympathy*, etc.:—Milton seems to have remembered this passage in his account of the "innumerable disturbances on earth through female snares," *Paradise Lost*, Book x.:—

"For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

It did not fall within Milton's purpose to consider that poor woman is a sufferer in these disturbances as well as man: he views her as the cause, not as the victim, of these mischiefs; whereas Shakespeare regards both sexes as subject to them by an edict of Destiny.

167. *To do observance to a morn of May*:—Here we may perceive that Shakespeare has been with Chaucer:—

"Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it felle ones in a morwe of May,
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,

And fressher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two,)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight.
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, arise and *do thin observance.*"

Touching the rites of this ancient holiday—a time that inspired Chaucer to sing,

"O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May,
I hope that I some grene here getten may"—

Stowe informs us how our ancestors were wont to go out into "the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." But Stubbs, the atrabilious Puritan, in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* speaks very differently; he accounts for the delight others take in the season thus: "And no marvel, for there is a great lord present among them, as superintendent over their pastimes and sports, namely, Sathan, Prince of Hell."

246-251. *I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight,* etc.:—"I am convinced," says Coleridge, "that Shakespeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout, but especially, and, perhaps, unpleasingly, in this broad determination of ungrateful treachery in Helena, so undisguisedly avowed to herself, and this, too, after the witty cool philosophizing that precedes. The act itself is natural, and the resolve so to act is, I fear, likewise too true a picture of the lax hold which principles have on a woman's heart, when opposed to, or even separated from, passion and inclination. For women are less hypocrites to their own minds than men are, because in general they feel less proportionate abhorrence of moral evil in and for itself, and more of its outward consequences, as detection, and loss of character than men—their natures being almost wholly extroitive. Still, however just in itself, the representation of this is not poetical; we shrink from it, and cannot harmonize it with the ideal."

Scene II.

48, 49. *you shall play,* etc.:—See *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* I. i. 48, 49, where Slender says of Anne Page, "She has brown hair, and *speaks small* like a woman." This speech of Peter Quince's shows, what is known from other sources, that the parts of women were used to be played by boys, or, if these could not be had, by men in masks. Prynne, the Puritan hero, informs us that female actors appeared on the stage at the Blackfriars as early as 1629, and he comes down upon women's acting with a tempest of wrath, while he is still harder upon the personating of women by boys and men.

92-95. *your straw colour beard,* etc.:—It seems to have been a custom to stain or dye the beard. So Ben Jonson in *The Alchemist*: "He has *dyed his beard* and all."

96, 97. This is an allusion to the baldness attendant upon a particular stage of what was then termed the *French* disease.

105. *properties*:—A curious list of these is given in Brome's comedy, *The Antipodes,* 1640:—

> "He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
> And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties;
> Our statues and our images of gods,
> Our planets and our constellations,
> Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
> Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs and beards,
> Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

2 *et seq.* Collier informs us that "Coleridge, in his lectures in 1818, was very emphatic in his praise of the beauty of these lines; 'the measure,' he said, 'had been invented and employed by Shakespeare for the sake of its appropriateness to the rapid and airy motion of the Fairy by whom the passage is delivered.'" And in his *Literary Remains,* after analyzing the measure, he speaks of the "delightful effect on the ear," caused by "the sweet transition" from the amphimacers of the first four lines to the trochaic of the next two. The *orbs* here referred to were the

verdant circles which the old superstition thus delineated called fairy rings, supposing them to be made by the night-tripping fairies dancing their merry roundels. As the ground became parched under the feet of the moonlight dancers, Puck's office was to refresh it with sprinklings of dew, thus making it greener than ever. Science has of course brushed away the charm that once hung about these rings, which, it tells us, are merely circular growths of fungi. The allusion in the term *pensioners* is to Elizabeth's band of Gentleman *Pensioners,* who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with *gold lace.*

15. *hang a pearl,* etc.:—In the old comedy of *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll,* before 1600, an enchanter says:—

> "'Twas I that led you through the painted meads,
> Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
> *Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*"

16. *lob of spirits*:—It would seem that Puck, though he could "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," was heavy and sluggish in comparison with the other fairies: he was the *lubber* of the spirit tribe. Shakespeare's "*lob* of spirits" is the same as Milton's "*lubbar* fiend," thus spoken of in *L'Allegro*:—

> "And he, by friar's lantern led,
> Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
> That ten day-labourers could not end:
> Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
> And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings."

23. *changeling*:—It was a roguish custom of the fairies, if a child of great promise were born, to steal it away, and leave an ugly, or foolish, or ill-conditioned one in its stead. So in *The Faerie Queene,* i. 10. 65:—

> "From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
> There, as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,
> And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
> Such, men do *chaungelings* call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici,* speaking of the devil's practices, says: "Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the legerdemain of *changelings.*" How much comfort this old belief sometimes gave to parents, may be seen from Drayton's *Nymphidia*:—

"And when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other."

32-42. *Either I mistake,* etc.:—That this whole account of Puck was gathered from the popular notions of the time might be shown from many passages. Thus in Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*: "And if that the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why, then either the pottage was burnt next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head." Likewise, in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*: "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; —this white bread and milk was his standing fee." See also the preceding quotation from Milton, the ballad entitled The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, in Percy's *Reliques,* and Drayton's *Nymphidia,* from the last of which we subjoin one stanza:—

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And, leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

54. *And 'tailor' cries*:—Dr. Johnson thought he remembered to have heard this ludicrous exclamation upon a person's seat

slipping from under him. He that slips from his chair falls as a *tailor* squats upon his board.

56. *waxen in their mirth*:—*Waxen* is an old plural form of the verb *to wax*; the meaning of course being, *increase* in their mirth.

60. *proud Titania*:—"Shakespeare's elf queen," says Herford, "seems to be more original than either [Oberon or Puck]. Tradition had less definitely fixed her character. Spenser had quite recently (1590) been able to apply the name to a being as little related to the legendary mistress of Thomas of Ercildoun as to Chaucer's Proserpina. Shakespeare himself gave her a Puck character as Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*. Classical scholars widely connected her with Diana. Titania is distinct from all these, but she seems to have affinities both with Diana and Proserpina. Like the queen of Hades, Shakespeare's fairies are of the night; they 'run from the presence of the sun, following darkness like a dream.' It was an easy step thence to bring them into a special relation to the moon, and thus they are made to pursue the chariot of the 'triple Hecate,' to sing hymns and carols to her, or neglect to sing them. The Poet of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was evidently attracted by the classical legends of the Moon, and Lyly's mythic drama on the Endymion story had probably contributed to the attraction. This aspect of his fairydom seems to have had its share in suggesting the name Titania, which he found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (iii. 173) as a synonym for Diana. Titania herself is, however, a very different being from the chaste maiden-deity. She is no goddess, but a fairy, childlike in her innocence and her impulsiveness and, above all, helplessly subdued by the shafts of that casual and irrational love which the 'odd beams of the watery moon' had instantly quenched. But if she is not 'cold,' she is the embodiment of feminine daintiness and delicacy; and all about her is imagined with an exquisite instinct for the elemental life of flower and insect and all the dainty and delicate things of nature."

105. *rheumatic diseases*:—*Rheumatic* is here accented on the first syllable, as also in *Venus and Adonis*, 135: "O'erworn, despised, *rheumatic* and cold." The word, as Halliwell says, is not here used in its modern acceptation. Colds, coughs, etc., were included under this class of complaints.

124. *the spiced Indian air*:—*Bartholomæus de Glanvilla*, 1582, is cited as follows: "As the rivers there are very many, so are they very great, through whose watery overflowing it commeth

to passe that in the moyst grounde, the force of the sunne approaching, ingendreth or bringeth forth all things in great quantitie, and seemeth almost to fill the whole world *with spice* and precious stones, of which it aboundeth more than all other countries of the world."

168 *et seq. love-in-idleness,* etc.:—The love-juice with which the eyes of the lovers and Titania were anointed, was, according to Herford, "first brought into connection with fairy-lore by Shakespeare. It was perhaps suggested by a passage in the *Diana* of Montemayor (tr. 1579), a book which the *Two Gentlemen* shows him to have known. Upon this juice and its effects the whole plot turns. The attempts of Warburton and Halfin to read complex personal allusions into the pretty myth of the little western flower beyond the obvious compliment to Elizabeth, are therefore open to grave doubt. With the same delight in blending classical and romantic myths which marks his handling of the fairy world, Shakespeare sought a link between the classical and the romance symbols for the caprice and incalculableness of love—between the arrow of Cupid and the love-juice. Such a link he found in the country name for the pansy—'love-in-idleness.' It receives the arrow and yields the juice. Cupid himself, the boy, is replaced by the king of the childlike fairies, and in Oberon's hands the juice provokes sudden accesses of unreasoning love. From these wayward caprices of passion, Theseus and Hippolyta, once sufficiently subject to them, now stand severely apart."

195. *You draw me, . . . adamant*:—In *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature,* by Edward Fenton, 1569, is the following: "There is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him."

Scene II.

45. *O, take the sense,* etc.:—That is, understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning.

120. *Reason becomes,* etc.:—Though this play be but a dream, Lysander shows a good deal of human nature, as it is when awake, or claiming to be so, in thus attributing to riper reason a change wrought in his vision by enchantment. The bewitching juice only develops a "higher law" in him. And in like sort it

often happens that men, mistaking change for progress, grow the more opinionated for their frequent changes of opinion, thus turning the natural arguments of modesty into a basis of conceit.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

102. *cues and all*:—The *cues* were the last words of the preceding speech, which served as a hint to him who was to speak next.

108 *et seq. I'll follow you,* etc.:—The Protean versatility of Puck is celebrated in whatsoever has come down to us respecting him. Thus in an old tract entitled *Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests*:—

> "Thou hast the power to change thy shape
> To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape."

And in a ballad given in the Introduction to the same tract:—

> "Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
> And lead them from their way."

128, 129. *The ousel cock,* etc.:—In the opinion of some commentators, the Poet or Bottom is a little out here in his ornithology. This opinion has probably arisen from a change in the use of the name since Shakespeare's day; *ousel* being then used to denote the *blackbird,* as is evident from the Thirteenth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

> "The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
> As nature him had mark'd of purpose t' let us see
> That from all other birds his tunes should different be;
> For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
> Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play."

And in a note upon this passage he adds: "Of all birds the *blackbird* only whistleth"; thus showing that the *ousel,* the *merle,* and the *blackbird* were all one. Bottom's *orange-tawny* bill accords with what Yarrell says of the blackbird: "The beak and the edges of the eyelids in the adult male are *gamboge yel-*

low." The *whistling* of the blackbird is thus spoken of in Spenser's *Epithalamion*:—

> "The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft;
> The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant playes;
> The *Ouzell shrills*; the Ruddock warbles soft."

174. *glow-worm's eyes*:—"I know not," says Johnson, "how Shakespeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." It is, however, remarked by Mason and Halliwell that the Poet may have intended to designate the lights of the insect as *eyes* without any reference to their situation.

186. *desire you of more acquaintance*:—This kind of phraseology was not uncommon. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 402: "I humbly do desire your *Grace of pardon.*" In *Lusty Juventus*, a Morality, we have: "I shall desire *you of* better acquaintance." And in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "I do desire *you of* more acquaintance."

Scene II.

97. *that costs the fresh blood dear*:—An allusion to the ancient notion that every sigh cost or consumed a drop of blood. Repeatedly found in Shakespeare, in various forms; as "blood-*consuming* sighs," "blood-*drinking* sighs," "blood-*sucking* sighs."

150. *join in souls*:—That is, join heartily, unite in the same mind.

198-208. *Is all the counsel*, etc.:—Gibbon, in his account of the holy friendship between the great Cappadocian saints, Basil and Gregory Nazianzen, *Decline and Fall*, Chap. xxvii., note 29, refers to this passage, and quotes a parallel passage from Gregory's Poem on his own Life. The historian adds: "Shakespeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen, he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother-tongue, the language of Nature, is the same in Cappadocia and in Britain." The following translation of St. Gregory's lines is given in Newman's *Church of the Fathers*:—

> "May I not boast how in our day we moved
> A truest pair, not without name in Greece;
> Had all things common, and one only soul

In lodgment of a double outward frame?
Our special bond, the thought of God above,
And the high longing after holy things.
And each of us was bold to trust in each,
Unto the emptying of our deepest hearts;
And then we loved the more, for sympathy
Pleaded in each, and knit the twain in one."

379. *night's swift dragons*:—The chariot of Night was fabled as drawn by a team of dragons, that is, serpents, who were thought to be always awake, because they slept with their eyes open, and therefore were selected for this purpose. So in *Cymbeline,* II. ii. 48: "Swift, swift, you *dragons* of the night." And in Milton's *Il Penseroso*:—

"Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her *dragon* yoke."

382, 383. *damned spirits all,* etc.:—The ghosts of self-murderers, who were buried in crossroads; and of those who being drowned were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. See the fine passage in *Hamlet,* I. i. 149 *et seq.* "I have heard, the cock, that is the trumpet to the morn," etc.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

4 *seething brains*:—So in *The Tempest,* V. i. 59, 60: "Thy *brains,* now useless, *boil'd* within thy skull." And in *The Winter's Tale,* III. iii. 64, 65: "Would any but these *boiled brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?"

108-117. *If we offend,* etc.:—Had "this fellow" stood "upon points," his carefully mispointed speech would have read nearly as follows:—

"If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill:
That is the true beginning. Of our end

Consider then: we come; but in despite
We do not come: as minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight.
We are not here, that you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

166, 167. *It is the wittiest partition,* etc.:—Farmer would read "heard *in* discourse," making the equivoke on *partition* an allusion "to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time"; and other commentators are disposed to follow Farmer in this explanation.

368 *et seq.* Upon this passage Coleridge thus remarks in his *Literary Remains*: "Very Anacreon in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity! So far it is Greek;—but then add, O, what wealth, what wild ranging, and yet what compression and condensation, of English fancy! In truth, there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond."

387. *To sweep,* etc.:—That is, "to sweep the dust *from* behind the door." Collier informs us that on the title-page of the tract, *Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests,* Puck is represented in a woodcut with a broom over his shoulder. The whole fairy nation, for which he served as prime minister, were great sticklers for cleanliness.

401. *shall blessed be*:—This ceremony was in old times used at all marriages. Douce has given the formula from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. In the French romance of *Melusine,* the Bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut. The good prelate is sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes, during the benediction, the married couple only *sat* on the bed; but they generally received a portion of the consecrated bread and wine.

414. *And each several chamber bless*:—Of this ancient rite Chaucer gives an example in The Milleres Tale:—

"Therwith the nightspel said he anon rightes,
On the foure halves of the hous aboute,
And on the threswold of the dore withoute.
Lord Jesu Crist, and seint Benedight,
Blisse this hous from every wicked wight," etc.

428. *Puck,* it seems, was a suspicious name, which makes that

this merry, mischievous gentleman does well to assert his honesty. As for the name itself, it was no better than *fiend* or *devil.* In *Piers Ploughman's Vision,* one personage is called *helle Pouke.* And the name thus occurs in Spenser's *Epithalamion*:—

> "Ne let *the pouke,* nor other evill sprights,
> Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
> Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sence we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not."

Questions on

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

1. As to the time of its composition, with what group of comedies does this one belong?
2. What elements does it possess in common with these?
3. Where did Shakespeare derive suggestions for the play?
4. What are the speculations as to the occasion of the writing of this play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What celebration is approaching at the opening of the play?
6. How has Theseus wooed Hippolyta?
7. State the complaint against his daughter that Egeus brings to the Duke?
8. What penalty is threatened for the refusal of Hermia to obey her father?
9. Is there any particular differentiation in the characters of the two lovers?
10. Who is Helena, and what is the story of her love-affair?
11. What is the plan for flight of Hermia and Lysander? What does Helena propose in relation to it?
12. Has Sc. ii. been foreshadowed?
13. Mention the people here introduced and the characteristic attributes of each.
14. How has Shakespeare effected the removal of scene from the city?
15. Indicate the lines of action laid down in the first Act.

ACT SECOND.

16. Why were the fairies not introduced in the first Act?
17. How is Puck presented? Give the meaning of the epithet applied to him.
18. Explain his identity in English fairy lore.

19. Mention any lines to show how Shakespeare uses ideas of space and time in harmony with the diminutiveness of the fairies.

20. What is the cause of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania?

21. How does Shakespeare assign a supernatural origin to disturbances of nature?

22. How does he show the benevolent inclinations of the fairies?

23. Are these relationships of the natural and the supernatural to be regarded as indicating something of Shakespeare's philosophical creed, or to be interpreted, in the spirit of the play, as mere interesting fancies?

24. How does Oberon describe the fantasies with which he proposes to fill Titania's mind?

25. Though Puck blunders in his search for *the Athenian*, how does his mischievous nature exhibit itself in putting forth the charm on Lysander?

26. What is the dramatic function of the juice from the flower called *love-in-idleness*?

27. What complication is introduced at the end of the second Act?

ACT THIRD.

28. Describe the rehearsal of the play held by the mechanicals.

29. Do you see here anything satirical of the manner of stage representation in Shakespeare's time?

30. How does the dramatist enforce the value of imagination?

31. How has the transformation of Bottom been prepared for from the beginning of the play? Why is he the only one transformed?

32. What effect has this upon his companions? How does it affect himself?

33. How does Titania address Bottom when she awakens? What is the comic effect of her deception?

34. Compare, for comic effect, the directions Titania gives the attendants of Bottom with what Bottom himself says of the services he will ask of them.

35. How does Puck report Titania's awaking and infatuation?

36. Describe how the rival lovers desert Hermia and turn to Helena.

37. What view of the case does Helena take?

38. Explain the knot of complications as it is fully tied after the two lovers and the two ladies are introduced on the stage.

39. Show the difference between the origin of the misunderstandings in the men and in the women.

40. Compare this Scene with any scene of misunderstandings and cross-purposes in *The Comedy of Errors,* and tell wherein they differ.

41. How does Oberon direct Puck to manage the lovers so as to avert the quarrel?

42. Is the plot now brought to a climax? What will be the work of resolution?

ACT FOURTH.

43. Indicate what it is that makes the opening of the fourth Act, showing Bottom with the fairies, supremely comic.

44. What is Oberon's feeling at seeing Titania's infatuation, and how does he bring her infatuation to an end?

45. How is the resolution of the drama completely foretold? At what time do Theseus and Hippolyta enter the forest, and what is their errand there?

46. Is the spirit of this episode more English than Greek? Explain how.

47. What is the *rite of May*?

48. How does Demetrius effect the resolution of that part of the action concerning the lovers?

49. How does Theseus confirm and complete this resolution?

50. Describe Bottom's reflections on awaking.

51. Was Bottom overtaken with syncope? Show how Shakespeare has used some of the symptoms of this pathological case.

52. How does Sc. ii. advance the plot?

53. Is it a clever stroke of the asinine Bottom to assume that their play *is preferred*; or is there here an error of construction, since we hear in the fifth Act the discussion of Theseus and Philostrate over the program of plays and find them making a choice?

ACT FIFTH.

54. Explain the temper of the dialogue of Theseus and Hippolyta at the opening of the Act. What does it teach of their characters?

Questions

55. What, for instance, would Theseus have thought of Hamlet?

56. To what plays or poems do you find reference in the list of masques that Philostrate presents for Theseus's approval?

57. For what reason does Theseus select the play of the mechanicals? How does he justify this choice to Hippolyta?

58. What is the comic nature of the Prologue as Quince delivers it? How is he like the *great clerks* referred to by Theseus?

59. Define the kind of amusement that the Duke's company derive from the play of the mechanicals. Is it of the same nature as that felt by a spectator of Shakespeare's play?

60. What does Shakespeare say about plays in general and the spirit in which they should be viewed?

61. Contrast Hippolyta's intolerance of the play with the spirit shown by Theseus. Why does she ring the changes on Moon?

62. Describe the epilogue spoken by the fairies.

---

63. Comment on three points of portrayal in this play—character, passion, dramatic movement.

64. What are the poetical qualities of the play?

65. Consider some details that make up the diversified world of the fairies, and comment on the burden laid upon the imagination in a stage representation.

66. What has Shakespeare himself supplied relative to a solution of this problem?

67. Compare and contrast Puck with Ariel. Which is the more lovable? Which the more interesting?

68. Summarize the traits that are possessed by Bottom. How is he a composite of parts of Dogberry and Malvolio?

69. Explain the mixture of national elements in this play. State some examples of anachronism. What national traits dominate the play?

70. Show the influence of this play upon the romantic revival at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century.

Venus and Adonis

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Preface.

Early Editions. "*Venus and Adonis*" was first printed in Quarto, in 1593, with the following title-page:—

VENVS
AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua

PRINTER'S DEVICE:—
An anchor with the motto
"*Anchora spei*"

LONDON:
Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.
1593.

The text of "*Venus and Adonis*" is remarkable for its accuracy, and there can be little doubt that the poet himself superintended the printing of the poem, and was responsible for the wording of the title-page. A significant fact is Shakespeare's choice of the printer: Richard

Field was the son of Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford-on-Avon; he was apprenticed to a printer in London in the year 1579, and took up his freedom in 1587. Amongst his earliest enterprises was a beautiful edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1589. In 1592, Shakespeare's father, at Stratford, was engaged in appraising Henry Field's goods; in 1593, in London, Richard Field was engaged in printing William Shakespeare's first poem: the copyright was registered by the printer, for himself, on April the 18th. The publisher of the first three editions was Field's friend, John Harrison. The popularity of the poem is attested by the issue of no less than twelve subsequent editions between 1593 and 1636;* of some of these editions only single copies have come down to us, and it is probable that some editions have been thumbed out of existence. The famous Isham unique copy of the 1599 issue was by mere chance discovered in 1867; † similarly, evidence may be found of other editions, more especially between the years 1596 and 1599, 1602 and 1627.

Date of Composition. Shakespeare, in his Dedication to the Earl of Southampton,‡ describes the poem of

*1594; 1596; 1599; (?) 1600; 1602 (British Museum); 1602 (Bodleian); 1617; 1620; 1627; 1630; (?) 1630; 1636.

† *Cp.* Charles Edmond's reprint of his precious "find." 1870. A fac-simile of the First Edition is among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Fac-similes (No. 12).

‡ The Earl of Southampton was at this time about twenty: he was born October 6, 1573; his father died in 1581; at the age of twelve he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Entered at Gray's Inn, London, 1589. He rose in the Queen's favour, but his love for Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin) lost him the Queen's interest, in 1595. He married Elizabeth Vernon in 1598. (A full biography is given in Massey's *Shakespeare's Sonnets.*)

Chettle was probably alluding to Southampton when, in his *Kind Heart's Dream* (1592) he refers "to divers of worship" who report Shakespeare's "uprightness of dealing," and his "facetious grace in writing."

"*Venus and Adonis*" as the "first heir of my invention"; some critics, taking these words in their absolutely literal sense, refer the composition of the piece to the poet's younger days at Stratford-on-Avon, but there is little to be adduced in favour of this view, and there is no need to strain the words to bear this meaning. By the term "invention" Shakespeare probably implied lyrical or epic poetry, as opposed to dramatic writings; and with reference to the latter it must be remembered that no Shakespearian play had as yet been printed.*

Venus and Adonis must be taken in close connection with such poems as Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*; to the former of these small "classical epics" (1589) Shakespeare's poem seems to have been indebted for its versification, as perhaps also for much of its characteristic tone and diction.† Marlowe's

* Shakespeare's "affectionate love of nature and natural objects," his many vivid pictures of country life, as evidenced in *Venus and Adonis*, are dwelt upon by those in favour of assigning an earlier date to the poem; they point specially to the famous hunted hare; the eagle turning on her prey: the description of the horse; the signs of weather, and the closing in of the day, etc. It must be borne in mind that the theme of the poem lent itself to the introduction of these rural reminiscences, which throughout Shakespeare's career, and more especially in his early plays, exercised their attraction; many links might be pointed out connecting *Venus and Adonis* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

† The following is a typical example of Lodge's verse:—

"*He that hath seen the sweet Arcadian boy*
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,
His pretty tears betokening his annoy,
His sighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall," *etc.*

An interesting problem is whether Shakespeare at first attempted a sonnet-sequence on the subject, and subsequently rejected that form in favour of the less monumental six-line stanza (*vide* Passionate Pilgrim, iv. v. ix.).

poem, left unfinished at its author's death on June 1, 1593, has certain points in common with Shakespeare's, but it is difficult to determine the question of priority. The famous quotation from *Hero and Leander* in *As You Like It*, was made after the posthumous publication of the poem in 1598, and there is no direct evidence of Shakespeare's knowledge of Marlowe's work before that date. Marlowe's "*rose-cheeked Adonis*" was perhaps therefore a reminiscence of the opening lines of Shakespeare's poem, and the debt was not the other way, as has been suggested. There can be no question that the two poems belonged to the same time.

It is noteworthy that 1593 was a year of plague, and London was so sorely stricken that all theatrical performances were forbidden; this meant leisure for Shakespeare. The companies went on tour in the course of the year; whether Shakespeare was one of the travelling actors is not known.

Early References to "Venus and Adonis." The earliest references to "the first heir" of Shakespeare's "invention" belong to 1598, when Richard Barnfield in his "*Remembrance of Some English Poets*," celebrates Shakespeare's "*honey-flowing vein*":—

> "*Whose 'Venus' and whose 'Lucrece,' sweet and chaste,*
> *Thy name in fame's immortal book have plac't;*"

in the same year Francis Meres published his famous "*Comparative Discourse of our English Poets* with the *Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets*"; "as the soul of Euphorbus," he observed, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and *honey-tongued Shakespeare*; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," etc. Again, in 1599, in John Weever's verses "*Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*," the same epithet, "*honey-tongued*," is repeated:—

" Honie-tongued Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them and none other,
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother;
Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her," etc.

Perhaps the most interesting of the early allusions to *" Venus and Adonis "* are to be found in the Cambridge play, *" The Return from Parnassus "* (the second of three " Parnassus " plays), acted at St. John's College in 1599, where Gullio's preference for " Mr. Shakespeare's vein " * finds exuberant expression :—" O sweet Mr. Shakespeare! I 'll have his picture in my study at the court." . . . " Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I 'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him, will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king), slept with Homer under his bed's head." The amorous Gullio was, however, not a typical representative of the University; a year or two later, in the third part of the Parnassus Plays, a more judicial utterance is delivered by " Judicio " :—

" Who loves not Adon's love or Lucrece rape?
His sweeter verse contains heart-throbbing life.
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

The writer of the lines was not ignorant of " graver subjects " which had already contented the author of " Adon's love "; but these belonged to the department of drama, and were not to be classed with poetry. Not long after, a more experienced scholar than the author of the

* Similarly, in Heywood's *"Fair Maid of the Exchange"* (1607), the lover Bowdler "never read anything but *'Venus and Adonis,'*" and quotes passages, and proposes to imitate Venus in his wooing.

plays, the much abused Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's "Hobbinol," wrote on the fly-leaf of a Chaucer folio:—"The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." One thing is quite certain, to wit, that Shakespeare's first published venture brought him no little contemporary fame.*

The Source of the Plot. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Bk. X., was certainly the direct source of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, though the story must have been familiar to the poet in various forms: whether he read Ovid in the original, or contented himself with Golding's translation (1567) cannot be definitely determined; Prospero's abjuration (*Tempest* iv. 1) shows his indebtedness to the translator, but this does not prove that his Latin was too little to enable him to follow the story as printed in Field's dainty edition of the *Metamorphoses*, or in any other edition.† Anyhow, his plot departs from Ovid's in many details. Shakespeare may have read Constable's "*Shep-*

* In 1598, John Marston, the satirist, published, as "The first blooms of my poesie," an imitation of *Venus and Adonis*, under the title of "*The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image*;" in his "*Scourge of Villainy*" (Sat. vi.) Marston pretended that the poem was a satire on that kind of poetry; in 1599 it was ordered to be burnt. In Cranley's *Amanda* (1635) it is mentioned, together with *Venus and Adonis* and *Hero and Leander*, as part of a courtezan's library. Shakespeare's allusion to "*Pygmalion's images*," in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 48, should be noted. William Barksted's "*Mirrha, the mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies*," ends with an enthusiastic tribute to "*Venus and Adonis*" and its author.

† *Cp.* Prof. Baynes' articles in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. pp. 83-102; 619-641.

In the Bodleian there is an edition of Ovid which may possibly be Shakespeare's own copy (*vide* account of the book, with facsimile page, in the German Shakespeare Society's Transactions).

herd's Song of Venus and Adonis," which, though first published in *England's Helicon* (1600), had perhaps previously circulated in manuscripts, but the question of date is of no importance: Shakespeare's debt to Constable must have been very slight.

Bion's tender elegy, and the idylls of Theocritus and other poets of the Greek Anthology were evidently quite unknown to Shakespeare. His "*Adonis*" does not return from Hades. Folk-lorists can find in the poem only the Death, not the Resurrection of Vegetation,—only one part of that wide-spread nature-myth and nature-worship which passed, with much of its accompanying ritual, from the East to Western Europe, captivating the minds of the masses, and inspiring the minds of the poets. Venus mourning for Adonis, Isis for Osiris, Astarte for Thammuz are but variants of the same theme. It is not unhelpful to be reminded of the genesis of Shakespeare's sensuous and voluptuous theme.*

The Passionate Pilgrim. "*The Passionate Pilgrim*" was first printed in 1599, with the following title:—

"THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shake-*

* Spenser's curious reference to the Gardens of Adonis should be noted (*Faerie Queene*, Book III. i. 34).

The Eastern origin of the myth is significantly preserved in the name of the hero: "*Adonis*" = "*Adon*," *i.e.* Lord; again, *anemone* = "*naaman*," "the darling"; the Arabs call the anemone the "wounds of the Naaman."

According to Bion, the rose sprang from the blood of Adonis, the anemone from his tears.

In the Greek myth, *Aphrodite* has taken the place of *Astarte*; probably the name of the Greek Venus is itself a modification of some Eastern name.

The old translators of the Bible identified "Thammuz" with "Adonis," in Ezekiel viii. 14, where the English Bible translates the Hebrew correctly, "*And behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz*," the Vulgate renders, "*Et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem.*"

speare. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Jaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599." *

In the middle of sheet C† is a second title:—"SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke."

In 1612 an edition was issued augmented by the addition of some poems by Thomas Heywood, "two love-epistles, the first from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and *Hellen's* answer back again to *Paris*," and the whole were attributed to Shakespeare. The issue is described as "the third edition" on the title-page, but no second edition has been traced.

In deference to a protest on Heywood's part,‡ the piratical publisher cancelled the first title-page, and substituted a second, omitting Shakespeare's name; the Bodleian copy (formerly the property of Malone) has the two title-pages, the original one being left by some inadvertence.

In 1640 a new edition, with much additional matter, altogether un-Shakesperian, was issued as "Poems: written by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent."

* *Cp.* Fac-simile edition among Dr. Furnivall's Quarto Facsimiles; also Charles Edmond's reprint of the Isham copy, discovered in 1867; these and the "Capell" copy are the only copies known.

† *i.e.* before the song beginning with, '*It was a lording's daughter*,' etc.

‡ In the postscript to the *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Heywood wrote:—"Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work (viz. the *Troi Britannica*, published in 1609), by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name; but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author, I know, was much offended with Mr. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.

The Contents of the Volume. *"The Passionate Pilgrim"* has aptly been described as a "rag-picker's bag of stolen goods." Like many another pirate-publisher, Jaggard must needs issue a book purporting to be by the author of the hour; by some underhand means he obtained transcripts more or less correct of "the sugar'd sonnets," referred to by Francis Meres; he conveyed three pieces from the printed text of *Love's Labour's Lost* *; to these genuine Shakespearian articles he added sundry songs and sonnets, some by well-known authors of the day, some by obscure poetasters, some perhaps manufactured to order, so as to give a Shakespearian colouring to the volume; possibly one or two fragments of true metal may have been preserved in the miscellaneous collection.

The Identification of the Poems. I. II. Shakespeare's Sonnets, 138 and 144 (with various readings).

III. Longaville's Sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

IV. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

V. From *Love's Labour's Lost.*

VI. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

VII. (?) Shakespeare's.

VIII. Probably by Richard Barnfield, in whose *Poems in Divers Humors*, 1598, it had first appeared.

* The many variant readings in the Shakespearian portions of the collection were probably due in some cases to Jaggard's editor, in others to incorrect transcripts. An instance of the former is perhaps to be found in the last line of V., where the play reads, '*That sings heaven's praise*,' etc. It will be remembered that Holofernes chides Nathaniel for not finding the apostrophas, and so missing the accent: '*let me supervise the canzonet.*' Had Jaggard properly supervised it, he would, I think, have read '*That singës*' instead of '*To sing*' (*cp.* "*Love's Labour's Lost.*" *Notes*). Some of the changes in the Sonnets may have been intentional for the purpose of obscuring references to the person alluded to.

IX. (?) Shakespeare's (on "*Venus and Adonis*").

X. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XI. Probably by Bartholomew Griffin: it had already appeared, with variations, in 1596, in his "*Fidessa more Chaste than Kind.*"

XII. Probably not Shakespeare's.

XIII. Perhaps by the author of X.

XIV.-XV. Probably not Shakespeare's.*

XVI. Not Shakespeare's.

XVII. Dumain's Poem to Kate, *Love's Labour's Lost* (IV. iii.).

XVIII. Found in Weekes's "*Madrigals*," 1597; also in "*England's Helicon*," 1600, with the title "*The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint*," and subscribed "*Ignoto*" (probably printed from the 1599 volume).†

XIX Doubtfully Shakespeare's. The poem strongly resembles one section of *Willobie's Avisa*, published 1594.‡

XX. By Christopher Marlowe. "*The Lover's Answer*," probably by Sir Walter Raleigh. In *England's Helicon* the poem is given in full.§

XXI. By Richard Barnfield, from "*Poems in divers humours*," 1598 (ll. 1-28 found also in "*England's Helicon*," signed "*Ignoto*").

* Wrongly printed as two poems, though evidently not intended as such in the First Edition.

† *Cp.* Bullen's edition of "*England's Helicon*," p. xxi., where he gives his opinion in favour of Barnfield's authorship.

‡ *Cp.* Preface to *Sonnets*, on the subject of this curiously interesting book.

§ Isaac Walton's well-known reference did much to maintain the fame of the lyric:—"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid: she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it: it was the smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his young days."

"*The Passionate Pilgrim*" belonged in reality to the poetical miscellanies so popular at the time; it deserved utter failure for the undue liberty it had taken with Shakespeare's great name, and it perhaps deserved the almost too severe though eloquent censure which a modern poet, Mr. Swinburne, has passed upon it. When the genuine Shakespearian pieces have been taken into account, "the rest of the ragman's gatherings, with three most notable exceptions, is little better for the most part than dry rubbish or disgusting refuse. . . . I need not say that those three exceptions are the stolen and garbled work of Marlowe and of Barnfield, our elder Shelley and our first-born Keats; the singer of Cynthia in verse well worthy of Endymion, who would seem to have died as a poet in the same fatal year of his age that Keats died as a man; the first adequate English laureate of the nightingale, to be supplanted or equalled by none until the advent of his mightier brother."

> "... Our Poet, him
> Whose insight makes all others dim;
> A thousand poets pried at life,
> And only one amid the strife,
> Rose to be Shakespeare."

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

To the

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRIE WRIOTHESLEY,

Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for fear it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Venus and Adonis.

Even as the sun with purple colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I 'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I 'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I 'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I 'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I 'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he; 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my eyes would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she; 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth;
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she: whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She 's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
' Fie, fie,' he says, ' you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

' Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, ' sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised: thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

' On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggested mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so:
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quiet undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonished as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says 'Tis so': they answer all 'Tis so';
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud.
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar:

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet not at all respecting:
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound.
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief·
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass:
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

''Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And being open'd threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

''Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud;
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I 'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed,
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
. . . . . .
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow':
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night;
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not;
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal:
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Love's Answer.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XXI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her grief so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king';
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Glossary.

Advisedly, deliberately; 457.
Affected, enamoured; 157.
Alarms, alarums, attacks; 424.
Along, at full length; 43.
Angry-chafing, chafing with anger; 662.
Askance, looking sideways; 342.
Aspire, ascend, mount; 150.
Attaint, infection; 741.
Ay me! ah me!; 833.

Ban, curse; P.P. xix. 20.
Bane, death, ruin; 372.
Banning, cursing; 326.
Barred, debarred; 784.
Base; "to bid a base," *i.e.* to challenge to a race; 303.
Bate-breeding, causing quarrel; 655.
Battery, onset, assault; 426.
Battle, battalion; 619.
Bay; "at a bay," *i.e.* "the state of the chase, when the game is driven to extremity and turns against the pursuers"; 877.
Bereaves, impairs, spoils; 797.
Bewray'd, betrayed, disclosed; P.P. xix. 54.
Blunt, savage; 884.
Bootless, profitless; 422.
Bottom-grass, grass growing in a deep valley; 236.
Breathing-while, breathing time; 1142.

Cabinet, nest; 854.
Canker, canker worm; 656.
Censure, judge, estimate; Dedic.
Charge, blame; P.P. xv. 2.
Circumstance, elaborate details; 844.
Cleanly, entirely; 694.
Clepes, calls; 995.
Clip, embrace; 600.
Closure, enclosure; 782.
Coasteth to, makes toward; 870.
Cold; "c. fault," cold scent, loss of scent; 694.
Combustious, combustible; 1162.
Commission, warrant by which power is exercised; 568.
Compact, composed; 149.
Compass'd, arched, round; 272.
Conceit, understanding; P.P. iv. 9.
Conies, rabbits; 687.
Contemn, contemptuously refuse; 205.
Cope, encounter, fight with; 888.
Courage, temperament; 276.
Coy, contemptuous; 112.
Cranks, twists; 682.
Cross, thwart, hinder; 734.
Curious, elaborate; 734.
Curst, fierce; 887.
Curvets, bounds; 279.
Cytherea, Venus; P.P. iv. 1; vi. 3.

Daff'd, put me off; P.P. xiv. 3.
Danger, perilous power; 639.
Deal; "no d.," no whit; P.P. xviii. 27.
Defeature, disfigurement; 736.
Defy, despise; P.P. xii. 11.
Descant, comment; P.P. xiv. 4.
Device, manner, cast of mind; 789.
Dew-bedabbled, sprinkled with dew; 703.
Disjoin'd, drew asunder; 541.
Dissentious, seditious; 657.
Distempering, perturbing; 653.
Dive-dapper, didapper, dab-check; 86.
Doubles, turns to escape pursuit; 682.

Eare, plough; Dedic V. and A.
Ebon, black; 948.
Esctasy, excitement; 895.
Embracements, embraces; 312.
Envious, spiteful; 705.
Excelling, exquisite; 443.
Exclaims on, cries out against; 930.
Eyne, eyes; 633.

Fair, beauty; 1083.
Fancy, love; P.P. xix. 4.
Fault, a defect in the scent of the game; 694.
Favour, beauty; 747.
Fear, frighten; 1094.
Figured, indicated by signs; P.P. iv. 10.
Filed; "f. talk," polished speech; P.P. xix. 8.
Flap-mouth'd, having broad hanging lips; 920.
Flaws, gusts of wind; 456.
Fond, foolish; 1021.
Fondling, darling; 229.
Forsook, renounced, proved faithless to; 161.
For why, because; P.P. x. 8; xv. 12.
Foul, ugly; 133.
Fret, chafe; 621.
Frets, corrodes; 767.

Goeth about, makes attempts; 319.
Grave, wound slightly (with a play upon "engrave"); 376.
Grey, bluish-grey, "blue"; 140.

Hard-favour'd, ill-featured; 133.
Heavy, troublesome, annoying (with a quibble on the literal meaning); 156.
Helpless, unprofitable; 604.
His, its; 359.

Immure, shut in; 1194.
Imperious, imperial; 996.
Imposthumes, abscesses; 743.
Indenting, zigzagging; 704.
Infusing, inspiring; 928.
In hand with, taking in hand; 912.
Insinuate, try to make favour with; 1012.
Insulter, victor; 550.
Intendments, intentions; 222.
Invention, imagination, imaginative faculty; Dedic. V. and A.

Jar, quarrel; 100.

Jealous; "j. of catching," fearing to be caught; 321.
Jennet, young mare; 260.

Kill, kill! the old English battle-cry; 652.

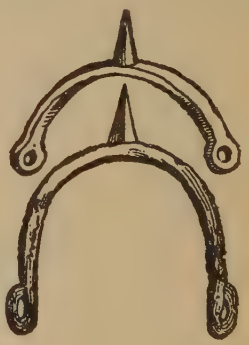
Lawnd, lawn; 813.
Leave, license; 568.
Listeth, desires; 564.
Livelihood, animation, spirit; 26.
Lure, the call or whistle by which the falconer attracts the hawk; 1027.

Manage, train, break in; 598.
Mane (used as plural); 272.
Marr'd, had injuriously caused; 478.
Match, compact; 586.
Mated, bewildered; 909.
Measures, dances; 1148.
Mermaid, siren; 429.
Miss, misdoing; 53.
Mistrustful, producing distrust or fear; 826.
More, greater; 78.
Mortal, death-dealing; 618, 953.
Musing, wondering; 866.
Musits, tracks through a hedge; 683.

Nill, will not; P.P. xiv. 8.
Nought; "all to n.," good for nothing; 993.
Nuzzling, thrusting the nose in (Quartos, "*nousling*"); 1115.

O'erstraw'd, o'erstrewed; 1143.
Orient, bright-shining; 981.
Owe, own; 411.

Pack, begone; P.P. xv. 17.
Pack'd, sent packing; P.P. xv. 9.
Pale, enclosure; 230.
——, paleness; 589.
Paphos, a town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus; 1193.
Passenger, wayfarer; 91.
Passions, grieves; 1059.
Philomela, the nightingale; P.P. xv. 5.
Pine, starve; 602.
Pith, strength, force; 26.
Precedent, indication (Quartos, "*president*"; Malone, "*precedent*"); 26.
Pricking spur; 285. The Roman spur was never made



with a rowel but with a goad, as shown in the annexed engravings from originals in the Museo Borbonico, Naples.

Proof, defensive armour; 626.
Prove, experience; 597.
Proved, tested; 608.

Rank, excessive, over-full; 71.
Reaves, bereaves; 766.
Relenteth, softens; 200.
Remorse, mercy; 257.
Repine, repining, sadness; 490.
Respecting, seeing; 911.
Respects, considerations; 911.
Root, uproot; 636.
Round; "to r. me on th' ear,"? "to strike me on the ear"; (? *"i' the ear"*; *i.e.* to whisper in my ear); P.P. xix. 51.

Seld, seldom; P.P. xiii. 7.
Sensible, endowed with feeling; 436.
Servile to, subject to; 112.
Set, seated; 18.
Severe, merciless; 1000.
Shag, shaggy; 295.
Shine, brightness; 728.
Short, shorten; P.P. xv. 18.
Shrewd, mischievous, evil; 500.
Silly, simple; 467.
——, innocent, harmless; 1098.
Sith, since; 762.
Slips, used quibblingly for (i) blunders, (ii) counterfeit coins so named; 515.
Smell, scent; 686.
Sorteth, associates; 689.
Spleen, heat; P.P. vi. 6.
Spleens, passionate humours; 907.
Spright, spirit (Quartos, *"sprite"*); 181.
Spring, shoot, blossom; 656.
Springing, blooming; 417.
Stain; "st. to all nymphs," *i.e.* eclipsing all nymphs; causing them to appear sullied by contrast; 9.
Stall'd, got as in a stall, fixed; P.P. xix. 2.
Steep-up, high, precipitous; P.P. ix. 5.
Stick, hesitate; P.P. xix. 51.
Stillitory, still; 443.
Strangeness, distant manner, reserve; 310.
Strict, tight, close; 874.
Suspect, suspicion; 1010.

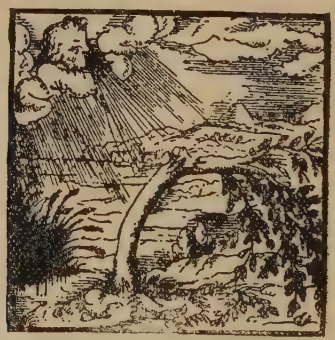
Teen, vexation; 808.
Testy, irritated; 319.
Thick-sighted, short-sighted; 136.
Think, expect; P.P. xix. 43.
Timely, early; P.P. x. 3.
Tired, (?) attired (Collier, "'tired," *i.e.* attired); 177.
Tires, feeds ravenously; 56.
Titan, the Sun-god; 177.
Toward, docile, tractable; 1157.
Toys, whims; P.P. xix. 39.
Treatise, discourse; 774.
Trench'd, gashed; 1052.
Turn; "this good t.," kind action (with perhaps a quibble on the previous "turns"); 92.
Tushes, tusks; 617.

Uncouple, set loose the hounds; 673.
Unkind, childless; 204.
Untreads, retraces; 908.
Up-till, against, on; P.P. xxi. 10.
Urchin-snouted, snouted like a hedge-hog; 1105.

Use, interest; 768.

Vaded, faded; P.P. x. 1; *vadeth,* fadeth; P.P. xiii. 2.
Vails, lowers; 314.
Venture (pronounced "*venter,*" rhyming with "enter"); 628.
Vilia miretur vulgus, etc. Ovid's *Amores,* Bk. I. El. xv. ll. 35, 36:—
"*Let base-conceited wits admire vile things,*
Fair Phœbus leads me to the Muses' springs,"
(? Marlowe's Version, pub. *circa* 1598; *cp.* Ben Jonson's *Poetaster,* Act 1); Motto to V. and A.
Vulture, ravenous; 551.

Wat, familiar name for a hare; 697.
Watch, keep awake; 584.
Watch, watchman; P.P. xv. 2.
Wear, wear out; 506.
Well-breath'd, well exercised, in good training; 678.
When as, when; 999.
Whether; "they know not w.," *i.e.* which of the two; 304.
Winks, closes the eyes; 90.
Wistly, wistfully; 343.
Withhold, restrain; 612.
Wood, mad; 740.
Worm, serpent; 933.
Wrack, ruin; 558.
Wreak'd, revenged; 1004.
Writon, writ about (?) predicted; 506.



To me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed' (P. P. v. 4).
[The fable of the oak and osier is illustrated in Whitney's *Emblems* (1586), by an engraving which is here reproduced.]

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

VENUS AND ADONIS: 156, *'shouldst'*; Quarto 1, *'should.'*

171. *cp.* Sonnet I.

211. *'lifeless'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'liuelesse.'*

213. *'Statue'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'Statüe'*; *cp.* l. 1013; Quartos 3, 4, *'statües.'*

231; 239; 689. *'deer'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'deare.'*

272. *'stand,'* so Quartos 1-4; the rest, *'stands.'*

283. *'stir'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'sturre.'*

304. *'And whether'*; Quartos, *'And where'* (*i.e.* *'whe'er'*).

334; 402. *'fire'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'fier'*; but *'fire,'* l. 494 (rhyming with *'desire'*).

351. *'With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat.'* The accompanying example of the form of hat used by Roman and Greek travellers, and consequently in classical representations of Mercury, is taken from a figure in the Panathenaic procession, in the British Museum.

353. *'tenderer'*; Quarto 1, *'tendrer'*; the rest, *'tender.'*

362. *'gaol'*; Quartos, *'gaile'*; *'Iaile.'*

392. *'master'd'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'maister'd'*; *cp.* l. 114, *'mastering'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'maistring.'*

392. *'rein'*; Quartos 1-10, *'raine.'*

429. *'mermaid's'*; early Quartos, *'mármaides'*; *'marmaids'*; *cp.* l. 777; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'marmaids'*; Quarto 4, *'mirmaides.'*

434. *'invisible'*; Steevens conj. *'invincible.'*

454. *'wreck'*; Quartos, *'wracke,' 'wrack'* (*cp.* l. 558).

466. *'bankrupt'*; Quartos, *'bankrout,' 'banckrout,' 'banquerout.'*

466. *'love'*; S. Walker conj. *'loss.'*

507. *'verdure'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'verdour.'*

529. *'gait'*; Quartos, *'gate.'*

547. *'prey'*; Quartos, *'pray'* (tho' rhyming with *'obey'*); so *'prayes,'* line 724, and *'pray'* (rhyming with *'day'*), line 1097.

567. *'venturing'*; Quartos *'ventring.'*

599. *'Tantalus''*; Quartos, *'Tantalus.'*

628. *'venture'*; Quartos, *'venter'* (rhyming with *'enter'*).

632. *'eyes pay'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'eyes paies.'*

680. *'overshoot,'* Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'over-shut.'*

705. *'doth'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'do.'*

743. *'imposthumes'*; Quartos, *'impostumes.'*

781. *'run'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ronne'* (rhyming with *'undone'*).

832. *'deeply'*; S. Walker conj. *'doubly.'*

902. *'together'*; Quartos, *'togither'* (rhyming with *'whither'*); *cp.* line 971; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'all together'* (rhyming with *'weather'*); Quarto 4, *'altogither.'*

940. *'random'*; Quartos 1-4, *'randon.'*

993. *'all to nought'* (rhyming with *'wrought'*); Dyce, *'all-to naught'*; Delius, *'all-to-naught.'*

1002. *'decease'* early Quartos, *'decesse'* (rhyming with *'confess'*).

1013-1014. *'stories His'*; Theobald's conjecture; Quartos, *'stories, His.'*

1041. *'ugly'*; Quarto 1, *'ougly.'*

1067. *'limb'*; Quartos, *'lim.'*

1117. *'been'*; Quarto 1, *'bin.'*

1155. *'severe'*; early Quartos, *'seveare'* (rhyming with *'fear'*).

1161. *'servile'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'seruill'*; *cp.* line 392, *'servilely'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'seruilly.'*

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM: I. II.; *cp.* SONNETS, cxxxviii., cxliv. III. V. XVII.; *cp.* LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, IV. iii. 60-73; IV. ii. 109-122; IV. iii. 101-120.

VIII. 5. John Dowland was one of the most famous of Elizabethan musicians; his song-books appeared in 1597, 1600, and 1603; his *"Pilgrim's Solace"* in 1612. There are many references to him in Elizabethan and later literature, more especially to his *'Lachrymæ; or, Seven Tears figured in seven heavenlie Pavans'* (1605); (*cp.* Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*).

XII. 12. *'stay'st'*; old eds. *'staies.'*

XIII. Two copies of this poem "from a corrected MS." were printed in *Gent. Mag.* xx. 521; xxx. 39; the variants do not improve the poem.

XV. 8. *'And drives'*; perhaps we should read, *'And daylight drives,'* (Anon. conj.).

XVIII. 5. *'Love's denying'*; Malone's conj.; old eds., *'Love is dying'*; England's Helicon, *'Love is denying.'*

7. *'renying'*; ed. 1599, *'nenying.'*

21. *'Love hath forlorn me'*; Steevens conj. *'Love forlorn I.'*

XVIII. 27-30. *'My shepherd's pipe,'* etc. The accompanying engraving, from a bas-relief on the Hotel Bourgtheroulde at Rouen (*temp.* Francis I.), represents a group 'curiously identical with the poet's words.'

31-32. *'My sighs . . . Procure to'*; edd. 1599, 1612, *'With sighes . . . procures to'*; the reading of the text is Malone's.

43. *'back-peeping'*; edd. 1599, 1612, *'blacke peeping.'*

XIX. 4. *'fancy, partial wight'*; Capell MS. and Malone conj. withdrawn; edd. 1599, 1612, *'fancy (party all might)'*; ed. 1640, *'fancy (partly all might)'*; Malone (from MS. copy), *'fancy, partial like'*; Collier (from MS. copy), *'partial fancy like'*; Steevens conj. *'fancy, partial tike'*; Furnivall conj. *'fancy's partial might.'*

45. *'There is no heaven, by holy then'*; the line has been variously emended; Malone read from an old MS.:—

> *'Here is no heaven; they holy then*
> *Begin, when,' etc.*

No satisfactory emendation has been proposed, and perhaps the original reading may be allowed to stand without the comma after *'heaven'*:—*'there is no heaven by holy then,' i.e.* 'by that holy time'; others suggest, *'be holy then,'* or *'by the holy then,'* etc.

XX. 1. *'Live with me, and be my love'*; in *England's Helicon,* and other early versions the line runs, *'Come live with me,'* etc., and in this way it is usually quoted. Two verses found in *England's Helicon* are omitted in the present version, but included in the 1640 ed., where *"Love's Answer"* is also

in six quatrains; the additional matter was evidently also derived from *England's Helicon*. After l. 12 the following lines are inserted:—

> *"A gown made of the finest wool,*
> *Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.*
> *Fair lined slippers for the cold,*
> *With buckles of the purest gold."*

The last stanza runs thus:—

> *"The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing,*
> *For thy delight each May morning;*
> *If these delights thy mind may move,*
> *Then live with me and be my love."*

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The first edition of "LUCRECE" was published in quarto in 1594, with the following title-page:—

"LVCRECE | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound | in Paules Church-yard. 1594 | ." *

The running title is "The Rape of Lvcrece." The Bodleian Library copies of this edition differ in some important readings, showing that the text was corrected while passing through the press. Seven new editions appeared by the year 1655; the 1616 issue purported to be "newly revised," but the variant readings are of very doubtful value.

The Source of the Plot. The story of Lucrece had been treated by many English writers before Shakespeare chose it as the subject of "the second heir" of his invention. Chaucer told her story in his *Legend of Good Women*, quoting "Ovid and Titus Livius" as his originals (*cp.* Ovid's *Fasti*, ii. 741; Livy, Bk. I., chs. 57, 58). Lydgate treated the same theme in his "*Falls of Princes*"; Painter, in his "*Palace of Pleasure*," 1567. There were other English renderings, notably "ballads" entered, on the Stationers' Registers in the years 1568, 1570; a ballad was also printed in 1576.

* *Cp.* No. 35, "Shakespeare Quarto Fac-similes."

Shakespeare seems to have read Ovid's version, and this may be considered his main source." *

The Date of Composition. In the dedication of "*Venus and Adonis*" to the Earl of Southampton, the poet had vowed "to take advantage of all idle hours" till "I have honoured you with some graver labour." "*Lucrece*" must therefore have been written after the dedication containing the words, and before its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, *i.e.* between April, 1593, and May, 1594.

Like the former poem, Lucrece was also addressed to Southampton: it is instructive, however, to compare the two dedications; between the first and second letters timid deference towards an exalted patron has ripened into affectionate devotion.

A comparison of the two companion poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, the one a study of "female lust and boyish coldness," the other of "male lust and womanly chastity," brings out prominently the advance made in the later poem in respect of ease of versification, maturity of observation, and didactic tendency. This latter superiority seems to have been noted by Shakespeare's contemporaries.†—

> "*Who loves chaste life, there Lucrece for a teacher:*
> *Who lis't read lust there's Venus and Adonis.*"
> (FREEMAN'S *Runne and a Great Cast*, 1614.)

* *Cp.* Baynes' essay on Shakespeare and Ovid, with reference to his early poems (*Fraser's Magazine*, xxi.).

† *Cp.* Preface to "*Venus and Adonis.*" The earliest allusion to Shakespeare by *name* occurs in connection with a reference to his *Lucrece*, in the commencing verses of a laudatory address prefixed to "*Willobie his Avisa*," 1594. In the same year the author of an Elegy on Lady Helen Branch included among "our greater poetes":—"*You that have writ of Chaste Lucretia*": Drayton's reference, in his *Matilda*, also in 1594, may have been to a play on the subject, as, in all probability, was Heywood's allusion in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. Heywood's play on *Lucrece* is not de-

"A Lover's Complaint." This "Complaint" was first printed in 1609, at the end of the volume of "Sonnets."

In all probability the poem belongs to about the same period as "*The Rape of Lucrece*"; it is written in the same metre. Francis Meres may possibly have included it in his suggestive "*et cetera,*" when he enumerated the poems of "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare."

The framework of "*A Lover's Complaint,*" its picturesqueness, versification, diction, repression, tenderness, and beauty, give to it a thoroughly Spenserian character, and convey the impression that we have here an early exercise in the Spenserian style; as such the poem links itself ultimately to the exquisite "Complaints" of Spenser's great master, Geoffrey Chaucer, with their ruthful burden:—"*Pitë is dede and buried in gentil herte.*" *

The Phœnix and the Turtle. This poem first appeared in a collection published by Robert Chester in 1601, under the following descriptive title:—

void of merit. In 1595 the following words are found in the margin of a curious volume, entitled *Polimanteia,* published at Cambridge:—"*All praise worthy Lucrecia Sweet Shakspeare.*"

Sir John Suckling's "supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears" appears at first sight to commence with two six-line stanzas, representing a different and perhaps earlier recension of *Lucrece,* but this is doubtful, and in all probability the alterations were Sir John Suckling's, the verses being derived from one of the books of Elegant Extracts, *e.g.* "*England's Parnassus.*"

* Spenser's volume entitled "*Complaints: containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity,*" was published in 1591: *cp.* the following opening lines of "*The Ruins of Time*" with "*A Lover's Complaint*":—

> "*A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,*
> *Rending her yellow locks like wiry gold,*
> *About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,*
> *And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing;*
> *In her right hand a broken rod she held,*
> *Which towards heaven she seemed on high to weld.*"

"Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies, being the first essay of a new British poet; collected out of diverse authentical Records. To these are added some new compositions, of several modern writers whose names are subscribed to their several works, upon the first subject: viz., the Phœnix and Turtle."

The following title prefaces these new compositions:—

"HEREAFTER | FOLLOW DIVERSE | Poeticall Essaies on the former sub- | ject; viz. the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. *Done by the best and chiefest of our* | moderne writers with their names sub- | scribed to their particular works: | *never before extant*: | And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | *to the love and merit of the true-noble Knight,* | Sir John Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,* MDCI."

The genuineness of the contribution with Shakespeare's name subscribed is now generally admitted, though no successful attempt has yet been made to explain the allegory, nor is any light thrown upon it by the other poems in the collection; among the contributors, in addition to Shakespeare, were Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. In all probability the occasion and subject of the whole collection, which has so long baffled patient research, will some day be discovered, and Shakespeare's meaning will be clear. It would seem from the title-page that the private family history of Sir John Salisbury ought to yield the necessary clue to the events. There is not much to be said in favour of the view that the *Phœnix* shadows forth Queen Elizabeth, and the *Turtle-dove* typifies "the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of

Essex." * On the other hand, the problem is not settled by describing the allegory as "the delineation of spiritual union," and refusing to recognize the personal allegory.†

Emerson's words,‡ uttered some twenty years ago, may well bear repetition:—"I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay,* and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem."

> "Now pield your aids, . . light my weaker eye, . .
> That whilst of this same Metaphysical,
> God, man, nor woman, but elix'd of all,
> My labouring thoughts with strained ardour sing,
> My muse may mount with an uncommon wing."

* *Cp.* Dr. Grosart's edition of *Love's Martyr* (*New Shak. Soc.* 1878); *vide* also the same scholar's remarks in his privately printed scarce Elizabethan books, *Manchester,* 1880, etc.; *cp.* Transactions of *New Shak. Soc.*

† *Cp.* Halliwell-Phillipps' Outlines, vol. i. 191.

‡ Preface to *Parnassus,* 1875.

To the

RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duety would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius

Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

The Rape of Lucrece.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her hubsand's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charms,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame

'O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I 'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Thus graceless holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed

Quoth he, 'she took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;
How can they then assist me in the act?

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart, poor citizen! distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquered fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I 'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she: 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say
He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, thou most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced,
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient raven's wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to stratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still
With too much labor drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment.
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one.
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it":
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less.
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be called a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen:
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces,
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and purjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look';
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed: so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger come back
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
'Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I 'll murder straight, and then I 'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She 's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife;
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A Lover's Complaint.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried ' O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

' Father,' she says, ' though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pierced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue,
All kinds of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd:
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

'"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains
By how much of me their reproach contains.

' " Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd. commanding in his monarchy.

' " Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

' "And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.

' " The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

'"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

'"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

'"But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

'"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'"When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How boldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

'"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with feeble groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here!
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness: and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

The Phœnix and Turtle.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Glossary.

Accorded, agreed; Comp. 3.
Acture, action; Comp. 185.
Address'd, prepared, ready; 1606.
Adjunct; "be adj.," follow as a consequence; 133.
Advance, raise; 1705.
Advisedly, deliberately; 180, 1527, 1816.
Affection's, passion's; 500.
Allow, approve; 1845.
All-too-timeless, altogether unseasonable; 44.
Aloes, bitterness; Comp. 273.
Anatomiz'd, laid open, shown distinctly; 1450.
Annexions, additions; Comp. 208.
Antics, fantastic shapes (Quartos, "*antiques*"); 459.
Appaid, satisfied; 914.
Ardea, capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome; 1.
Arrive, reach; 781.
As, that; 1372.
Askance, turn aside; 637.
Assay, essay, try; Comp. 156.
Assays, attempts; 1720.
Astonish'd, astounded; 1730.

Balk, disregard, neglect; 696.
Ban, curse; 1460.
Bare, bareness; Comp. 95.
Barns, stores up; 859.
Bat, staff; Comp. 64.
Bateless, not to be blunted; 9.
Beguil'd, rendered guileful; 1544.
Beldam, grandmother; 953.
Beseems, becomes; 277.
Bewray'd, exposed; 1698.
Blasts, is blasted; 49.
Blazon'd, interpreted; Comp. 217.
Blend, blended; Comp. 215.
Blood, passion; Comp. 162.
Blossoms, flower of the young nobility; Comp. 235.
Blunt, rude, rough; 1504.
Boll'n, swollen; 1417.
Bond, claim given by a bond, ownership; 136.
Braving, challenging; 40.
Bulk, chest; 467.
Burdenwise, as in the burden of a song; 1133.
But, except; Ph. 32.

Can, knows; Ph. 14.
Capitol; 1835. (The annexed figure depicts the renowned temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill.)
Careless; "c. hand of pride," *i.e.* hand of careless pride; Comp. 30.
Case, dress; Comp. 116.
Cautels, deceits; Comp. 303.

Champaign, open country; 1247.
Chaps, wrinkles (early Quartos, "chops"); 1452.
Characters, figures; Comp. 16.
Cheer, face, look; 264.
Cherubin, cherub; Comp. 319.
Cipher, decipher; 811.
Civil, decorous; Comp. 298.
Cleft, double, two-fold; Comp. 293.
Coat, coat-of-arms; 205.
Cockatrice, basilisk; 540.
Colour, pretext; 267.

Comfortable, comforting; 164.
Commends, commits; 436.
Compare, comparison; 40.
Complain'd, bewailed; 1839.
Conceit, conception; 701, 1298.
Conceited, imaginative; 1371.
Conclusion, experiment; 1160.
Conduct, that which guides; 313.
Confound, ruin; 1202.
Congest, gather in one; Comp. 258.
Contrives, devises (? wears away, spends); Comp. 243.
Controll'd, restrained; 448.
Convertite, convert, penitent; 743.
Cop'd, encountered, met; 99.
Copesmate, companion; 925.
Coucheth, causes to cower; 507.
Counterfeit, image; 1269.
Credent, credulous; Comp. 279.
Crest-wounding, staining the family crest; 828.
Cries, cries for; Comp. 42.
Curious, careful; Comp. 49.

Daff'd, doffed, put off; Comp. 297.
Dash, mark of infamy; 206.
Deathsman, executioner; 1001.
Defunctive, funereal; Ph. 14.
Deprive, take away; 1186.
Descant'st, singest; 1134.
Diapason, deep notes harmoniously accompanying high ones; 1132.
Digression, transgression; 202.
Dismount, lower ("alluding to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest," Malone); Comp. 281.
Dispense with, excuse; 1070.
Distract, disjoined; Comp. 231.
Done, ended; 23.
——, past, lost; Comp. 11.
Dumps, mournful lays; 1127.

Ecstasy, excitement; Comp. 69.
Effects, outward manifestations (? efficacies); 1555.
Element, sky; 1588.

Enpatron; "e. me," are my patron saint; Comp. 224.
Ensue, follow; 502.
Exclaiming on, crying out against; 741.
Extincture, extinction; Comp. 294.

Fact, deed (perhaps criminal deed); 349.
Falcon's bell; 511. A specimen of such a bell, bearing the nobleman-owner's arms, is here reproduced from an engraving by Fairholt.

Falls, lets fall; 1551.
Fancy's, love's; 200.
Fear, the object of his fear; 308.
Feast-finding, attending banquets; 817.
Feat, featly, dexterously; Comp. 48.
Fence, defend; 63.
Field (perhaps with a play upon its heraldic use); 72.
Fiery-pointed, "throwing darts with points of fire" (Steevens, "*firey-pointed*"); 372.
Fine, bring to an end (?) refine, soften; 936.
Fluxive, flowing, weeping; Comp. 50.
Foil, setting, background; Comp. 153.
Folly, wantonness; 851.
Fond, foolishly fond; 134.
Fondly, foolishly; 207.
Force; "of f.," perforce; Comp. 223.
Force not, regard not, care not for; 1021.
Forestall, prevent; 728.
For why, because; 1222.
Frets, the stops that regulated the vibration of the strings in musical instruments; 1140.
From; "fr. the way," *i.e.* "out of the way"; 1144.
Fulfill'd, filled full; 1258.

Gage, stake; 144.
Gaze; "at g.," staring about; 1149.
Gentry, gentle birth; 569.
Government, self-control; 1400.
Graff, graft; 1062.
Grained, of rough wood; Comp. 64.
Grave, engrave; 755.
Gripe's, griffins; 543.

Havings, accomplishments; Comp. 235.
Heartless, bereft of all courage; 471.
Helpless, unavailing; 1027.
Hild, held (rhyming with "*fulfill'd*"); 1257.
His, its; 303.
Hive, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive; Comp. 8.

Ill, wickedness; 304.
Imaginary, imaginative; 1422.
Immur'd, shut up in a cloister (Quarto "*enure,*" rhyming with "*procure*"); Comp. 251.
Impleach'd, entwin'd; "hair with twisted metal amorously impleach'd"; Comp. 205. (*Cp.* the annexed engraving of such an ornament. The lock of hair is that of Mary Queen of Scots, and the relic is preserved by the descendants of the Earl of Huntly, to whom she gave it.)

Instance; "guilty i.," *i.e.* "token of guilt"; 1511.
Intending, pretending; 121.
Intituled, having a claim; 57.
Intrude, invade, enter; 848.
Invis'd, invisible (? inspected, tried); Comp. 212.

Ken, sight; 1114.
Kind, natural; 1423.
Kinds, natures; 1242.

Late, lately; 1801.
Laundering, wetting; Comp. 17.
Lawn, fine linen; 258.
Lectures, lessons; 618.
Leisures, leisure hours; Comp. 193.
Let, forbear; 10.
——, hinder; 328.
Levell'd (technical term for aiming a gun); Comp. 22.
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling; 1234. The simile is illustrated by the annexed engraving from the XIVth century Lancelot romance, preserved in the National Library at Paris.

Limed, ensnared by bird-lime; 88.
Linen, linen kerchief; 680.
Lust, pleasure; 1384.
Lust-breathed, animated by lust; 3.
Luxury, lust; Comp. 314.

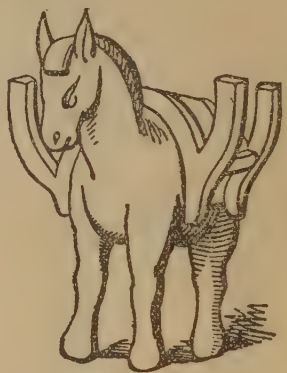
Map, picture, image; 402.
Margents, margins; 102.
Maund, hand-basket; Comp. 36.
Maze; 1151. The famous Cretan labyrinth was often depicted on gold pieces, as in the accompanying illustration of a coin of Cnossus.

Mermaid, siren; 1411.
Moe, more; 1479.
Moity, portion; Dedic. to Luc.
Moralize, interpret; 104.
Mortality; "life's m.," *i.e.* "mortal, human life"; 403.
Mot, motto; 830.

Napkin, handkerchief; Comp. 15.
Needle (monosyllabic); 319.
Nice, skilful; 1412.
Night-waking, awake at night; 554.
Note, notoriety; Comp. 233.
Nought to do, nothing to do with; 1092.

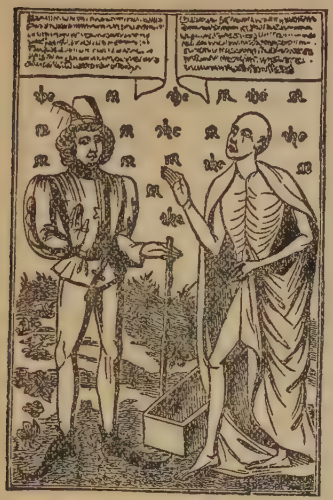
On; "on ringing," *i.e.* "a-ringing"; 1494.
Orchards, gardens; Comp. 171.
Orts, scraps; 985.
Outwards, external features; Comp. 80.
Oversee, superintend; 1205.
Overseen, bewitched; 1206.
Owe, own, have; 82.
Owed, owned; 1803.

Pack-horse; 928. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

Painted cloth, canvas painted with figures, mottoes, or moral sentences, used for hangings for rooms; 245. (*Cp.* illustration p. 185.)
Paled, pale (Quarto, "palyd"); Comp. 198.
Palmers', pilgrims'; 791.
Parling, speaking; 100.
Peace; "love's arms are p." so Quarto, *i.e.* non-resistant, accepting all consequences; Malone, "*proof,*" etc.) Comp. 271.



This representation of a meeting between Death and a fop is a copy of a painting formerly preserved in the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral. The dialogue between the characters is painted on the labels over their heads.

Peers, lets peer, shows; 472.
Pelleted, rounded; Comp. 18.
Pelt, throw out angry words; 1418.
Pensiv'd, pensive; Comp. 219.
Perplex'd, bewildered; 733.
Philomel, the nightingale; 1079.
Phœnix, matchless, rare; Comp. 93.
Phraseless, baffling description; Comp. 225.
Plaining, complaining; 559.
Plaits, folds; 93.
Plausibly, willingly; 1854.
Point'st, appointest; 879.
Posied, inscribed with posies; Comp. 45. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a specimen found at Arreton, Isle of Wight.

Precedent, example; 1261.
Present, instant; 1263.
Pretended, intended; 576.
Prick, dial-point; 781.
Prime, spring; 331.
Prone, headlong; 684.
Proof, experience; Comp. 163.
Property, individuality; Ph. 37.
Proportion'd, regular, orderly; 774.
Purified, purged, rendered harmless; 532.
Purl'd, curled; 1407.

Qualified, softened, abated; 424.
Questioned, conversed; 122.
Quittal, requital; 236.
Quote, observe; 812.

Rate, chide; 304.
Receipt, what has been received; 703.
Regard, thought, deliberation; 1400.
Relish, serve up as a relish; 1126.
Remember'd; "be r.," remember; 607.
Remorseless, pitiless; 562.
Rents, rends; Comp. 55.

Repeal, recall; 640.
Replication, repartee; Comp. 122.
Requiring, asking; Argum. to Luc.
Respect, prudent consideration; 275.
Retires, draws back; 303.
Retiring, returning; 962.
Rigol, circle; 1745.
Ruffle, noise, brawls; Comp. 58.

Saw, maxim; 244.
Sawn, sown; Comp. 91.
Scapes, transgressions; 747.
Seated, situated; 1144.
Securely, unsuspiciously; 89.
Seeks to, applies to; 293.
Seeming; "s. owed," *i.e.* which he seemed to possess; Comp. 327.
Senseless, i.e. "not sensible of the wrong done it"; 820.
Shames, is ashamed; 1084.
Shaming, being ashamed; 1143.
Sheav'd, straw; Comp. 31.
Shift, trickery; 920.
Shifting, (?) cozening; 930.
Sightless, blind, dark; 1013.
Silly, harmless, innocent; 167.
Simois, the river so often referred to by Homer; 1437.
Slanderous, disgraceful; 1001.
Sleided, untwisted; Comp. 48.
Smoothing, flattering; 892.
Sneaped, nipped, frost-bitten; 333.
Sort, sort out, select; 899.
Sorts, adapts; 1221.
Springs, young shoots; 950.
Stell'd, placed, fixed; 1444.
Still-pining, ever-longing; 858.
Still-slaughter'd, ever killed but never dying; 188.
Stole, robe; Comp. 297.
Stops (alluding to the stops in a musical instrument); 1124.
Strange, foreign; 1242.
Suffer, permit; 1832.
Suggested, incited: 37.
Supposed, imagined (by them); 377.
Surcease, cease; 1766.
Surmise, reflection, thought; 83.
Swiftest; "the s. hour," the prime of life; Comp. 60.
Swounds, swoons; 1486.

Talents, lockets made of hair, plaited and set in gold; Comp. 204. *Cp.* s.v. *impleach'd.*
Teen, pain; Comp. 192.
Temperance, chastity; 884.
Tender, favour; 534.
Termless, indescribable; Comp. 94.
Than (rhyming with "*began*"), then; 1440.
That, so that; 177.
Thick, fast; 1784.
Think (?) = methinks; Comp. 91.
Thorough, through, throughout; 1851.
Threne, threnody, funeral song; Ph. 49.
To, in addition to; 1589.
Towering, flying high (a term of falconry); 506.
Treble-dated, living thrice as long as man; Ph. 17.
Trumpet, trumpeter; Ph. 3.

Unadvised, inadvertent; 1488.
Unapproved, not approved, not proved true; Comp. 53.
Uncouth, strange; 1598.
Unhappy, mischievous, fatal; 1565.
Unrecalling, not to be recalled; 993.

Vastly, take a waste; 1740.
Villain, countryman; 1338.

Want; "to w.," *i.e.* "at missing"; 389.
Ward, bolt; 303.
Watch; "w. of woes," *i.e.* "divided and marked only by woes"; 928.
Water-galls, secondary rainbows; 1588.
Weed, garment; 196.
Where, whereas; 792.
Winking, shutting the eyes; 458.
Winks, shuts the eyes, slumbers; 553.
Wipe, brand; 537.
Wistly, wistfully; 1355.
Woodman, huntsman; 580.
Wot; "God w.," *i.e.* "God knows"; 1345.
Wrapp'd, involved; 456.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

LUCRECE: 8. *'unhappily'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'vnhap'ly.'*

24. *'morning's'*; Quarto 1 (Bodl. 1), *'morning.'*

31. *'apologies'*; Quarto 1 (Bodl. 1), *'appologie.'*

56. *'o'er'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ore'*; Quarto 4, *'or'e'*; Malone (1780), *'or'* (*i.e.* gold).

134-136. Many emendations have been proposed to render clear the meaning of these lines, but no change is necessary: "the covetous have not, *i.e.* do not possess, that which they possess, longing for the possessions of others"; the second clause of line 135 is in apposition to the first.

195. *'let'*; Schmidt conj. *'lest.'*

239. *'ay, if'*; early Quartos, *'I, if.'*

637. *i.e.* "who, in consequence of their own misdeeds, look with indifference on the offences of others" (Schmidt).

649. *'dcbt'*; early Quartos *'det'* (rhyming with *'fret'*): similarly line 696, *'balk'*; Quartos, *'bauk'* (rhyming with *'hawk'*).

782. *'misty'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'mustie.'*

841. *'guilty'*; Malone, *'guiltless,'* but no change is necessary; Lucrece's self-reproach at first assigns the guilt to herself.

930. Perhaps we should read, *'injurious-shifting Time.'*

939. *'Time's glory is . . .' Veritas filia temporis* was a favourite motto in the sixteenth century, as is seen from the engravings on page 189 (1) of the reverse of a silver groat issued by Queen Mary, and (2) of a design found in Whitney's *Emblems* (1586).

1134. *'descant'st'*; Quartos, *'descants.'*

1338. *'court'sies'*; Quartos, *'cursies.'*

1662. *'wretched'*; S. Walker conj. *'wreathed.'*

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT: 12. *'scythed'*; Quarto, *'sithed.'*

37. *'beaded'*; Quarto, *'bedded'* (? = "imbedded, set").

39. *'weeping margent'*; Malone conj. *'margent weeping.'*

51. *''gan to tear'*; Quarto, *'gaue to teare'*; Gildon, *'gave a tear.*

60. *'observed as they flew'*; the clause is probably connected with 'hours'; "the reverend man had not let the swift hours

pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world"; it is possible, however, that '*they*' refers to the torn-up letters.

112. '*manage*'; Quarto, '*mannad'g.*'

118. '*came*'; Sewell's correction; Quarto, '*can*'; Sewell's 2nd ed. '*can for additions get their purpose trim.*'

182. '*woo*'; Quarto, '*vow.*'

164. '*sweets that seem*'; Quarto, '*sweets that seemes*'; Capell MS. '*sweet that seems.*'

228. '*Hallow'd*'; Quarto, '*hollowed*'; Sewell's correction.

241. '*playing the place*'; some error due to the printer has spoilt the line; the first word of the line has been caught up by the compositor's eye from the first of the next line, or *vice versâ*; the most ingenious and plausible emendation is '*paling*' for '*playing.*'

260. '*nun*'; Quarto, '*Sunne.*'

261. '*ay*'; Quarto, '*I.*'

271. '*Love's arms are peace*'; so Quarto; Capell MS. and Malone conj. '*proof*' for '*peace,*' a plausible change, if any is necessary; other readings are:—'*Love aims at peace*'; '*Love charms our peace*'; '*Love aims a piece,*' etc.

286. '*who glaz'd with crystal gate*'; Malone, '*who, glaz'd with crystal, gate*' (*i.e. gate* = "the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get,*" *flame* being its object).

308. '*swound*'; Quarto, '*sound*' *cp.* 305, '*swounding*'; Quarto, '*sounding.*'

(2)

(1)

'*Time's glory is to . . . bring Truth to light,*' (939, 40).

SONNETS.

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be solde by *william Aspley.*
1609.

SONNETS.

Preface.

The First Edition. On May 20th, 1609, "*a book called Shakespeares Sonnettes*" was entered on the Stationers' Register, and soon after was published, in quarto, with the following title-page:—

"SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. ELD* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley.* | 1609. | "* (*cp. fac-simile* on opposite page.)

At the end of the Sonnets was printed, for the first time, the poem entitled "A LOVERS COMPLAINT."

The text of the Sonnets was, on the whole, carefully printed, but evidently without the author's supervision; thus, *e.g.* Sonnet CXXVI., a twelve-line *Envoi*, was marked by parentheses at the end, as though two lines were missing; similarly, the final couplet of Sonnet XCVI. may have been borrowed from Sonnet XXXVI.

In 1640 Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, re-arranged under various titles (with the omission of XVIII., XIX., XLIII., LVI., LXXV., LXXVI., XCVI., CXXVI.), were included in "POEMS: WRITTEN BY WIL. SHAKESPEARE, Gent. Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and

* Some copies have the name of "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate," as the bookseller, instead of "William Aspley."

A facsimile of the "*Sonnets*" was issued among the "*Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles*" (No. 30).

The original selling price of the "*Sonnets*" was 5d. A perfect copy would, probably, now fetch £500.

are to be sold by *John Benson*, dwelling in St. *Dunstanes* Churchyard 1640."

It is strange that there should have been no edition between 1609 and 1640; perhaps Benson's protestation that "the Reader" will find them "Seren, cleere, and eligantly plain, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe the brain, no intricate or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence," best explains the prevailing opinion on the subject of the poems. Mr. Publisher "protests too much" against the alleged obscurity of the Sonnets.*

One hundred years after the appearance of the First Edition, the Sonnets were first republished, by Lintot, as originally printed; about the same time Gildon issued a new edition of the 1640 version, under the heading of "*Poems on several occasions.*"

The Sequence of the Sonnets. The Sonnets, as printed in 1609, present on the whole an orderly arrangement, though here and there it is somewhat difficult to find the connecting links. If it could be proved that any one Sonnet is out of place, the whole chain would perhaps be spoilt, but no such "broken link" can be adduced.†

The Sonnet-Sequence consists of three main sections: —A. Sonnets I.-CXXVI.; B. Sonnets CXXVII.-CLII.;

* Probably no weight is to be attached to Benson's statement that the poems are "of the same purity the Author himself then living avouched."

† Mr. Rolfe, in his *Addenda* to the "*Sonnets*," contrasts Sonnet LXX. with Sonnets XXXIII.-XXXVI. (to say nothing of XL.-XLII.); if these Sonnets, he observes, are addressed to the same person, Sonnet LXX. is unquestionably out of place. This seems so at first sight; but surely the faults referred to in the earlier Sonnets are not only forgiven, but here (in LXX.) imputed to slander; or, as Mr. Tyler puts it, "such an affair as that with the poet's mistress was not regarded, apparently, as involving serious moral blemish." Anyhow the statement in the Sonnet is somewhat too flattering, but its position dare not be disturbed.

C. Sonnets CLIII.-CLIV.; Sections A and B are closely connected; Section C may be a sort of Epilogue to B, but it is more probably an independent exercise in sonneteering, based on a Latin version of a Greek Epigram found in the ninth book of the Anthology, composed by Byzantine Marianus, a writer probably of the fifth century after Christ:—

"Τῷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἁπαλῷ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ
εὗδεν Ἔρως, νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλῃσι, 'τί μελλομεν; αἴθε δε τούτῳ
σβέσσαμεν,' εἶπόν, 'ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.
Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκεῖθεν
Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ." *

The Drama of the Sonnet. The general theme of the Sonnets is the poet's almost idolatrous love for a younger friend, a noble and beauteous youth, beloved for his own sweet sake, not for his exalted rank; this unselfish, whole-hearted, and soul-absorbing devotion passes through various stages of doubt, distrust, infidelity, jealousy, and estrangement; after the period of trial, love is again restored, stronger and greater than before:—

"O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

"Friendship Triumphant" is the story unfolded in Sonnets I.-CXXVI. Love between man and man, tri-

* "Here beneath the plane trees, overborne by soft sleep, Love slumbered, giving his torch to the Nymphs' keeping; and the Nymphs said to one another, 'Why do we delay? and would that with this we might have quenched the fire in the heart of mortals.' But now, the torch having kindled even the waters, the amorous Nymphs pour hot water thence into the bathing pool." Mackail, *Select Epigrams.* (On the source of the two Sonnets, *cp.* Hertzberg, *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft,* 1878.) A Latin rendering is found in *Selecta Epigrammata*; Basel, 1529.

umphing over the love of man for woman, was no uncommon theme in Elizabethan literature. The dénouement of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* turns upon it, while Lyly's *Campaspe* (pub. 1584) illustrates the same truth:—Alexander the Great and Apelles, the most famed of Grecian painters, were intimate friends; their friendship was well-nigh wrecked through a woman's charms; the painter became enamoured of the monarch's mistress while painting her likeness, but Alexander generously cancelled his claim; his friendship for the painter was greater than his love for the fair captive.

The Sonnet-drama seems to have many points in common with Lyly's Court-play; instead of the painter of "Venus Anadyomene," we have the poet of "Venus and Adonis"; instead of magnanimity on the part of the high-born and exalted friend, it is the wronged poet who bears forgivingly "the strong offence's cross"; instead of a ravishingly beautiful woman, we have a dark-eyed Circe, the reverse of beautiful, bewitching men by the magic of her eyes; a dark-haired, pale-cheeked siren, drawing her victims despite their knowledge of her wiles; a very Cleopatra in strength, intellect and hedonism.

As in the drama, so in the Sonnets, the chief actors are three in number; the poet is, however, the hero; the friend and the woman are the good and evil angels:—

> *"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,*
> *Which like two spirits do suggest me still;*
> *The better angel is a man right fair,*
> *The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill."*

This, then, is the keynote of the whole sequence: the first section (I.-CXXVI.) is occupied mainly with the "man right fair," the second (CXXVII.-CLII.) concerns the "woman colour'd ill," to whom passing allusion is evidently made in Sonnets XXX.-XXXV., etc.; the poet's picture of his *Campaspe* needed a special section for itself; he gives us no fancy picture, but one evidently drawn from life (*cp.* CXXVII.-CXLIV., etc.).

Noteworthy Points. (i) Although the first one hundred and twenty-six Sonnets form one whole, it is quite clear that they sub-divide into smaller groups, though in very few instances does a Sonnet stand by itself, unconnected with what goes before or with what follows. Thus I.-XXVI. is a series of Sonnets forming, at is were, a single poetical epistle urging his friend to marry; XXVII.-XXXII. seem to form another such epistle, dealing with friendship in absence; XXXIII.-XLII. tell of love's first disillusioning; love's willing pain, self-denial, and forgiveness; XLIII.-LV. express friendship's fears during separation. Similarly, the remaining Sonnets of the series may be more or less accurately grouped; the most striking of the remaining groups is probably C.-CXXV., which gives the impression of having been added after the so-called Sonnet CXXVI. had been written; if this were so, Shakespeare's original intention was to compose a Century of Sonnets, following the example of the poet Watson, the author of "*Hekatompathia, the Passionate Century of Love.*" (*Cp. Analytical Chart.*)

(ii) These various poetical epistles probably represent intervals of time; but there are also more direct indications of the time covered by the poems; the most important of these indications is to be found in Sonnet CIV. (where a three years' space is alluded to; compare with the earier Sonnets, *e.g.* XXXIII. "*he was but one hour mine*"). Time-indications are also perhaps to be found in the references to particular seasons in some of the Sonnets.

(iii) Certain Sonnets are suggestive of historical allusions, notably CVII. and CXXIV., though it may at present be difficult to explain with certainty the events referred to.

(iv.) One of the most striking features of the Sonnets is the poet's oft-repeated belief in the immortality of his poems (*e.g.* LV., LXIII., LXXXI., etc.): he was evidently following Horace's excellent precedent ("*exegi*

monumentum ære perennius") in making his proud claim:—

> *"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments*
> *Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."*

(v.) Side by side with this exultation we have the poet's sense of humiliation arising from his connexion with the common stage (*cp.* XXIX.).

(vi.) Lastly, among the most noteworthy points on the very surface of the Sonnets, there is the poet's sensitiveness, showing itself in many forms, now in his passionate devotion, now in his regard for his reputation (CXXI), now in his jealous resentment of any rival near the throne of his love.

Who was the Rival Poet? Sonnets LXXIX.-LXXXVI. obviously refer to some particular poet. Various solutions have been advanced. Marlowe, Drayton, Daniel, have each been put forward, but no satisfactory case has been made out for any of them. In all probability George Chapman is the poet referred to and characterised. In the dedication to his poem called *The Shadow of Night* (published in 1594) occur the following words:—"Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so nightly pierced with their loves that she should prostitutely show them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others *but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like a heavenly familiar;*" these words seem almost re-echoed in Shakespeare's bantering allusion to "*that affable familiar ghost," etc.* "Chapman,"* as Minto well observed, "was a man of overpowering enthusiasm, ever eager in magnifying poetry, and advancing fervent claims to supernatural inspiration."

"*The proud full sail of his great verse*" recalls Keats's

* *Cp. Characteristics of English Poets,* pp. 222, 223, where the suggestion was first made that Chapman was the poet in question.

famous sonnet, "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer*"* :—

> "*Then felt I like some watcher of the skies*
> *When a new planet swims into his ken;*
> *Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes*
> *He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men*
> *Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—*
> *Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*"

The Date of Composition. The *Sonnets* were first printed in the year 1609; "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," published in 1599, contained two Sonnets found in the 1609 volume (viz. CXXXVIII. and CXLIV.); Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, referred to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends," and the reference may be to the collection, or part of the collection, under consideration.† This sums up the direct evidence we possess. Seeing, however, that Shakespeare, in 1593, styled his *Venus and Adonis* "the first heir of my inven-

* Chapman first published seven books of the *Iliad* in 1598.

† Mr. Tyler (*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, p. 19) makes the ingenious suggestion that Sonnet LV., "*Not marble, nor the gilded monuments*," *etc.*, and more especially the line, "*Not Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn*," was suggested by Meres' reference to Shakespeare, etc.; the suggestion is certainly noteworthy:—

"As Ovid saith of his worke:—

'*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas:'

And as Horace saith of his,—

'*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*,' etc.

So say I severally of Sir Philip Sidney's, Spenser's, Daniel's, Drayton's, Shakespeare's, and Warner's workes:—

'*Non Jovis ira, imbres, Mars, ferrum, flamma, senectus,*
Hoc opus unda, lues, turbo, venena ruent.'

Et quamquam ad pulcherrimum hoc opus evertendum tres illi Dii conspirabunt, cronus, Volcanus, et pater ipse gentis:—

'*Non tamen annorum series, non flamma, nec ensis,*
Æternum potuit hoc abolere dieus.'"

tion," and that the poem on the *Rape of Lucrece* appeared the following year, it is perhaps fair to assume that 1594 may be the "*terminus a quo*" for the Sonnets.* Again we have the closest link between the Sonnets and the early love-plays, with their love-intrigues, their dark beauty (*e.g.* Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*), their sonnet-dialogue, their dominating thought:—

> *"Never durst poet touch a pen to write*
> *Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."*
> (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 547.)

No long interval could have separated "*Romeo and Juliet*" and Sonnet CXVI., the poet's epitaph for the golden tomb raised to the lovers by their loveless kin,—the very epitome of all the Songs and Stories of Romantic Passion that we have heard or read.

On the other hand, there are notes in the Sonnets suggestive of plays of a somewhat later period (*e.g.* Sonnets LXVI.-LXXIV. recall *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*): this note of introspection and melancholy must not be pressed too far, seeing that, even in the earliest plays, the clouds often darken suddenly.

We may perhaps assume that the earliest Sonnets belong to about 1595. If Sonnet CIV. were taken strictly, the period covered would be (*circa*) 1595—(*circa*) 1598. The date, however, cannot be definitely fixed until we are in possession of some of the facts underlying the poems. True, Shakespeare seems to have unlocked his heart in these Sonnets, but the key to their secret history has been lost; patient labour may have recovered it; yet we cannot be sure; too often, perhaps, we merely force the lock.†

* In XCIV. occurs the well-known line, "*Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds,*" which is also found in the Shakespearian play of Edward III., written probably in 1594, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Registers, Dec. 1st, 1595.

† It is impossible in this short preface to sketch, however briefly, the history of the interpretation of the Sonnets; according to some critics they are allegorical exercises, according to others

To whom were the Sonnets addressed? The world of scholars may be said to be divided into Herbertists and Southamptonites; the former are staunch supporters of the claims advanced on behalf of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; the latter maintain the prior claims of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

At the present moment the star of William Herbert is in the ascendant. Many a former ally of Southampton has rallied round the banner unfurled by Herbert's redoubtable champion, Mr. Thomas Tyler.*

William Herbert's claims. William Herbert was born on April 8, 1580; in the spring of the year 1598 he came to reside permanently in London. Evidence exists that he was averse to marriage; he was, however, no misogynist. His intrigue with a notorious Mistress Mary Fitton has much in common with "the sensual fault" of "the better angel" of the *Sonnets*. The scandal belonged to 1600-1.

The Herbertists assign the Sonnets to the years 1598-1601; the historical allusions in Sonnets CVII., CXXIV., are referred by them to the rebellion of Essex (1601); they maintain that nothing in the Sonnets invalidates their claims.

Furthermore, they rightly call attention to the fact that to William Herbert, together with his brother Philip, "the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren," was dedi-

partly personal, and partly dramatic (*cp.* Massey's "*Secret Drama of the Sonnets*"); the weightiest authorities support the view that the Sonnets express Shakespeare's "own feelings in his own person." (A summary of the various theories will be found in Prof. Dowden's edition of the *Sonnets*, 1881.)

*"*Shakespeare's Sonnets, edited by* Thomas Tyler" (David Nutt, 1890) contains a thorough investigation of William Herbert's alleged connection with the Sonnets, together with a full account of Mary Fitton, and an admirable commentary; the arguments throughout the volume are based on careful investigation; the present writer, though he cannot assent to the theory, cannot withhold his recognition of the excellence of the book.

cated the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays by Heminge & Condell, in 1623; and it is there stated that the two brothers prosecuted the plays and "their Authour living with much favour."

Finally, it is alleged that Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVI., CXLIII., afford conclusive evidence that the poems were addressed to "*Will.*"

The case against Herbert. According to the Herbertists the earliest date for any of the Sonnets must be 1598; but in that year Francis Meres refers to Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends"; it might indeed be argued that the reference is not to the present poems; but Meres also refers to Shakespeare's pre-eminence as a writer of comedies and tragedies, and instances six plays in each department. In Sonnet XVI., however, which Herbert's supporters assign to 1598, Shakespeare alludes to his "pupil pen." Is it likely he would have done so at that date?

Again, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, published in 1599, we find Sonnets CXXXVIII. and CXLIV. Is it likely that between the spring of 1598 (when Herbert, a youth of eighteen, first came to town) and at latest some time in 1599 (when Jaggard piratically obtained what were probably two of the Sonnets that Meres had referred to), Shakespeare and young Herbert had not only become friends, not only had their friendship ripened, but that the drama of their friendship had developed to the point indicated by the two Sonnets in question?

The first group of Sonnets (X.-XXVI.) link themselves unmistakeably to the poems of "*Venus and Adonis*" and "*Lucrece.*" How do the Herbertists account for Shakespeare's strange return in 1598 to his earlier mood and style?

The alleged references to "*Will*" as the name of the favoured friend will not bear the test of examination. In each case the writer may be quibbling with his own name,

or playing on "*will*" and "*wish*" in true Elizabethan fashion.*

There is, further, one small point worthy of note. Shakespeare's pique at his friend's encouragement of another poet would hardly have been justifiable in the case of Herbert. The poet Daniel, who had been Herbert's tutor, and who was *par excellence* the poet of the Pembroke family, would have had the first place in his pupil's affection. The Sonnets in question certainly give the impression that Shakespeare was the first to receive encouragement from his patron, and that no other poet had prior claims.

Over and above all these doubts, tending to weaken the case of the Herbertists, there is the incontestable fact that the assignment of the Sonnets to Herbert gives the lie to Shakespeare's protestations of whole-hearted and exclusive devotion to his first patron, the Earl of Southampton, and convicts the poet of time-serving insincerity. What, then, becomes of his proud claim:—"*No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change?*"

Southampton's claims. Henry Wriothesley was born October 6, 1573. His father and brother both died before he had reached the age of twelve. After taking his degree at Cambridge, 1589, he came to London and entered Gray's Inn. He was the ward of Lord Burghley, and might not inaptly be described as "a child of state," brought up under the Queen. In 1593 *Venus and Adonis* appeared with its dedication to the young Lord; in 1594 *Lucrece* was published with its noteworthy declaration:—"*What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours.*"

About this time he became recognised as the patron of

* In the early comedies the quibble is often found, *e.g.*:—
"*Silvia*] *What's your will?*
Proteus] *That I may compass yours.*
Silvia] *You have your wish; my will is ever this,* etc."
TWO GENTLEMEN, iv. II.

learning and poetry (*cp.* Gabriel Harvey's *Letter,* with Sonnet to Southampton 1593; Markham's *Sir R. Grenville,* 1595; Peele's *Anglorum Feriæ,* 1595; Florio's *Dictionary,* 1596, *etc.*). In Sept., 1595, Southampton fell in love with Elizabeth Vernon, the Earl of Essex's cousin; his love cost him the Queen's favour, and involved him in a series of troubles. The marriage was hindered for about three years. During this time he was probably with Essex, as an unattached volunteer, at the attack at Cadiz, and did brave service against the Spaniards; owing, however, to false reports and misrepresentations, he received, as his reward, blame instead of praise from his unfriendly Sovereign; on March 17, 1598, Cecil introduced him, at Angers, to Henry IV., telling the King that Lord Southampton "was come with deliberation to do him service." His zeal was suddenly stopped by the Peace of Vervins, concluded in April of the same year; towards the end of the year he returned, and secretly married Elizabeth Vernon; his career during the remainder of the Queen's reign was fraught with misfortunes. He absented himself from the Court, and we hear of him in 1599 as "*passing his time in London merely in going to plays every day.*" His connexion with Essex's rebellion nearly cost him his life: the death-sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His subsequent history under James I. does not directly concern us here; brief allusion must, however, be made to his release from the Tower at the King's accession. "These bountiful beginnings," wrote a contemporary, referring to the event, "raise all men's spirits and put them in great hopes." There was universal joy; poets welcomed him with verses; notably Samuel Daniel, and John Davies of Hereford; the panegyric of the former poet tells that:—

"The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy best fortunes could have won":

while the latter, addressing the Earl, sings of the happy change in men's affairs:—

> *"Then let 's be merry in our God and King,*
> *That made us merry, being ill bestadd:*
> *Southampton, up thy cap to Heaven fling,*
> *And on the viol their sweet praises sing;*
> *For he is come that grace to all doth bring."*

Whatever may have been men's feelings towards the hapless Essex, it is certain that there was no little affectionate sympathy for one at least of the fool-hardy rebels, *"covered long with the ashes of great Essex his ruins."* In their very jubilation there was silent disapproval of the Virgin Queen's petty tyranny towards her favourites. It is a significant fact that Shakespeare uttered no word of lament on the Queen's death; Chettle, in his *England's Mourning Garment* (1603), reproached him for his silence:—

> "Nor doth the silver tonguèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear
> *To mourn her death that gracèd his desert*
> *And to his laies opened her royall eare.*
> Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth
> And sing her rape done by that Tarquin, Death."

Mr. Gerald Massey* maintains that Sonnet CVII. was Shakespeare's written gratulation, welcoming his friend from "the gloom of a prison on his way to a palace, and the smile of a monarch." According to this quasi-Southamptonist, the eclipse of *"the mortal moon"* is an allusion to Elizabeth's death. The Herbertists, emphasising the word *"endured,"* rightly point out that the moon is imagined as having endured her eclipse, and come out none the less bright, and refer the Sonnet to Essex's abortive attempt. But certainly a better case can be made out for a reference to the Peace of Vervins, 1598, which meant the ruin of Philip's projects in France, and the assertion of

* *"The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets,"* p. 333.

English supremacy at sea; by it all danger from Spain quietly passed away:—

> *"Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,*
> *And peace proclaims olives of endless age."*

For five years England had been forced to aid Henry IV. with men and money, lest France might be turned into a Spanish dependency; it was indeed a time of "incertainties" for England. Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* * reflects the popular interest in Henry's affairs; while *The Comedy of Errors* (III. ii. 125-127) quibblingly alludes to France *"armed and reverted, making war against her hair" (i.e. heir)*.

The "thralled discontent" of Sonnet CXXIV., which the Herbertists assign to 1601 and refer to the severe measures by which Essex's rebellion was put down, may perhaps refer to the growing feelings of discontent which were ultimately to find expression in insane revolt.

The whole Sonnet reads like a protestation on Shakespeare's part; though his friend, "the child of state," has suffered Fortune's spite,† the poet's love, being no child of state, fears no policy, and knows no change; it is indifferent alike to Fortune's smiles and Fortune's frowns.

This idea is continued in Sonnet CXXV.; friendship is founded neither on self-interest, nor on transitory attractions. The poet resents the bare thought that he valued pomp, grandeur and prosperity, and was merely a "fair-weather" friend‡:—

> *"No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,*
> *And take thou my oblation, poor but free,*
> *Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,*
> *But mutual render, only me for thee.*
> *Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul*
> *When most impeach'd stands least in thy control."*

* *Vide Preface to "Love's Labour's Lost."*

† On Nov. 22nd, 1598, Southampton returned from the Continent; "for his welcome," we read, "he is committed to the Fleet."

‡ *Cp.* Sonnet XXV.

The Herbertists explain the poem as Shakespeare's apology for his defection from Southampton, "at this time suffering imprisonment as a convicted rebel!"

But in one of the Sonnets of the same group (CII.) the poet definitely identifies the friend addressed with the patron of his early poems:—

> *"Our love was new, and then but in the spring,*
> *When I was wont to greet it with my lays";*

while XXVI. almost echoes the *Lucrece* dedication.

According to the Southamptonites, Sonnets C.-CXXVI.* belong to the year 1598 (the Peace of Vervins was concluded in April; Southampton was away from February to November), Sonnet CIV. giving the period of the whole series as ranging from 1595 at earliest. As regards the interval between I.-XCIX. and C.-CXXVI., and the dates of the smaller groups, theorists are not at one. It is not unlikely that the first ninety-nine were written during 1595 (before September) and 1596 (before August, when Shakespeare's little Hamnet died). There would thus be a silence of about a year and a half, before Shakespeare stirred up his "forgetful Muse." In the interval some "vulgar scandal" had occurred, involving the poet's reputation, and to this he refers in CX.-CXII.; it is difficult to determine what this trouble actually was; the Oldcastle-Falstaff affair (*vide Henry IV. Preface*) would certainly suit so far as the date (1597) is concerned, but the matter seems to have been much more serious. A somewhat stronger case could perhaps be made out for the Herbertists' view, which connects the scandal with "the quarrel known as the *War of the theatres*," 1600-1. Neither theory will adequately explain the tone of Sonnet CXXI.

As regards the first group of Sonnets (I.-XXVI.), if they were written before Southampton had become

* Perhaps C.-CXXV. would be better; the *envoi* CXXVI. was perhaps originally the concluding poem of Sonnets I.-XCIX.

enamoured of Elizabeth Vernon, it is easy to understand the omission of further reference to the marriage theme in the subsequent Sonnets.*

Sonnets XL., XLII., (and Section B. CXXVII.-CLII. connected with them) must, according to the supporters of Southampton's claim, be referred to 1595. In connection with this early date it is perhaps fair to mention a curious publication of the year 1594, entitled "*Willobie his Avisa, or the true Picture of a Modest maid and of a Chaste and Constant Life,*" which tells how a young married woman, Avice, resists successively the wooing of a Frenchman, an Anglo-German, and an "*old player, W. S.*, who not long before tried the courtesy of the like passion"; finally H. W. ("Italo Hispalensis") becomes infected with a fantastical fit, and consults W. S., who gives him valuable advice. There can be no doubt that "Henry Willobie's" alleged authorship is a literary hoax, and that the publication contained matter of a satirical and perhaps libellous nature; hence in 1596 it was "called in" with Hall's *Satires* and Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum.* "H. W." and "W. S.," suggestive of Henry Wriothesley and William Shakespeare may of course be purely accidental, but the coincidence is remarkable, and the evidence, whatever its value, cannot be suppressed. It should be added that there are prefatory lines in praise of *Avisa,* wherein Shakespeare, perhaps for the first time in literature, is referred to by name:—"*And Shake-speare paints poor Lucrece's rape.*" Was this reference ironical? †

* Mr. Fleay, however, holds that these Sonnets were written after Southampton had met Elizabeth Vernon in 1595 (*vide* "*Chronicle History of the Drama,*" where Mr. Fleay's whole theory is carefully elaborated; though many a point here and there is doubtful, the high value of the essay is incontestable).

† A reprint of *Willobie* is to be found among Dr. Grosart's privately printed issues. The particular Chapter referred to above is printed in the "*Shakespeare Allusion Book.*" (*New Shak. Soc.*)

The Publisher's evidence. Initials are troublesome ciphers. "H. W." and "W. S." allure the readers of "*Willobie his Avisa*"; while "Mr. W. H." of the Dedication prefacing the Sonnets has afforded intellectual exercise to generations of scholars.

Had the publisher been aware of the contentions of posterity as to the history of the Sonnets, he could not, in a diabolical mood, have invented a more protean dedication. The Herbertists naturally interpret "Mr. W. H." as standing for "Mr. William Herbert (Earl of Pembroke)," and "begetter" as meaning "inspirer"; the Southamptonites suggest that the publisher reversed the initials of "Henry Wriothesley," so as to half-conceal his connexion with the facts referred to in the Sonnets.

Others allege that "begetter" is used in the sense of "obtainer," "procurer," "dedicatee," and various dedicatees have been found answering the requirements of the initials in question—William Hughes, William Hathaway, William Hart, William Hervey (Southampton's stepfather), and, actually, WILLIAM HIMSELF!"*

T. T. has set the world a conundrum, which will probably bring him immortal fame: as yet no solution has been finally accepted.

Contemporary Sonnet Sequences. The date, 1594-1598, would bring Shakespeare's *Sonnets* into line with the chief Sonnet productions of the period:—Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, published 1591; Daniel's *Delia*, 1592; Constable's *Diana*, 1592; Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593; Barnes' *Parthenophil*, 1593; Drayton's *Idea*, 1594; Spenser's

* George Wither seems to have anticipated this stupendous discovery, due to Germanic genius, when he inscribed his satires thus:—"*G.W. Wisheth Himself all happiness.*"

It has been suggested that Ben Jonson ostensibly alluded to "T. T.'s" inscription, when he dedicated his Epigrams to the Earl of Pembroke:—*While you* cannot change your merit, *I dare not change your title.* . . . When I made them I had nothing in my conscience to expressing of which I *did need a cipher.*"

Amoretti, 1594; Lodge's *Phillis,* 1595; Chapman's *Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy,* 1595. It would certainly seem that the writing of Love-Sonnets culminated in 1594-5.* As far as the form of his Sonnets is concerned, Shakespeare seems to have been influenced by contemporary sonneteers, and perhaps more especially by Daniel, in abandoning the Petrarchan type, and building up his sonnet of three quatrains and a final couplet. Some critics have censured Shakespeare for departing from the more complex Italian type, but "the quest of the Shakespeare Sonnet is not, like that of the sonnet of octave and sestet, sonority, and so to speak, metrical counterpoint, but sweetness; and the sweetest of all possible arrangements

* Mr. Massey in his "*Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*" points out some striking reminiscences of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (as well as of the *Arcadia*), more especially with reference to a number of the earliest sonnets.

Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and the 1599 revised edition of Drayton's *Idea* contain some remarkable parallel passages; it seems most likely that Drayton was the borrower. Mr. Tyler cannot detect any allusion in Drayton's work to Sonnets C.-CXXVI. The following specimen of Drayton will best illustrate his debt:—

> "*An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,*
> *Wherewith, alas, I have been long possest,*
> *Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,*
> *Nor gives me once but one pore minutes rest*
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *Thus am I still provok'd to every evil*
> *By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel-devil.*"

Marston's *Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satyres,* published in 1598, contains a passage strongly resembling Sonnet XXXII., lines 10-14, and more especially the words "*To march in ranks of better equipage;*" Marston's lines speak of—

> "*Stanzaes like odd bands*
> *Of voluntaries and mercenarians:*
> *Which like soldados of our warlike age,*
> *March rich bedight in warlike equipage.*"

I cannot agree with Mr. Tyler that it may be maintained, with confidence, that Marston's poem preceded Shakespeare's.

in English versification is a succession of decasyllabic quatrains in alternate rhymes knit together and clinched by a couplet—a couplet coming not so far from the initial verse as to lose its binding power, and yet not so near the initial verse that the ring of epigram disturbs the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of this movement, but sufficiently near to shed its influence over the poem back to the initial verse."

Enthusiasts for the Miltonic Sonnet, with its "observance of strict laws of composition," condemn Shakespeare's deviation from the stricter type, and declare that "the so-called Sonnets" are not sonnets at all, but a continuous poem, or poems, written in fourteen-line stanzas: but from the experimental days of Surrey and Wyatt the form employed by Shakespeare had been the favourite sonnet-type of English poets. It were easy to combat Mark Pattison's bold pronouncement, that "the example of Shakespeare, and the veneration due to that mighty name, has exercised a misleading influence on our sonnetists." Milton's exaltation implies no rivalry with Shakespeare—theirs are "two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain."

> "*The tongue of England, that which myriads*
> *Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed*
> *Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth*
> *Above the flight of ages, two alone;*
> *One crying out,*
>
> All nations spoke thro' me
>
> *The other:*
>
> True; and thro' this trumpet burst
> God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
> First of immortal, then of mortal, man;
> Glory! be glory! not to me, to God."

ANALYSIS OF THE "SONNETS."

A.—"THE BETTER ANGEL": i.-cxxvi.

I. LOVE'S ADORATION: i.-xxvi.

Beauty and goodness must live on { in the beloved's children (i.-xvi.) / in the poet's verse (xvii.-xxv.) / *Envoy* (xxvi.)

Interval.

II. LOVE'S TRIALS: xxvii.-xcix.

Love in Absence.

(*a*) The bitterness of absence (xxvii.-xxxii.) {
- The sense of loss (xxvii., xxviii.)
- Night-Thoughts { The Poet's outcast state (xxix.) / Bereavements (xxx.) }
- Love dispels the gloom (xxix.-xxxi.)
- *Envoy* (xxxii.)

}

Interval.

(*b*) Love's first disillusioning (xxxiii.-xlii.) {
- "He was but one hour mine" (xxxiii.)
- Love's excuses (xxxv., xli.)
- Love's self-disparagement (xxxvi., xxxvii.)
- Love's willing pain (xxxviii.)
- Love's self-denial (xxxix.-xl.)
- The gain of loss (xlii.)
- Forgiveness.
- (?) *Envoy* (xlii.)

}

Interval.

(*c*) Love's longings and prophetic fears (xliii.-lv.) {
- Love-longing (xliii.-xlvii.)
- Fears (xlviii.)
- Self-abasement (xlix.)
- The journey from, contrasted with journey to, his friend (l., li.)
- The pleasures of hope (lii.)
- The pleasures of imagination (liii.)
- Love's assurance (liv.)
- *Envoy* (lv.)

}

Interval.

Love in Absence

(*d*) Love's growing distrust and melancholy (lvi.-lxxv.)

- Love must watch and wait and believe (lvi.-lviii.)
- Despite ancient doctrines (lix.-lx.)
- Nevertheless distrustful thoughts arise (lxi.)
- Introspection and self-accusation (lxii.-lxiii.)
- Melancholy thoughts (lxiv.-lxvii; lxxi.-lxxiii.)
- The beloved's beauty redeems the world (lxix.)
- Detractors are slanderers (lxx.)
- The solace of poetry (lxxiv.)

Envoy (lxxv.)

Interval.

(*e*) Love's jealousy (lxxv.-xcvi.)

- The Poet's reply to his critics (lxxvi., lxxvii.)
- Alien pens (lxxviii.)
- The rival poet (lxxix.-lxxxvi.)
- The poet's rude awakening (lxxxvii.)
- His devotion constant, though mutual love at an end (lxxxviii., lxxxix.)
- He longs for the full force of Fortune's spite (xc.)
- The possession of his friend's love alone made him truly fortunate (xci.)
- Happily, its loss means loss of life (xcii.)
- But he must not deceive himself,
- A sweet face may harbour false thoughts (xciii.)
- 'Tis a sign of greatness to be self-contained (xciv.)
- But the great must beware of corruption (xcv.)
- Beauty and grace cannot always transfigure vice (xcv.)

Envoy (xcvi.)

Interval.

(*f*) Love's farewell tribute (xcvii.-xcix.)

- Absence in Summer and Autumn (xcvii.)
- Absence in Spring (xcviii.)

Envoy (xcix.)

Interval of a year or two.

III. LOVE'S TRIUMPH: c.-cxxvi.

The re-awakening (c.)
Time cannot change the beloved (civ.)
Chivalrous poetry prophetic of his friend (cvi.)
Love finds new conceits (cviii.)
Love and pity (cxii.)
Love grows stronger through error (cxv.)
Error tests friendship (cxvii.-cxix.)
The Poet rebuts malicious charges (cxxi.)
The Poet's love not "the child of state" (cxxiv.)
The Poet's silence (cii.-ciii.)
The Poet's eulogies (cv.)
Love survives ill-forebodings (cvii.)
The Poet's confessions (cix.-cxi.)
Love's imaginings (cxiii., cxiv.)
Love superior to dangers and trials (cxvi.)
Still apologetic (cxx.-cxxii.)
Love conquers Time (cxxiii.)
The Poet resents the calumny of being a time-server cxxv.)
Envoy (cxxvi.)

B.—"THE WORSER SPIRIT": cxxvii.-clii.

(Cp. xxxiii.-xlii.)

C.—"LOVE'S FIRE": cliii.-cliv.

SONNETS.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .

Mr. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED .

BY .

OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING .

ADVENTVRER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

SONNETS.

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than thy barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
And when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth:
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all,
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run and give him leave to go.

LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme?
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou doth wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he 's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
For thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days,
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say ''Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeer by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

What 's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or they dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay.
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me now
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours.
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-pressed defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
. . . these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O, me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Glossary.

Abuse, treat badly; xlii. 7.

Acquaintance; "to take a new a. of thy mind," *i.e.* thy mind will become anew acquainted with its own thoughts"; lxxvii. 12.

Act; "in a.," *i.e.* in reality; clii. 3.

Adder's; "a. sense," alluding to the alleged deafness of the adder; cxii. 10.

Adulterate, lewd; cxxi. 5.

Advance, raise, lift up; lxxviii. 13.

Advantage, favourable opportunity; cliii. 2.

Advised; "a. respects," deliberate consideration; xlix. 4.

After-loss, later loss future grief; xc. 4.

Against, against the time when; lxiii. 1.

——; "stand a.," endure; xxxviii. 6.

Aggravate, increase; cxlvi. 10.

All; "without a. bail," *i.e.* accepting no bail; lxxiv. 2.

All-oblivious, causing all to be forgotten; lv. 9.

Allow, approve; cxii. 4.

Amazeth, confounds; xx. 8.

Ambush, insidious attacks; lxx. 9.

Approve, prove; lxx. 5.

Approve, find by experience; cxlvii. 7.

April, the month of Spring flowers; iii. 10.

Argument, subject-matter; xxxviii. 3.

Art, learning; lxvi. 9.

Arts, learning, letters; lxxviii. 12.

As, as for example; lxvi. 2.

Astonished, stunned; lxxxvi. 8.

Astronomy, astrology; xiv. 2.

Attaint, blame, discredit; lxxxii. 2.

Bail, out of prison; cxxxiii. 10.

Bare; "all b.," all by itself, merely; ciii. 3.

Becoming of, making comely; cxxvii. 13.

Befriends, benefits; cxx. 1.

Bears; "b. it out," *i.e.* endures; cxvi. 12.

Beated, beaten, battered ("*bated,*" "'*bated,*" "*beaten,*" have been unnecessarily substituted); lxii. 10.

Begetter, prob. = inspirer (according to others = getter); Dedic.

Bereft, taken away, lost; v. 11.

Besides; "put b. his p.," *i.e.* "put out"; xxiii. 2.

Bestow, stow, lodge, shelter; xxvi. 8.

Bevel, slanting; cxxi. 11.
Blanks, blank pages (Quarto, "*blacks*"); lxxvii. 10.
Blenches, aberrations; cx. 7.
Blood, passion; cix. 10.
Blunt, clumsy; ciii. 7.
Bonds, claims; lxxxvii. 4.
Bower, habitation; cxxvii. 7.
Brave, beautiful; xii. 2.
——, defy; xii. 14.
Bravery, splendour; xxxiv. 4.
Breathers; "the b. of this world," *i.e.* "the present generation"; lxxxi. 12.
Bred, firmly established; cxii. 13.

Canker, canker-worm; xxxv. 4; lxx. 7.
Canker-blooms, dog-roses; liv. 5.
Captain, chief; lii. 8.
Carcanet, necklace; lii. 8.
Case; "love's fresh c.," *i.e.* "love's new condition"; cviii. 9.
Cast; "cast his utmost sum," closed the account; xlix. 3.
Censures, judges; cxlviii. 4.
Charg'd, attacked; lxx. 10.
Check, rebuff; lviii. 7.
Chest; "time's ch.," *i.e.* Time's treasure-hold, the grave; lxv. 10.
Chopp'd, chapped, rent, roughened; lxii. 10.
Churl, niggard, miser; i. 12.
'Cide, decide (Quarto, "*side*"); xlvi. 9.
Clean, completely; lxxv. 10.
Comment, expatiate; lxxxix. 2.
Compare, comparison; xxi. 5.
Compile, compose, write; lxxviii. 9.
Conceit, conception; xv. 9; cviii. 13.
Confound, destroy; lx. 8.
Consecrate, consecrated; lxxiv. 6.
Contents; "these c.," *i.e.* what is contained in these writings; lv. 3.
Contracted, betrothed; i. 5.
Controlling, rendering subordinate, surpassing; xx. 7.
Convert, turn, change thy aim; xiv. 12.
Converted, changed; xlix. 7.
——, turned away; vii. 11.
Convertest, dost turn away; xi. 4.
Copy, the original design; xi. 14.
Correct; "to c. correction," *i.e.* "to perfect correction"; cxi. 12.
Cost, that on which money is spent; lxiv. 2.
Count, account, reckoning; ii. 11.
Counterfeit, portrait; xvi. 8.
——(rhyming with "set,"); liii. 5.
Counterpart, exact reproduction; lxxxiv. 11.
Couplement, union (Quarto, "*cooplement*"); xxi. 5.
Courses, yearly courses; lix. 6.
Critic, carper; cxii. 11.
Crooked, malignant; lx. 7.
Curious, fastidious, critical; xxxviii. 13.

Damask'd, variegated; cxxx. 5.

Date, limit; xiv. 14.
Dateless, endless; xxx. 6.
——, eternal; cliii. 6.
Dates, terms of existence; cxxiii. 5.
Dear, loving; xlvi. 12.
Dearest, most intense; xxxvii 3.
Debate, contest, quarrel; lxxxix. 13.
Debateth, combats (perhaps discusses); xv. 11.
Decay, cause of ruin; lxxx. 14.
Dedicated; "d. words," *i.e.* (probably) words of dedication; lxxxii. 3.
Defeat, destroy; lxi. 11.
Defeated, defrauded; xx. 11.
Defect, fault, blameworthiness; lxx. 1.
——, defects; cxlix. 11.
Defence, resistance; cxxxix. 8.
Delves; "d. the parallels," *i.e.* "makes furrows"; lx. 10.
Denote, show; cxlviii. 7.
Departest, leavest; xi. 2.
Determinate, determine, ended, out of date; lxxxvii. 4.
Determination, end of (a legal use); xiii. 6.
Disabled (quadrisyllabic); lxvi. 8.
Discloses, uncloses, unfolds; liv. 8.
Dispense; "d. . . . with," excuse; cxii. 12.
Distillation, perfumes distilled from flowers; v. 9.
Doubting, suspecting; lxxv. 6.
Dressings, trimmings up; cxxiii. 4.
Drop in, come in; xc. 4.
Dullness, drowsiness; lvi. 8.
Dwellers on, those who set store on; cxxv. 5.

Eager, sharp, acid; cxviii. 2.
Effect, working efficiency; xxxvi. 7.
Effectually, in reality; cxiii. 4.
Eisel, vinegar; cxi. 10.
Enlarged; "envy, evermore e."; (?) a reference to the Blatant Beast, tied up by Calidore; after a time he broke his chain, "and got into the world at liberty again" (*Faerie Queene,* Bk. VI.; Hales); lxx. 12.
Enlighten, to shed lustre on; clii. 11.
Ensconce, shelter; xlix. 9.
Entitled; "e. in thy parts," *i.e.* "finding their title or claim in thy qualities" (Quarto, "*e. in their parts,*"? = "having a just claim to the first place as their due"); xxxvii. 7.
Envy (accented on second syllable); cxxviii. 5.
Esteeming, estimation; cii. 3.
Estimate, value, valuation; lxxxvii. 2.
Except, object to, refuse; cxlvii. 8.
Exchanged, changed, altered; cix. 7.
Expense, loss; xxx. 8.
——, expenditure, waste; xciv. 6.
Expiate, bring to an end; xxii. 4.
Extern, external show; cxxv. 2.

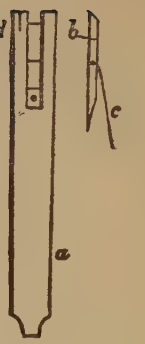
Fair, beauty; xvi. 11.
Fairly, beauteously, in respect of beauty; v. 4.
False; "f. esteem," spurious reputation; cxxvii. 12.
Fame, made famous; lxxxiii. 11.
Favour, countenance; cxiii. 10.
——, outward appearance; cxxv. 5.
Fee, pledge, guarantee; cxx. 13.
Fell, cruel, harsh; lxxiv. 1.
Fester, corrupt, rot; xciv. 14.
Filed, polished; lxxxv. 4.
Fitted, started by paroxysms; cxix. 7.
Five wits, i.e. common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory; cxli. 9.
Flourish, external beauty; lx. 9.
Foison, plenty, rich harvest; liii. 9.
Fond, foolish; iii. 7.
——; "being f. on," *i.e.* "doting on"; lxxxiv. 14.
Fools of time, i.e. the sports of Time; cxxiv. 13.
For, because; xl. 6; liv. 9.
——, for fear of; lii. 4.
——; "f. thy hand," *i.e.* "for stealing the whiteness of thy hand"; xcix. 6.
'Fore, before (Quarto, "*fore*"); vii. 11.
Foregone, past, previously endured; xxx. 9.
Form, good semblance; lxxxix. 6.
Forward, early; xcix. 1.
Foul, ugly; cxxxvii. 12.
Frank, liberal; iv. 4.
Free, liberal, bountiful; iv. 4.
Frequent, intimate; cxvii. 5.
Front; "summer's f.," *i.e.* "summer's beginning"; cii. 7.
Fury, poetic inspiration; c. 3.

Gaudy, gay, festive; i. 10.
Gaze, object gazed at; v. 2.
General, chief cause; cliv. 7.
Give, to ascribe; cxv. 14.
Go, walk; li. 14; cxxx. 11.
Gored; "g. mine own thoughts," *i.e.* "wounded my self-respect"; cx. 3.
Gracious, full of grace, beauteous; lxii. 5.
Greeing; "is g.," *i.e.* suits, agrees; cxiv. 11.
Grind, whet; cx. 10.
Grossly, manifestly; xcix. 5.
Gust, taste; cxiv. 11.

Habit, bearing; cxxxviii. 11.
Happier, more successful in poetical expression; xxxii. 8.
Happies, makes happy; vi. 6.
Hearsay; "like of h. well" (?) "fall in love with what has been praised by others"; perhaps, better, "mere extravagant talk"; xxi. 13.
Heavy, gloomy, morose; xcviii. 4.
Height, angular altitude; cxvi. 8.
His, its; ix. 10.
Horse, horses; xci. 4.
Hue, form; xx. 7.
Husbandry, economy; xiii. 10.

Idle; "i. rank," *i.e.* "poor dignity"; cxxii. 3.
Ill-wresting, trusting to a bad sense; cxl. 11.
Imaginary, imaginative; xxvii. 9.
Imprison'd; "i. absence of your liberty"; *i.e.* "separation from you, which is to me like a prison, but which is your rightful liberty"; lviii. 6.
Indigest, formless; cxiv. 5.
Indirectly, artificially; lxvii. 7.
Inhearse, entomb; lxxxvi. 3.
Injurious, hostile; xliv. 2.
Insults, exults; cvii. 12.
Intend, direct; xxvii. 6.
Interest, rightful claim; xxxi. 7.
——, property; lxxiv. 3.
Invention, imagination; xxxviii. 8.
Itself, its natural self, nature itself; lxviii. 10.

Jacks, keys of the virginal; cxxviii. 5. The annexed diagram (by Fairholt) exhibits the mechanism of the jack: —*a* is the jack; *b*, the quill; *c*, the bristle spring; *d*, the cloth damper. The quill is here shewn beside the jack: its proper place is the groove in the upper part of the jack, the bristle being held in the small hole seen there.



Just; "j. to the time," "punctual to the time"; cix. 7.

Keeps, guards; cxxxiii. 11.
Key, (rhyming with "*survey*"); lii. 1.
Kindness, affection; clii. 9.

Lace, embellish; lxvii. 4.
Lame; "made l.," crippled (used metaphorically); xxxvii. 3.
Lameness, impaired condition (? used metaphorically); lxxxix. 3.
Latch, catch; cxiii. 6.
Lay, lay on; ci. 7.
Learning, lesson; lxxvii. 4.
Leese, lose; v. 14.
Level, aim; cxvii. 11.
Light; "set me l.," esteem me lightly; lxxxviii. 1.
Like of, like, care for; xxi. 13.
Limbecks, alembics; cxix. 2.
Lines; "l. of life," living lines, living pictures (*i.e.* children); xvi. 9.
Live, subsist; iv. 8.
Look, lo; xi. 11.
Love; "l. for love," *i.e.* "Love, on account of my love"; li. 12.

Lovely; "thy l. argument," *i.e.* "the theme of your loveliness"; lxxix. 5.
Love's, mistress's; xlii. 9.
Lusty, vigorous; ii. 6.

Main; "m. of light," *i.e.* "flood of light (into which a newborn child is launched)"; lx. 5.
Makeless, without a mate; ix. 4.
Manner, courteous decorum; lxxxv. 1.
Map, pattern, picture, image; lxviii. 1.
Master, possess; cvi. 8.
Master-mistress, the friend who sways the poet's love as if he were his mistress; xx. 2.
Matter; "no such m.," nothing of the kind; lxxxvii. 14.
Meetness, fitness; cxviii. 7.
Melancholy (pronounced "*melanch'ly*"); xlv. 8.
Memory, memorials; cxxii. 2.
Million'd, millionfold, innumerable; cxv. 5.
Mind, thought; lix. 8.
Minion, darling; cxxvi. 9.
Misprision, mistake, error; lxxxvii. 11.
Moan, bemoan; xxx. 8.
Modern, ordinary, common; lxxxiii. 7.
Moiety, share, portion; xlvi. 12.
More; "m. and less," *i.e.* "high and low"; xcvi. 3.
——; "the m.," *i.e.* the greater faculty; xi. 11.
Mortal; "m. rage," the resistless power of destruction; lxiv. 4.
Motley, fool, jester; cx. 2.
Mouthed, all-devouring; lxxvii. 6.
Music; "m. to hear," *i.e.* thou, to hear whom is music; viii. 1.

Neglect, being neglected by others; cxii. 12.
Newer, more recent; cxxiii. 2.
Niggarding, being miserly; i. 12.
None; less than nothing (antithetical to "one"; perhaps, however, there is an allusion to the proverbial saying "one is no number"); viii. 14.
Noted, familiar; lxxvi. 6.

Obsequious, funeral; xxxi. 5.
——, devoted, zealous; cxxv. 9.
O'ergreen, cover with verdure, embellish (Sewell, "*o'erskreen*"; Steevens, "*o'ergrieve*"); cxii. 4.
O'erlook, peruse; lxxxii. 2.
O'erpress'd, over-strained; cxxxix. 8.
Offences; "made old o. of affections new," *i.e.* "each new affection transgressed against my old love"; cx. 4.
Old; "my o. excuse," *i.e.* "the excuse of my oldness"; ii. 11.
One on another's neck; one after another; cxxxi. 11.
Only, principal, chief; i. 10.

Orphans; "hope of o.," *i.e.* "expectation of the birth of posthumous children"; xcvii. 10.
Over-goes, transcends; ciii. 7.
Owe, own, possess; lxx. 14.
Owest, possessest; xviii. 10.

Pace forth, walk, go, proceed; lv. 10.
Pain, punishment; cxli. 14.
Parallels, lines; lx. 10.
Part; "p. his function," *i.e.* "divide its function"; cxiii. 3.
Partake; "with thee p.," *i.e.* "take thy part"; cxlix. 2.
Particular, objects; xci. 7.
Parts; "p. of me," *i.e.* "shares in me, claims upon me"; xxxi. 11.
Pass; "no other p.," *i.e.* "no other issue"; ciii. 11.
Patent, privilege; lxxxvii. 8.
Peace; "p. of you," *i.e.* "the peace to be found in you," or perhaps "the peaceable possession of you"; lxxv. 3.
Perspective, used perhaps with a play upon the two senses: (i) "the science of perspective," and (ii) "a glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical deception when looked through" (the painter himself, *i.e.* the eye, being the glass through which the form must be seen); xxiv. 4.
Pitch, height (lit. height to which a falcon soars); vii. 9.
Plight, condition; xxviii. 1.
Pluck, derive; xiv. 1.
Pointing, appointing; xiv. 6.
Policy, self-interest; cxxiv. 9.
Politic, prudent; cxxiv. 11.
Predict; "oft p.," *i.e.* frequent prediction; xiv. 8.
Present, immediate; cxlix. 8.
Prevent'st, hinderest by anticipation; c. 14.
Prick'd, marked; xx. 13.
Pride, proud conquest; cli. 10.
Prime, spring; xcvii. 7.
Private, ordinary; ix. 7.
Prizing, "not p.," *i.e.* disregarding; cxliii. 8.
Proud-pied, gorgeously variegated; xcviii. 2.
Prove, ultimately become; viii. 14.
——, find; lxxii. 4.
Pyramids, used as symbolical of what is grand and stupendous; cxxiii. 2.

Qualify, temper; cix. 2.
Quest, inquest, or jury; xlvi. 10.
Question make, feel a doubt; xii. 9.
Quietus, discharge of obligation; cxxvi. 14.

Rack; mass of floating cloud; xxxiii. 6.
Ragged, rugged, rough; vi. 1.
Ranged, gone away; cix. 5.
Rank, sick; cxviii. 12.
Rearward; "in the r.," *i.e.* at the end; xc. 6.
Receipt, capacity, power of receiving and containing; cxxxvi. 7.

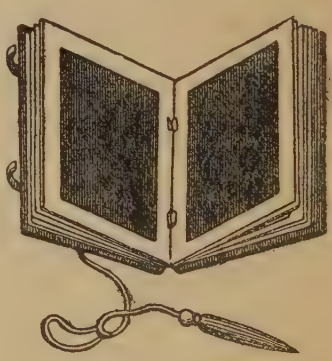
Reckoning, taking account of; cxv. 5.
Record, history; lix. 5.
Recured, restored; xlv. 9.
Region, belonging to the upper air; xxxiii. 12.
Remember'd, reminded; cxx. 9.
Remove, fall away; cxvi. 4.
Removed, passed; xcvii. 5.
Render; "mutual r.," *i.e.* "give and take"; cxxv. 12.
——, surrender; cxxvi. 14.
Renew'd, thoroughly changed; cxi. 8.
Repair; "fresh r.," renovation, healthful condition; iii. 3.
——, renovate; xvi. 9.
Reserve, preserve; xxxii. 7.
Respect, regard, consideration; xxvi. 12.
——; "but one r.," *i.e.* "one matter for consideration"; perhaps "one affection," or "perfect similarity"; xxxvi. 5.
Resty, torpid; c. 9.
Retention, means of preserving impressions (=a table book); cxxii. 9.
Revolt, faithlessness; xcii. 10.
Rotten, damp, vapourish; xxxiv. 4.
Roundure, circle; xxi. 8.
Ruinate, ruin; x. 7.
Ruth, pity; cxxxii. 4.

Salutation; "give s.," *i.e.* "affect in any manner, gratify or mortify"; cxxi. 6.
Satire, "be a s. to decay," satirise decay, mock decay (?=satirist); c. 11.
Scope, power, range of thought; xxix. 7.
Seconds, an inferior kind of flour, base matter; cxxv. 11.
Seeing; "dead s.," *i.e.* "lifeless appearance"; lxvii. 6.
Self-substantial, deriving its substance from thyself; i. 6.
Sense, reason; xxxv. 9.
Separable, causing separation; xxxvi. 6.
Service; "thy s.," *i.e.* service to thee; cxlix. 10.
Set; "to s. a form," *i.e.* "by giving a good semblance"; lxxxix. 6.
Several; "a s. plot," *i.e.* "an enclosed field"; cxxxvii. 9.
Shady; "s. stealth," *i.e.* "the stealthy motion of the shadow"; lxxvii. 7.
Show, appear; cv. 2.
Simplicity, folly; lxvi. 11.
Siren; cxix. 1. The annexed engraving of syrens is copied from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century.

Sit, be comprised; ciii. 13.
Slept; "have I s. in your report," *i.e.* I have been slow to tell your praises: lxxxiii. 5.
So, provided only; lxx. 5.

Soil, solution; with a play upon the more ordinary sense of the word (Quarto, "solye"; Malone, "*solve*"; 1640 ed., "*soyle*"); lxix. 14.
Sourly, cruelly, harshly; xxxv. 14.
Spirit, vital energy; cxxix. 1.
Sportive, amorous, wanton; cxxi. 6.
Stain, grow dim, suffer eclipse; xxxiii. 14.
State, estate, endowments, glory; xcvi. 12.
——, rank, power; cxxiv. 1.
Statute (used in legal sense), "security, or obligation for money"; cxxxiv. 9.
Steal, glide away; civ. 10.
Steel'd, hardened; cxii. 8.
Steep-up, high and precipitous; vii. 5.
Steepy, having a steep decline; lxiii. 5.
Stell'd, fixed (Quarto, "*steeld*"); xxiv. 1.
Store; "made for s.," *i.e.* increase, fertility, population; xi. 9.
Store's; "in thy s. account," *i.e.* "in estimating the worth of thy possessions"; cxxxvi. 10.
Strained, forced, overwrought; lxxxii. 10.
Strange, distant; lxxxix. 8.
Strangely, distantly; cx. 6.
Strangle, extinguish; lxxxix. 8.
Strength; "s. of laws," the laws' support, perfect legal right; xlix. 13.
Stretched, overstrained; xvii. 12.
Subscribes, yields; cvii. 10.
Successive, by order of succession; cxxvii. 3.
Sufferance, patient endurance; lviii. 7.
Suggest, tempt; cxliv. 2.
Suit, clothe; cxxxii. 12.
Suited, clad; cxxvii. 10.
Sum, compute, cast up, settle; ii. 11.
Summer's story, i.e. "gay fiction"; xcviii. 7.
Suspect, suspicion; lxx. 3.
Swift; "s. extremity"; the extreme of swiftness; li. 6.
Sympathized, described with due appreciation; lxxxii. 11.

Table, tablet; xxiv. 2.
Tables, memorandum tablets; cxxii. 1. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Gesner's *De rerum fossilium figuris,* 1565.

Tallies, notched sticks for keeping accounts; cxxii. 10.
Tame, tamed; lviii. 7.

Tatter'd (Quarto, *"totter'd,"* an old form of the word); ii. 4; xxvi. 11.
Tell, count; xxx. 10.
Terms, "(?) long periods of time" (opposed to hours); cxlvi. 11.
That, so that; xcviii. 4.
Thralled, kept down, held in subjection; cxxiv. 7.
Thriftless, unprofitable; ii. 8.
Time, the world, society; cxvii. 6.
Time's fool, the sport of Time; cxvi. 9.
Times in hope, future times; lx. 13.
Tires, head-dresses; liii. 8.
To; "t. have," *i.e.* "at having"; lxiv. 14.
Translated, changed; xcvi. 8.
Treasure, make rich; vi. 3.
Triumphant, triumphal; cli. 10.
Trust; "for fear of tr.," fearing to trust myself; xxiii. 5.
Truth, allegiance, troth, duty; xli. 12.
——, (?) fidelity; cx. 5.
Twire, peep, twinkle; xxviii. 12.
Tyrant; "all t.," *i.e.* tyrannical towards myself; (?) "thou complete tyrant"; cxlix. 4.

Unbless, neglect to make happy; iii. 4.
Under thee, under thy auspices; lxxviii. 4.
Unear'd, unploughed; iii. 5.
Unfair, deprive of beauty; v. 4.
Unhappily, mischievously; lxvi. 4.
Unlook'd for, disregarded; xxv. 4.
Unprovident, improvident; x. 2.
Unrespected, unnoticed; xliii. 2.
——, unregarded; liv. 10.
Unthrift, prodigal, spendthrift; ix. 9.
Untrue, untruly; lxxii. 10.
Use, interest; vi. 5; cxxxiv. 10.
User, possessor (Sewell, *"us'rer"*); ix. 12.

Vade, fade; liv. 14.
Vaunt, mount upwards; xv. 7.
View, what it sees; cxli. 4.

Warrantise, security; cl. 7.
Waste; "w. of shame," *i.e.* "shameful waste"; cxxix. 1.
Wasteful, devastating; lv. 5.
Wastes; "w. of time," *i.e.* "the things devastated by Time"; xii. 10.
Weed, garment; ii. 4.
When as, when; xlix. 3.
Where, to the place where, to where; xliv. 4.
Whether; "w. better they" (monosyllabic; Quarto, *"where"*); lix. 11.
Wills; "in their w.," *i.e.* "according to their pleasure"; cxxi. 8.
Wink, shut the eyes; xliii. 1.
——; "w. with fulness," *i.e.* "close as after a full meal"; lvi. 6.
Woo'd; "being w. of time"; (?) = "when the course of time has smiled on it" (others, "being tempted by

the present time"; or, "being tempted in thy youth"); lxx. 6.

Worth, (?) "stellar influence"; cxvi. 8.

Wreckful, destructive (Quarto, "*wrackfull*"); lxv. 6.

Wrought; "so much of earth and water w.," *i.e.* "so much of the elements of earth and water being wrought into my nature"; xliv. 11.

Youngly, in the period of youth; xi. 3.

Yourself, your very self, truly yours, master of yourself; xiii. 1.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

XV. 4. *'And . . . all'*; so Malone; Quarto, *'And . . . or.'*

XVI. 10. *'this, . . . pen'*; Quarto, *'this (Time's pensel or my pupill pen)'*; Massey conj. *'this time's pencil, or my pupil pen'*; this reading is accepted by several editors, who interpret the first clause to refer either to some particular artist, or to any painter of the time.

XIX 5. *'fleet'st'*; so Quarto; Dyce, *'fleets'* (rhyming with *'sweets'*); *cp.* VIII. 7.

XX. 7. *'hue, all "hues"'*; Quarto, *'hew all Hews'* (*Hews* in italics).

XXI. 5. *'couplement'*; Quarto, *'cooplement.'*

XXV. 9-11. *'fight . . . quite'*; Malone (Theobald conj.); Quarto, *"worth . . . quite'*; Theobald conj. *'worth . . . forth'*; Capell MS., *'might . . . quite.'*

XXVII. 10. *'thy'*; Quarto, *'their'*; a common mistake in the Sonnets, evidently due to the *'y'* being taken for *e* with the mark of contraction for *'ir.'*

XXVIII. 13, 14. *'longer . . . strength seem stronger'*; Capell MS. and Collier Conj.; Quarto, *'longer . . . length seeme stronger.'*

XXXI. 8. *'thee'*; Quarto, *'there.'*

XXXIV. 10-12. *'loss . . . cross'*; Quarto, *'losse . . . losse.'*

XXXIV. 13. *'sheds'*; Quarto, *'sheeds'* (rhyming with *'deeds'*).

XXXIX. 12. *'doth'*; Quarto, *'dost.'*

XL. 7. *'thyself'*; Quarto, *'this selfe.'*

XLI. 8. *'she have'*; Tyrwhitt conj.; Quarto, *'he haue'*; Ewing *'he has.'*

XLVII. 11. *'not'*; so ed. 1640; Quarto, *'nor.'*

XLIX. 10. *'desert'*; Quarto, *'desart'* (rhyming with *'part'*).

LI. 11. *'neigh—no dull flesh—'* (Malone); Quarto, *'naigh noe dull flesh'*; prob. the reading of the quarto is correct, *'neigh'* = 'neigh after,' 'neigh to,' *cp.* "They were fed horses in the morning; everyone neighed after his neighbour's wife," Jeremiah v. 8.

LV. 1. *'monuments'*; Quarto, *'monument.'*

LVI. 13. *'Or'*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Quarto, *'As'*; Anon. conj. *'Ah!'*; *'Else.'*

LVII. 13. *'will'*; Quarto, *'Will'*; Massey conj. *'"Will."'*

LXII. 7. *'And for myself,' i.e.* 'and for my own satisfaction,' or perhaps the words merely emphasize the statement.

LXV. 12. *'of'*; Malone; Quarto, *'or'*; Capell MS., *'o'er'*; Gildon, *'on.'*

LXIX. 3. *'that due'*; Capell MS. and Tyrwhitt conj.; Quarto, *'that end'*; Sewell (ed. 2), *'thy due.'*

LXX. 1. *'art,'* ed. 1640; Quarto, *'are.'*

6. *'Thy'*; Capell MS.; Quarto, *'their.'*

LXXIII. 4. *'Bare ruin'd choirs'*; Quarto, *'Bare rn'wd quiers.'*

LXXIV. 14. *'that is this,' i.e.* my spirit is my poetry.

LXXVI. 7. *'tell'*; Capell MS.; Quarto, *'fel'*; Lintott, *'fell'*; Nicholson conj. *'spell.'*

LXXVII. 'Probably this sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper' (Steevens).

LXXXV. 3. *'Reserve their'*; Tyler (Anon. conj. MS.), *'Rehearse thy,'* a more plausible reading than *'preserve their,' 'deserve their,'* etc., and other suggestions which have been advanced; their is probably some error in the text as printed.

LXXXVI. 13. *'fill'd'*; Quarto, *'fild'*; Malone, *'fil'd.'*

XCIV. 14. *cp. Edward III.* ii. 1 (printed in 1596):—

> *"Poison shows worst in a golden cup;*
> *Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;*
> *Lilies that fester seem far worse than weeds;*
> *And every glory, that inclines to sin,*
> *The same is treble by the opposite."*

XCV. 12. *'turn'*; Quarto, *'turnes.'*

XCIX. A fifteen-lined sonnet; the first line serves as a sort of introduction, standing outside the sonnet.

XCIX. 15. *'sweet'*; S. Walker conj. *'scent.'*

CII. 8. *'her,'* Housman; Quarto, *'his.'*

CVI. 12. *'skill'*; Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.; Quarto, *'still.'*

CVII. 8. It has been suggested that this is a possible allusion to the peace completed in 1609, which ended the war between Spain

and the United Provinces; but this is merely a random suggestion.

CVIII. 3. *'new . . . new,'* Malone; Quarto, *'new . . . now'*; S. Walker conj. *'now . . . now.'*

CXII. 8. *'or changes'*; Malone conj. *'e'er changes'*; Knight conj. *'so changes.'*

14. *'besides methinks are,'* Capell MS. and Steevens conj.; Quarto, *'besides me thinkes y' are'*; Dyce, *'besides methinks they're.'*

CXIII. 6. *'latch'*; Quarto, *'lack.'*

CXIII. 14. *'maketh mine untrue'*; so Quarto; Capell MS. and Malone conj. *'makes mine eye untrue'*; Collier conj. *'maketh my eyne untrue'*; Malone conj. *'thy most true mind maketh mine untrue.'*

CXIX. 14. *'ill,'* Malone; Quarto, *'ills.'*

CXX. 6. *'you've'*; Quarto, *'y' haue.'*

CXXIII. 7. *'them,' i.e. 'what thou dost foist upon us.'*

CXXIV. 13-14. *'The fools of time,'* etc. Tyler sees in these lines a reference to the popular repute of Essex as the "good earl," notwithstanding the "crimes" for which he and certainly his companions were executed; the allusion is probably more general, and perhaps, as Palgrave observes, to "the plotters and political martyrs of the time."

CXXVI. This short poem is of six rhymed couplets; it was evidently not intended to pass as an ordinary sonnet, tho' after the last line an omission of two lines is marked in the quarto by two pairs of parentheses. It is the *envoy*, the conclusion of one series of sonnets.

2. *'sickle, hour'*; Quarto, *'sickle, hower'*; perhaps we should read *'sickle hour'*; other suggestions, unsatisfactory for the most part, are, *'fickle mower'*; *'fickle hoar'*; *'sickle hoar'*; etc.

CXXVII. 9-10. *'eyes . . . eyes,'* Quarto; Capell MS., *'eyes . . . hairs'*; S. Walker and Delius conj. *'hairs . . . eyes'*; Staunton and Brae con. *'brows . . . eyes,* etc.

CXXIX. 11. *'proved, a very,'* Capell MS.; Quarto, *'proud and very.'*

CXXXV. 13. *'no unkind, no'*; Dowden conj. *'no unkind "No"'*; Rossetti proposed *'skill,' i.e.* "avail" instead of *'kill.'*

CXXXVII. *cp.* PASSIONATE PILGRIM, I.

CXLII. 6-7. *cp.* EDWARD III. ii. 1:—*'His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments.'*

CXLIII. 1. *'housewife'*; Quarto, *'huswife.'*

13. *'have thy "Will"'*; *cp.* Preface.

CXLIV. *cp.* PASSIONATE PILGRIM, II.

6. *'side'*; so Passionate Pilgrim, and Capell MS.; Quarto, *'sight.'*

9. *'fiend'*; Quarto, *'finde'*; Passionate Pilgrim, *'feende.'*

CXLV. The only sonnet in Shakespeare in eight-syllable verse.

CXLVI. 1-2. *'earth . . . these rebel'*; Quarto, *'earth, My sinfull earth these rebbell'*; Malone, *'earth, Fool'd by those rebel'*; Steevens, *'earth, Starv'd by the rebel'*; Dowden, *'earth [Press'd by] these rebel,'* etc. Probably any one of these readings comes near the original; in this case *array* = clothe. Ingleby renders the word "abuse, afflict, ill-treat"; he reads, *'leagu'd with,'* and takes the participle in close conjunction with *'earth.'* This rendering is ingenious, but very doubtful.

CLII. 13. *'I'*; Quarto, *'eye.'*

SCHEELE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
3 6655 00105574 7

PR 2754 .H3 vol.2 William Shakespeare.

PR 2754 .H3 vol.2 William Shakespeare.

DATE	ISSUED TO
APR 17 1979	J. Santangelo 514
OCT 16 1979	Carol Koerber 163
APR 13 1982	Mark Novak

Concordia College Library
Bronxville, NY 10708